THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY SARAH LENNOX 1745-1826

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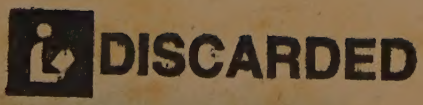

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Robert H. Elliot

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
LADY SARAH LENNOX

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Lady Sarah Bunbury,
Lady Susan Fox Strangways,
and the Hon. Charles James Fox.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY SARAH LENNOX

1745–1826

DAUGHTER OF CHARLES, 2ND DUKE OF RICHMOND, AND SUCCESSIVELY THE WIFE OF SIR THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY, BART., AND OF THE HON: GEORGE NAPIER; ALSO A SHORT POLITICAL SKETCH OF THE YEARS 1760 TO 1763 BY HENRY FOX, 1ST LORD HOLLAND

EDITED BY
THE COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER
AND
LORD STAVORDALE

WITH NUMEROUS PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS
VOLUME I.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1901

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES.

I DEDICATE

THIS BOOK

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW

THE HON. MRS FOX STRANGWAYS

TO WHOSE INSPIRATION IN BYGONE DAYS

THE PUBLICATION OF THESE PAGES

IS LARGELY DUE

INTRODUCTION.

LADY SARAH LENNOX, fourth daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and Sarah, second daughter of William, Earl Cadogan, was the heroine of so much that is romantic, and was so constantly in touch with many persons of historical and general interest during her long and eventful life, that I think no apology is needed for bringing her letters before those who care to read them. But, beyond all this, the chief interest of the correspondence centres in her own charming personality, her buoyant spirits in early youth, her wonderful unselfishness and humility of mind which, as years went on, shine forth more and more in these letters; in fact, they may be regarded almost as a diary of thoughts and feelings, which she seems to have revealed only to the one friend of her early youth.

Lady Sarah was born February 14, 1745, the youngest but one of five sisters, and had the misfortune to lose both parents when only six years of age. Her grandmother, Lady Cadogan, had the care of her for some years, after which she went to Holland House, and was brought up by her eldest sister, Lady Caroline Fox, afterwards first Lady Holland. There, while still a child, she met Lady

Susan Fox Strangways, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester. The two girls soon became much attached to each other, Lady Susan being senior to Lady Sarah by two years, and the warm friendship which then sprang up between them only increased as years went on, and was of lifelong duration.

Lord Ilchester was the eldest brother of Henry Fox (afterwards first Lord Holland), both sons of Sir Stephen Fox. Lord Ilchester married, in 1733, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Mr and Mrs Strangways Horner, from whom the Strangways estates in Dorsetshire passed into the family. Lord and Lady Ilchester much preferred the country to London, but it is not surprising that a clever, high-spirited girl, such as Lady Susan was, should have found life at Holland House, amidst the gaieties of London, more congenial to her tastes than the quiet, uneventful existence her parents led in the west of England at Melbury and Redlynch. She was a great favourite with her uncle and aunt, and we hear of her paying long visits at Holland House. Thus commenced her intimacy with Lady Sarah, and the correspondence which forms the subject of these volumes, and extends over nearly sixty years.

Lady Sarah was only fifteen when the young Prince of Wales was first attracted by her beauty and winsome ways. The tale has already often been recounted, but in the memoir from the pen of her uncle, Lord Holland, who was an eye-witness, we have what may be looked upon as the most authentic account of the romantic episode that has come down to us.

For that reason I decided to commence these

volumes with the memoir which Lord Holland wrote in the year 1763, evidently intending it for publication at some future time. In it he relates many incidents of political interest, some of which I believe have never before been made public. There is no doubt that he intended continuing it much further, but was prevented from doing so by age and failing health. His grandson, Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, and also his great-grandson, the late Lord Holland, both contemplated publishing it at different times, and I found a correspondence, dated 1847, at Holland House, between the latter and Mr Henry Napier, Lady Sarah's fifth son, giving on behalf of his brother and himself their hearty approval of that portion of the manuscript relating to their mother being made public. Mr H. Napier also about this time wrote a paper about Lady Sarah, from which short extracts have already been printed in Princess Lichtenstein's book on Holland House; but as the narrative was written down as nearly as could be from Mr Napier's recollection of what he had heard from his mother's own lips, I thought the whole given consecutively would be of interest, although it deals with the same facts as those recorded in Lord Holland's Memoir, and is therefore to some extent a repetition. I should like to point out how closely the two versions tally, although written at an interval of nearly seventy years.

As the letters can in no sense of the word be termed political, more ample notes have been given than would have been necessary had the allusions to politics been in a less disjointed form. I have tried by short historical notes to explain the episodes touched upon, hoping thereby to interest those of

my readers who care for such subjects, while others can pass them over.

The memoirs and the letters are rendered exactly as in their original form, the curious spelling even is faithfully reproduced, but some portions of the letters have been omitted which seemed to be of little general interest, or to be repetitions of what had already been related.

Lady Sarah and Lady Susan were both selected as bridesmaids at George III.'s marriage with Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, and the white satin dress worn at the wedding is still preserved at Melbury. It is beautifully embroidered in silver, which to this day is quite untarnished.[1]

Walpole has told us how Lady Sarah was by far the "chief angel" at the Royal marriage; how "nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah; she has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family," etc.; but the details given by him of the wedding are so well known that it is useless to repeat them here, and her surpassing loveliness seems to have been universally admitted. Lady Susan, in a journal which she kept for nearly sixty years, often alludes to it, and tells us her wonderful complexion and the exceeding beauty of countenance lasted to the end, notwithstanding her having become totally blind about the age of sixty-five.

A few months after the King's marriage (June 2, 1762) Lady Sarah, when just seventeen, married Thomas Charles Bunbury, Esq., eldest son of Sir William Bunbury, Bart., of Barton Hall and Milden Hall, Suffolk, who succeeded his father in 1763 as Sir Charles Bunbury. He was throughout his life

[1] Lady Elizabeth Keppel was another of the bridesmaids, and the picture of her given in this volume shows the dress.

a leading patron of the Turf, kept many horses, which the close proximity of his country seat to Newmarket facilitated, and was famous for being the owner of Diomed, the first Derby winner.

Lady Sarah writes often of the happiness of her early married days, but from other sources we gather that Sir Charles was more engrossed by his racing and various other pursuits than by his affection for her. Lady Sarah had many admirers, but her cousin, Lord William Gordon, son of the third Duke of Gordon, was the only one whose feelings she at all reciprocated.

A daughter was born at Sir Charles Bunbury's house in Privy Gardens, Whitehall, in December, 1768. On February 19, 1769, overwhelmed with the reproaches of her conscience, she took her child Louisa with her to Redbridge, near Southampton, where she joined Lord William, and never again returned to Sir Charles Bunbury's house. They then fled to Carolside, near Erlstone, in Berwickshire, which belonged to Mr Home, a member of Lord Home's family, and is now the property of Lady Reay. They remained there about three months, and to this day there exists a walk beside the River Leader named by themselves "The Lover's Walk;" while close to the house they planted two thorn trees, which, as they grew, intertwined their stems and branches.

At this period there is an interval of six years in the letters, for whatever correspondence passed between them Lady Susan has destroyed; but we know that in November of the same year, 1769, Lady Sarah had returned to her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood House, and from that moment her life was perfectly irreproachable; she

lived in absolute seclusion during twelve years, engrossed with the bringing up of her child and with the building of a small house, Halnaker, in Goodwood Park, which still exists. The divorce did not take place till 1776, but that Sir Charles Bunbury paid her visits, and even wished to remarry her, we know from letters of her sisters. He as well as his relations, always showed her child, Louisa Bunbury, much kindness, which Lady Sarah mentions with the deepest gratitude.

In 1781 Lady Sarah married the Hon. George Napier, second son of Francis, fifth Baron Napier, who had in 1779 lost his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Robert Pollock, by whom he had one daughter, Louisa Mary. He was a keen soldier, and had served all through the American War. In 1794 he was Deputy Quarter-master-General to the army commanded by Lord Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings) in Holland. He afterwards commanded the Londonderry Regiment, and in 1799 was made controller of army accounts in Ireland by Lord Cornwallis, the Lord-Lieutenant. His son George describes him thus: "My father had a beautiful figure, and was six feet two inches in height, with one of the handsomest faces I ever saw. As well as being so fine-looking a man he was as clever and able in mind, as strong in body. There were few things he did not succeed in."

Mr and Lady Sarah Napier had eight children, five sons and three daughters.[1] Her three eldest sons—Charles, George, and William—followed in their father's footsteps, according to Lady Sarah's most earnest wish, and rose to the top of their

[1] See Appendix D.

profession. All three brothers took part in the Peninsular War, of which Sir William has written his famous account, Sir Charles was the conqueror of Scinde, in India, and all three were eventually knighted for their distinguished services to their country.

Lady Sarah had, indeed, reason to be proud of her sons, and their brilliant success in after life is all the more remarkable when we realize from her letters how difficult it was for her to give them the education she wished. Their income was very restricted. Her fortune of £500 per annum was all they had to count upon, and Colonel Napier's pay rarely brought in as much, so that £1000 a year was more than she ever had at her disposal. Their home was at Celbridge, which they had built for themselves in the picturesque park of Castletown, Co. Kildare, which belonged to Mr and Lady Louisa Conolly, the latter being Lady Sarah's favourite sister; and to them she was indebted for unvarying kindness to her younger children, during her frequent absence with Colonel Napier on his military duties.

In 1802 Colonel Napier's health began to fail, partly owing to his unremitting attention to his work in a small unhealthy office in Dublin, as Lady Sarah tells us. But his increasing sufferings from his chest obliged them to go to Bath in 1804, and there he died in October, leaving his widow utterly broken-hearted and in no easy circumstances, for, besides assisting her three eldest sons in the army, two younger boys and two girls had still to be educated.

The King, however, granted her and her children a pension of £800 per annum in recognition of

Colonel Napier's valuable services, and after paying off a few debts with some difficulty, she let Celbridge, and eventually settled in a small house in London, 13 Cadogan Place. Her blindness now rapidly increased, and from about 1808 the letters are most difficult to decipher although she still managed to write them herself for several years after all sight was gone. The adoration of her sons, and, indeed, of all her children, evidently softened the severity of this affliction, for no one ever heard a murmur from her lips; but she was seldom free from care and sorrow. In 1808 her daughter Cecilia died of consumption, and within two years another daughter, Caroline, fell a victim to the same disease.

In 1809 Lady Sarah had the supreme happiness of welcoming her three sons, Charles, George, and William, back from the war in Spain. All three had been badly wounded at the battle of Corunna, January, 1809. Charles was reported as slain, and his family mourned him for over two months —in fact, he had been taken prisoner by the French, and was so severely wounded he could not inform them of his safety; but he arrived in England, April 1, convalescent from his many wounds.

All three brothers returned to Spain the following year, and served with much distinction throughout the Peninsular War; George lost his arm at the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo.

From this time the intervals between the letters become wider and wider, and in 1817 they cease altogether. We hear of Lady Sarah from time to time in Lady Susan O'Brien's journal. She went to London in February, 1818, mainly to see Lady

Sarah, and found her well in health, but later in that year Lady Sarah had a long and severe illness. She so far recovered, however, as to be able to go to Ireland in 1819, to pay Lady Louisa Conolly a visit of some months at Castletown. Lady Susan again saw her in London in 1825, but found her sadly altered and quite an invalid, and she gradually failed more and more till August 26, 1826, when she died, surrounded by her children, at the great age of eighty-one.

To Lady Susan Fox Strangways we are indebted for the careful preservation of the majority of the letters contained in these volumes. She left them at her death to her nephew, Henry Stephen, third Lord Ilchester, together with an interesting journal which she had kept all her life, and other papers, two of which are printed in the Appendix[1] to this work, one chronicling the important public events she had witnessed during a period of sixty-five years, and the other giving a curious account of the changes in manners, customs, conversation, etc., in society from 1760 to 1818. Throughout the letters there are occasional notes in her own handwriting, which I have inserted with her initials or signature.

Lady Susan's marriage was a romantic one. She had many admirers, among them the Duke of Gloucester, Charles Fox, and Mr William O'Brien, a very good-looking and charming young Irishman who was closely connected with the theatrical profession, and frequently assisted in the private theatricals which were often given at Holland House, in which Lady Susan also took part. That she was no mean proficient in the art we know

[1] See Appendices A. and B.

from Walpole's allusions to her, in one of his letters after an evening spent at Holland House.

Her two years' acquaintance with Mr O'Brien ripened into a warm attachment on both sides, but there was no hope of Lord and Lady Ilchester consenting to what they would certainly have considered a distinct *mésalliance*, for Mr O'Brien was totally without fortune, and his profession was not one that would commend itself in any way to them.

Lady Susan was, however, not easily thwarted when once her mind was made up. She was sitting daily to Miss Read for her portrait in the spring of 1764, and on the morning of April 7 she started to go there early, as usual, instead of which she met Mr O'Brien by appointment; they drove to St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, where they were married. They went to Mr O'Brien's house, at Dunstable, from whence she announced her elopement to her parents.

Their consternation was indescribable, and several years elapsed before Lord Ilchester forgave her or consented to see her. Lord Holland, with whom she had always been a great favourite, treated her more leniently and with extreme generosity, for he gave her an annuity of £400, and tried his utmost to obtain some post in a foreign country for Mr O'Brien, as there seemed more hope of his making a comfortable living abroad than in England.

They went to America the same year (September, 1764), but failed to get any post to their liking, and the lands Lord Holland had bought for them required so much reclaiming before they could produce any results, that they decided to return to England in 1771. They next settled for three years not far from Salisbury, and near Winterslow

House, where lived Mr and Lady Mary Fox. Winterslow having been burnt down in 1774, the Foxes then left that neighbourhood, and Lady Ilchester then offered the O'Briens a pretty old manor house belonging to her (Stinsford), close to Dorchester, which still exists, and they continued to reside there for the rest of their lives.

Mr O'Brien, having failed to obtain any permanent employment, decided in 1781 to study law, and they spent part of the two following years in London, while he read assiduously. The life of close confinement, however, proved but ill-suited to his health, which completely broke down, and he had, in 1784, to abandon all thoughts of being called to the Bar. They returned to Stinsford, and he gradually recovered.

The marriage which had caused so much grief to Lady Susan's family turned out most happily, though the smallness of their income was often a source of trouble to Lady Susan; but in 1800 Mr O'Brien obtained through Mr Pitt, who was then in power, a small temporary post connected with the island of St. Domingo. In 1803 Mr Addington, at the earnest request of the members of Parliament for Dorsetshire, appointed Mr O'Brien Receiver-General of Taxes for the County of Dorset, with a comfortable salary; this was specially pleasing to Lady Susan, as the duties of his office enabled them to continue living at Stinsford.

Mr O'Brien died in 1815, leaving her utterly inconsolable. She survived him twelve years, continuing to live at Stinsford, but paying long visits every year to her many nephews and nieces: to Lady Lansdowne at Bowood; Lord Carnarvon at

Highclere; to Lady Mary Talbot at Margam in Wales; and, above all, to her favourite nephew, Lord Ilchester, who made Melbury a second home to her.

She died at Stinsford in 1827, aged eighty-four, after a few days' illness, in the full possession of all her faculties. She and Mr O'Brien are buried in the pretty little old church at Stinsford dating back to the fourteenth century, which stands less than one hundred yards from the house they both loved so well.

I cannot conclude these few lines without acknowledging gratefully the valuable assistance that has been so generously given to me.

Lord Rosebery's most helpful hints and advice on various matters, so kindly given, were naturally of inestimable worth to me, as coming from one whose profound knowledge of the political events of those days is unrivalled.

Sir Henry Bunbury, who has many most interesting documents preserved at Barton, and letters from different members of Lady Sarah's family, was so good as to allow me to publish in the Appendix, an extract from Miss Louisa Napier's detailed account of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's last hours and death in prison; and I must express my warmest thanks for his permission to include among the illustrations Sir Joshua Reynolds' most beautiful picture of Lady Sarah, aged twenty-one, which Sir Henry has at Barton, and which shows her to us in the full zenith of her radiant and wonderful beauty.

To the late Lady Albert Seymour I owe the deepest gratitude for having allowed me access to the numerous papers she possessed connected with

her great-grandmother, Lady Sarah, which enabled me to trace many of the incidents and movements of her life, and to render the letters less disconnected than they would otherwise appear.

Last, but certainly not least, to my son Lord Stavordale, I am indebted for his invaluable aid throughout these pages, and especially for his laborious working up of the whole of the intricate political notes to Lord Holland's memoir, and for very many of those to Lady Sarah's letters when she touched upon current events of the day, political or otherwise. It required a very careful and exhaustive examination into the political circumstances of that period to elucidate the meaning of many of her allusions, which are frequently slight and obscure, and indeed would often be incomprehensible but for the light thrown upon them in the notes.

The notes to Lord Holland's Memoir, signed "H. Fox," are in his own handwriting on the original MSS.

Those signed "Vassall Holland" were added by Richard, third Lord Holland, and are attached to his own manuscript copy of the Memoir.

All other notes have been inserted by the Editors, both in the Memoir and in Lady Sarah's letters, with the exception of a few remarks, signed "S. O'Brien," which appear on the originals in Lady Susan's own handwriting.

MARY ILCHESTER.

HOLLAND HOUSE, LONDON,
1901.

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MEMOIR ON THE EVENTS ATTENDING THE DEATH OF GEORGE II. AND THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III., BY HENRY FOX, FIRST LORD HOLLAND.

Memoir on the Events attending the Death of George II. and the Accession of George III., by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland.

1760–1763.

At Kensington on Saturday, Octr 25, 1760, the King[1] soon after 7 in the morning fell down dead, as it appeared when the body was opened, from the bursting of one of the ventricles of his heart; closing, by the easiest death that can be imagined, a long, & for a king's, a happy life. It was not the fault of nature or of fortune, but his own, that it was not much happier. He would have compleated his 77th year had he lived to the tenth of November, 1760.

Lady Yarmouth[2] was sent for; then a surgeon, who attempted in vain to bleed him; and then Prss Amelie,[3] who wrote a note to the King at Kew, & receiv'd a very civil answer signed (which was observable) G. R.

Lady Yarmouth very properly insisted & prevail'd on the Princess to stay in the room till the papers and trunks were sealed. Mr Secretary

[1] George II.

[2] Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of George II.

[3] Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II. She died unmarried in 1786.

Pitt[1] came, & went on to Kew; to whom, when he told H.M. that there were some matters of form immediately necessary on this solemn occasion, the King replied that he would come & give his own orders. This Pitt himself told me in the hearing of many others at Savile House[2] that day. The Duke[3] was sent to, & came from Windsor to Kensington about 12, to which place by mistake the Council had been summoned. He had not been there many minutes before notice was given that the King was gone by to London, & the Council was to be at Savile House; but this proved a mistake too, for after the Duke had stayed there two hours, he was sent to, & excuses made that they did not know he was there, & invitation to Carlton House. The two Secretarys[4] waited in the crowd & expected the Council to be at Savile House, an hour longer; then they were sent for, & between 4 & 5 the Abp of Canterbury,[5] & all the Lords, & others of the Privy Council were desir'd to come immediately to Carlton House. There we staid an hour longer before the Council began.

The D. of Newcastle[6] had stopped at Kensington,

[1] William Pitt (1708–1778); Secretary of State. He married Hester Grenville, sister of Lord Temple.

[2] Savile House, Carlton House, and Leicester House were all the residences of Frederick, Prince of Wales and his family. After his death in 1751 the Princess of Wales continued to live there with the future George III.

[3] William, Duke of Cumberland (1721–1765), third son of George II.

[4] Pitt and Lord Holdernesse.

[5] Thomas Secker. Appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1758, and died in 1768.

[6] Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle, First Lord of the Treasury, was born in 1693. He was son of Sir Thomas Pelham by Grace, daughter of Gilbert Holles, third Earl of Clare. He succeeded to the properties in 1711, and in 1715 was created Marquis of Clare and Duke of Newcastle. He was appointed Chief Secretary of State in 1724, and continued in this office till he became First Lord of the

& being charged with a message from Ly Yarmouth went directly to Carlton & not to Savile House. The use of form was never more seen than on this day, when for want of Minister or Clerk of the Council who knew anything of it, we waited 4 hours for what might have been prepar'd in one, & at last were by Mr Vernon directed wrong. About six, the Abp (ridiculously enough) acquainted us with the King's death, of which we informed the King, his Grace speaking for us, & that we had signed a Proclamation of His Majesty. When this was done His Majesty came into Council, & read his Declaration in these words: "The loss that I and the Nation have sustained by the death of the King, my Grandfather, would have been severely felt at any time, but coming at so critical a juncture, and so unexpected, it is by many circumstances augmented, and the weight now falling upon me much increased. I feel my own insufficiency to support it as I wish; but animated by the tenderest affection for my native country, and depending on the advice, experience, and abilities of your Lordships, on the support and assistance of every honest man, I enter with cheerfulness into this arduous situation, and shall make it the business of my life to promote in everything the glory and happiness of these Kingdoms; to preserve and strengthen both the Constitution in Church and State; and, as I mount the throne in the midst of an expensive, but just and necessary war, I shall endeavour to prosecute it in the manner the most likely to bring on an honourable peace in concert with my allies." He then took the oath to preserve

Treasury in 1754. He retired from public life in 1762, and died six years later at the age of seventy-five.

the Kirk of Scotland, & signed it. Then Lord Holdernesse[1] read to him several Orders of Council which should have been expedited before he came; and then we kissed his hand, & were sworn in as Privy Counsellors, which was very wrong.

H.M. seemed to have determined nothing but to be extremely civil to the Duke, and that the Ministers knew nothing was plain from their behaviour, which was just that of other standers by. It was plain too from the Declaration, which had not been shewn them till they came to Carlton House, not subjected then to their consideration, nor, without difficulty altered the next day. I have given it as printed, but it was not spoke so; the war was called bloody & expensive: nothing said of its justice or necessity: & the words "in concert with my allys" were not there.

I believe Lord Bute[2] did not wish to make the King avow the war, or engage to carry it on, nor, indeed intend to carry it on a moment longer than he should be forced to it. And yet surely these alterations were very proper, tho' not agreed to till Sunday afternoon.

On Sunday, the King was proclaimed at Savile House: the King did not appear. The Ministers had their audiences on business of the day, and

[1] Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holdernesse. He was made Secretary of State in 1751, which post he resigned in 1757, but resumed office a few days after. He was dismissed in 1761, and died in 1778, aged fifty-nine.

[2] John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, born in 1713. In 1736 he married Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq. In 1761 he became Secretary of State, and in 1762, on the Duke of Newcastle's resignation, First Lord of the Treasury. This he resigned after peace was secured in May, 1763; and though he remained in the King's confidence till 1765, he never again took office. He spent the last years of his life in retirement, and died in 1792.

every Cabinet Counsellor who had not appeared the day before was call'd in, and received graciously, except Legge,[1] to whom the King said little, if any thing: and when he went up to salute Lord Bute, his Lordship turned his back upon him with remarkable contempt. The next day, the King came to Council, of which, thro' sudden illness of the messenger or neglect, I had no notice. There the King added to his Council the Duke of York[2] and Lord Bute, his Groom of the Stole. The Duke of Cumberland before the King or Duke of York appeared, said that he could answer for the D. of York as for himself that it was very indifferent who had the precedence, but not at all so to leave it undecided; that as this was the first time they were to meet in form he would tell them how he understood it. "'The King's sons, brothers, uncles,' are the words. He is the King's brother, I am his uncle; so I should follow him." Lord Mansfield[3] and others thought so too, & he sate at the left hand. But surely the words bear another interpretation, & he might as well desire to be first as a King's son as to be last as a King's uncle. And it is so in all private familys. An Earl's younger son, when his father is dead, takes place as

[1] The Hon. Henry Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, fourth son of the Earl of Dartmouth. He held this post in 1754, again in 1756, and again in 1757, and continued in it till dismissed in 1761. He died in 1764.

[2] Edward Augustus, Duke of York, brother of the King. He served under Lord Howe in the attack on Cherbourg in 1758, and in 1761 was made Rear-Admiral. He died at the age of twenty-seven in 1767, when making a tour on the Continent.

[3] Hon. William Murray, Earl Mansfield. He was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1756, and was created at the same time Baron Mansfield. He held the Exchequer Seals for a few months in 1757. In 1776 he was raised to the title of Earl Mansfield, and died in 1793, at the age of eighty-nine.

an Earl's son, & has no place as an Earl's brother: but H.R.Hss was in the right to settle it, & it signify'd nothing to him how. The rest of the week, while the King was at Leicester House receiving in the most gracious & pleasing manner crowds of people without number (and by the way the King acts his part in public well), the Ministry was forming. All sorts of people, great and little, friends and enemys, conspired in saying and insisting that the D. of Newcastle's remaining where he was was absolutely necessary. Strange, that unless a worthless and a silly and an ignorant man is at the head of a state it cannot flourish. I never thought so, but I was not sorry others said it, who probably thought it no more than I do. But, "If he goes, Lord Bute must take other friends, & is it not likelyer I shall be disturbed to make room for them, than if things go on so that that room is not wanted"? I presume this was the soliloquy of many an adviser to the Duke of Newcastle. Some advised him with the same thoughts of him as I have, from mere generous & public motives. The Duke of Cumberland, & the Duke of Devonshire[1] thought they saw confusion, by which I think they meant a Tory Parliament, if the D. of Newcastle did not chuse it. But so it was, that all people that came near him press'd him to do what he never seriously had thoughts of not doing. Lord Bute said it was not matter of choice, the money could not be got by any other hand. Pitt declared at the meeting (I believe on Fryday, the 31st) where the

[1] William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chamberlain. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1755, and in the following year became First Lord of the Treasury. This post he resigned in 1757. He died in 1764.

D. of Newcastle accepted, that, as for power, he for one had never derived any favour from the Crown but thro' the D. of Newcastle, & he hoped never should receive any for the future but by the same assistance.[1]

Now then the Ministry is settled. The Duke of Devonshire, which I never thought I should see, sincerely wishing to leave Court, where he was at first not graciously, now very graciously received, but determining still to be at none of those meetings which Lord Granville calls conciliabula.[2]

But to return to the Royal Family. The King told the Duke that tho' it had not been usual in their family, he was determined to live well with every branch of it. H.R.Hss said H.M. might be sure of their sincere good wishes; professing was only saying he had sense, for who of the Royal Family having sense must not wish the support & welfare of the head of it? The late King made a will long ago, not now extant, greatly in favour of the Duke, & a codicil referring to it, of 1,100,000 Rix Dollars: taking what we in English should call a defeazance or covenant not to claim the income or interest of it in the King's life-time. This cession the Duke has; Munchausen[3] says it is not good, but how can it be otherwise? Upon the Prince of Wales's death in 1751, the King made another will & codicil in German, and an English will which he left in

[1] Lord Hardwicke advised the Duke of Newcastle to make stipulations for power which I suppose occasioned this declaration of Pitt's. Strange advise of Ld Hardwicke's, indeed absurd, not follow'd, & I hear Lord Hardwicke thinks the Duke of Newcastle's Administration, for that reason I suppose, unstable. Lord Hardwicke is much courted, hated, & despised by Lord Bute, & Pitt too.—H. Fox.

[2] This altered soon and totally.—H. Fox.

[3] Hanoverian Minister at the Court of St James.

Prss Caroline's [1] hands, upon whose death they came into Prss Amelie's. In this German will the King, who would have left nothing to the late Prince that he could avoid, leaves his successor his heir. He leaves to the Duke 3 millions 300,000 Rix Dollars, of which he says the cession before mentioned shall be esteemed part, & 200,000 to his daughters, & 50,000 between the Princesses Amelie & Caroline who lived with him : the rest are legacies to German Ministers, German relations, &c. (By Prss Caroline's death, Prss Amelie will have 50,000 R.D., & the 200,000 remain between her & Prss of Hesse [2]). In 1757, October 6th, before the Duke was yet arrived from Germany,[3] H.M. most unworthily, & knowing that the Duke had only obeyed his orders as will be seen, made another will revoking the *articles* of his German will of 1751, whereby he had left any thing to the Duke ; not revoking the will itself, much less any other. This was in Munchausen's hands. In 1759, the King makes another will, in which he says that recollecting that he had by his will of 1757 revoked his legacys to the Duke, he declares that it was for no fault he had to find with him, or ill opinion conceived of him, but from the exigencys of war which required that money for the *caisse militaire*, & as he was the best man, son, &c., he left him a third with his sisters in the 200,000 R. Dollars ; which H.R.Hss will not take. The

[1] Princess Elizabeth Caroline, third daughter of George II. She died in 1758.

[2] Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George II., married to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel.

[3] The Duke of Cumberland, who, though bold and active, was a general of inferior capacity, was in 1757 placed in command of the English troops in Germany. He was outmanœuvred by Marshal D'Estrées, and defeated at Hastenbach : and, being surrounded by the French at Stade, was forced to sign the Convention of Klosterseven.

English will of 1751 left, it was thought, the Duke all his boxes, trunks, bureaux, chests, &c., in any of his palaces, & all therein contained except jewels belonging to the Crown. These boxes, &c., are this 3rd of December seal'd & under guard at the Library in St James's Park, with, I believe, little or nothing in them.

A day was fixed by the King for opening these wills (I think Saturday, Novr 8th). Munchausen told the King of the will of 1757, & knew of a copy of one in Germany, of none here. The King sent the Duke of Devonshire with Munchausen to search a cabinet at Lady Yarmouth's, where in a drawer there were 9,000 B. Bills[1] & 1,100 guineas, with a paper written by the King declaring the B. Bills in that drawer were to be Lady Yarmouth's. This was the subject of the message the D. of Newcastle carried on Saturday to the King, who desired her to take all that was there. She declined the guineas, but I suppose must keep them. No will found there. The Duke of Devonshire was sent to search the other trunks & box, & seal them up again (it is thought Munchausen wished to be sent alone). No will found. On Saturday, Munchausen delivers into the King's hand the will of 1759 in a loose, unsealed cover of paper: when the King takes it, he finds the will of 1757 there too. It cannot be imagined that after so much civility given & received in a manner that does honour both to the King and Duke, and by so honest and ingenuous a mind as the K. has, & so much sense & punctilio as Lord Bute has behaved with, but that the issue of this affair will answer the Duke's honest expectations. Prss Amelie, a lively, meddling,

[1] Bank Bills.

mischief-making & mischief-meaning woman has parts without any understanding; and has employed them all her life in doing all the harm she can. She would not do so much, if she had sense to see, what she would regard extremely if she did see it, her own interest. But she would do more, if her love of talking and total disregard to truth had not so published her character, as to put every body on their guard. How very different are persons of this family! The late Prince of Wales & this lady, how totally the reverse of the Duke of Cumberland, late Prss Caroline, & Prss of Hesse! I believe, & I hope in God, that His present Majesty is as much the reverse of that express image of his worthless father, the Duke of York.

This Princess Amelie, inveterately and justly hated by the King and his mother, endeavours to make the Duke as much hated as herself. His own honest nature and habitual affection to her blinds him, but I think, as no friend he has thinks differently from me about her, we shall defend him from her attempts. And indeed I believe he begins to see. She is wicked as well as weak. She now pities him, and is sure he is ill used, and will be ill used, and if these could be thought to be his complaints in the midst of as much civility and kindness as he can desire, she would be happy. The King, perhaps to avoid any murmurs, has very wisely taken nobody with him to St James's, to which palace he removed on Thursday, Novr 6th. The Duke's appartment is appointed for holding conciliabula. The first for making the speech consisted (Ld Holdernesse being ill and absent, which does not much signify to any conciliabulum)

of four only, Duke of Newcastle, E. of Bute, E. of Hardwicke,[1] and Mr Secy Pitt. They went through, and settled it, when Mr Pitt said there must be some mention made of Militia. D. of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke oppos'd it: Lord Bute declared on Pitt's side.

When this was known, D. of Devonshire was violent, & said he would protest against it & oppose the address, & it was hard to make a man give up his opinion which he could not do, or appear against the first address to the King. This had reason in it; Pitt did not care how little was said, & it was wrought down to the inoffensive mention of it that appeared both in speech & addresses. On Saturday, the King, in his own hand writing, inserted "Born & educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton."[2] This was sent to the D. of Newcastle, who had like not to have received it, but did receive it just time enough to send it to Pitt about half an hour before he read the speech to the Commons at his house. On Monday, before the whole Cabinet Council, who were in the inward room at St James's, he took Lord Bute and talk'd to him as one gentn should not talk to another, not letting him go to the King, tho' in waiting & rung for, and His Majesty was left alone above half an hour employed by Pitt in scolding Bute. This, those who were witnesses to it think cannot be forgiven. But what cannot be forgiven between Ministers? Or what can be done to make these Ministers go on without many of these never to be forgiven rubs? I hope & believe

[1] Philip Yorke, in 1754 created Earl of Hardwicke. He was made Lord Chancellor in 1737, and continued in that office till 1756, when he resigned the seals, but remained in the Cabinet without a place. He died in 1764, at the age of seventy-three.

[2] Spelt *Britain* in the King's original MS.

they will go on, & in the same manner, a great while. On Tuesday, Novr 18, the King open'd the Parliament. He was much admired, but thought to have too much studied action, & it was observed that he laid the accent on the first syllable of állys & révenues, which is after the Scotch pronunciation. Lord Bute acts wisely, obliging those he does oblige in a generous and noble manner, & forbearing to make enemies as much as possible. Lord Huntington[1] flung himself at the King's feet, said he had nor would seek other protector to save him from the disgrace of not taking the great but natural step from Master of the Horse to the Pr. for Master of the Horse to the King. Lord Bute certainly meant to keep Lord Gower,[2] but this made impression on the King which Lord Bute thought it not prudent to endeavour to efface, but went with the utmost civility to the D. of Bedford,[3] to whom H.M. had given unask'd the strongest assurances of satisfying Lord Gower with honour, to desire them to think of something. Master of the great Wardrobe, as the D. of Montagu[4] had it

[1] Francis Hastings, tenth Earl of Huntingdon. He had been appointed Master of the Horse to George, Prince of Wales in 1756.

[2] Granville Leveson-Gower, second Earl Gower and afterwards first Marquis of Stafford, Master of the Horse to George II.

[3] John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married a sister of Earl Gower. In 1744 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1747 one of the principal Secretaries of State, which office he held till 1751, when he resigned, having quarreled with the Duke of Newcastle and the Pelhams, and took a leading part in opposition. In 1756 he went to Ireland, and in 1761 was sent to Paris as Minister plenipotentiary to conclude the peace, but in reality with very limited powers. He was President of the Council in Grenville's Ministry (1763-65), but on its fall he and his party went out of office with it. In 1767, however, he was induced by the Duke of Grafton to join his administration, and held the same post till his death, in 1771.

[4] George Brudenall, first Duke of Montagu of that creation and

with a seat in the Cabinet Council, was thought of. Sr Thomas Robinson[1] was Master of the great Wardrobe; my friend Ellis's[2] place was thought of for him. Ellis had by my friendship & accident got into a place much above his pretensions, & he was the only man in England who did not think so. He was acquainted by the D. of Newcastle that he was out of place, & came to me as much surprized as concerned. I wish'd him to express his concern, not his surprize, as he did, to Lord Bute, who said he wish'd to molest nobody, that he was new in business, the D. of Newcastle old in it, & if his Grace would find an expedient, he would most willingly assist in bringing it to bear. The expedient found was a most unreasonable one. A peerage for Sir Thomas Robinson, who has no pretence to it, & a great addition to his great pension upon Ireland. Lord Bute would not do both, & Sr Thos chose the peerage. I may give this Sir Thomas Robinson as an instance of men to whom fortune has been constant. By meer chance made Secretary of State: by meer chance brought out of it with a pension which his family wanted, & greater than he could have hoped or indeed did ask for: by meer chance made a peer. I may add it to his luck that Mr Stone,[3] the coldest of all

fourth Earl of Cardigan. He married Lady Mary Montagu, co-heiress of the last Duke of Montagu, and was so created. In 1776 he was made governor of George III.'s two sons, and died in 1790.

[1] Sir Thomas Robinson was Secretary of State in 1754–55 in the Newcastle administration. He was created Lord Grantham in 1761, and died in 1770.

[2] Welbore Ellis, Esq. He was made a Lord of the Admiralty in 1747, and one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland in 1755 till 1762, when he was appointed Secretary at War, in which office he continued till 1765. In 1794 he was created Baron Mendip, and died in 1802.

[3] Andrew Stone, Esq., brother of the Archbishop of Armagh. He

friends, has, in his instance only, been warm & serviceable. He wanted all this luck; for he was a very dull man, &, from a great peculiarity of voice, gesture, diction, worse than a bad speaker, much worse than a silent man in Parliament. I should not do him justice if I did not mention (tho' it had no hand in his preferment, nor was the work of chance, but of nature & of principle) that he was a very honest & good-natur'd man. Then the King's Bed-chamber was settled. The late King had 13; 4 only were omitted. Lord Falconberge:[1] D. of Manchester,[2] it is said, by choice: Lord Essex,[3] thro' the Princess's pique to him about the ground she rents of him at Kew, (wherein he behav'd sillily, she says dirtily): & Lord Hindford,[4] from the fear Lord Bute has of employing too many Scotch. The other nine remained. The King had five of his own. To these 14, were added the D. of Richmond,[5] Earl of March,[6] Lord Weymouth,[7] & Earl of Eglinton.[8] By rank, he [Lord E.] should have been nam'd next to the D. of Richmond; by worth, I put him last, & should do so in my esteem whatever company he was in.

was at one time private secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, and had his entire confidence.

[1] Henry Belasyse, second Lord Fauconberg.

[2] Robert, third Duke of Manchester.

[3] William Anne, fourth Earl of Essex. He died in 1799.

[4] John, fourth Earl of Hyndford.

[5] Charles Lennox, third Duke of Richmond.

[6] James Douglas, Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. He died in 1810.

[7] Thomas, third Viscount Weymouth, created Marquis of Bath in 1789. In 1765 he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, but resigned the same year. In 1768 he became Secretary of State, which post he held till 1770. He was again appointed to it in 1775, and continued in it till 1779. He died in 1796, at the age of sixty-three.

[8] Alexander Montgomery, tenth Earl of Eglinton. Killed by a poacher in 1769.

Everybody was asham'd & vex'd to see so worthless & silly a wretch so placed, and nobody more than he who did it. But Lord Bute had made use of him in Scotland & encouraged him, & could not get off. However he made an excuse, and the D. of York was said to have ask'd it, & it was to be looked upon as his doing. And indeed he did as much to a man of his quality, who condescended to be his pimp in the lowest way, & act for him the part of a Drury Lane tavern porter.

In Parliament, the hereditary revenues are given up & made part of the aggregate fund, which fund is charged with a rent charge of £800,000 a year for the Civil List. Great inconvenience will arise from making the King's land revenue the revenue of the publick. Nor has the King enough while his mother, uncle, and aunt shall live, to whom he must make the same payments as his grand-father did, & provide for his own family besides. But the giving him a rent-charge was a right measure, & does honor to the new reign.

The Primate of Ireland,[1] a false, artful, meddling priest, bred up in the Dorset family, shewed us now

> "Quid mens rite quid indoles
> Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus"
> Possit,

by giving us a cast of his malicious cunning. Infinitely obliged to the Duke of Newcastle, he flatters and corresponds privately with Mr Pitt. Infinitely obliged to the D. of Bedford, Ld Lt., and left one of the Lords Justices, he writes to his Grace, giving good reasons for an immediate dissolution of the Irish Parliament. It is

[1] Dr George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh. Made Primate of Ireland in 1747. He died in 1765.

dissolved, & then & not till then, he opens his quiver. It has been the constant custom on every dissolution for the Council of Ireland to prepare bills, & among them a money bill, and transmit them to England, if approved there, to be given as causes & considerations of calling a new Parliament.[1] The Lords Justices lay before the Council in Ireland two bills & not a money bill, & send them to the King in Council here. The Primate & Justices write to the D. of Bedford, & the Primate writes a private letter, saying, that as the people in Ireland will be in the greatest ferment, if a money bill should be sent, & if the new Parlt should not be chose under the present sheriffs, it would breed great confusion. He desires & conjures his Grace to get this dispens'd with, & the Parliamt called on these two trifling bills.

This is not a time to yield an English point to Ireland, who foolishly & seditiously are every day aiming at independency. This the Primate knows; nay, tells his Grace that if he does not yield he cannot wish to see him in Ireland. The Primate writes, in private too, to the D. of Newcastle, Lord Bute, & Mr Pitt. The two former shew the Lord Lieut. their letters; the last does not. A Cabinet Council; everybody commends the ability with which the Duke of Bedford open'd & argued the case. Every body was of his mind except Pitt, who shew'd an utter ignorance of the Constitution of Ireland relative to the government of England, & of this point in question.[2] A letter is prepar'd

[1] This was ordained by a bill known as Poyning's Law, which dates from Henry VII.'s reign.

[2] "The Cabinet Council met at half an hour past two, and sat till near six, upon our Irish business: and resolved, that a letter should be prepared for the Privy Council to sign to-morrow in answer to the

Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A. pinx. Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Henry, 1st Lord Holland.

after the D. of Bedford's opinion to be signed, and it was sign'd next day by a numerous Privy Council, and among them by Lord Temple [1] and G. Grenville, Mr Pitt not going to the Council. There are several conjectures. Mine is that Pitt is of the same opinion with the rest (there cannot well be two opinions), but attends to that nonsensical thing, undeserv'd popularity with the dregs of the people; & is afraid lest his health should not be drank on Ormond Key & Smock Alley by popish feagues [2] & beggars.

It may have some weight with him in the Primate's favour, as it has on the contrary side a great deal with the D. of Newcastle, that he preach'd a thanksgiving sermon in which he said a fulsome deal of Pitt and nothing of the Duke of N. Lord Kildare [3] did not sign the letter from the Council in Ireland. Lady Susan Fox Strangways, a most

one which my Lord-Lieutenant has received from the Lords Justices and Council of Ireland, with the two bills they have certified over here to be laid before ye Lords of the English Council as the causes and considerations for the holding a new Parliament in Ireland, the purport of which letter is to be, that the heads of bills sent over are not sufficient causes and considerations. The Cabinet Council was in a manner unanimous upon this measure. Mr Pitt alone differed from the other members in debating the question, but did not at the end divide the meeting, or protest against the proceedings. Lord Temple said nothing. Every other member who spoke was of the D. of Bedford's opinion for having a money bill transmitted, tho' the words 'money bill,' I understand, are not to be inserted in the letter." —Extract from a letter of Mr Rigby to Mr Fox. Dec. 2, 1760.

[1] Richard Grenville, Earl Temple (to which title he succeeded on the death of his mother in 1752), was eldest son of Richard Grenville, Esq., of Wotton. He was appointed Lord Privy Seal in 1757, and held this post till he resigned with Pitt in 1761. For the rest of his life he remained in opposition, and died in 1779.

[2] A low-born wretch (North-Country dialect).

[3] James, Earl of Kildare. In 1761 created Marquis of Kildare, and in 1766, Duke of Leinster. He married Emily, second daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He died in 1773.

agreeable and clever girl, says, if she was a young King she would do something every now and then that would make the Ministers stand aghast. Nothing can better describe the D. of Newcastle, Lord Hardwick, & their friends: they stood aghast when the news came out that George Pitt,[1] Norborne Berkley,[2] & W. Northey Esqres, three Torys, & two Lords of the same complexion, the Earl of Oxford[3] & Ld Bruce,[4] were made Grooms & Lords of the Bedchamber. The D. of Newcastle, after it was declared publickly at 4 in the afternoon of Thursday, December 4th, sent to the Duke of Devonshire to know if it were true. The Duke of Devonshire sees confusion again, is frightened about Torys: I laugh. The Duke of Newcastle talks again of going out, & again agrees to go on. Pitt avows the measure. The Earl of Lichfield[5] is added to the other Lords.

On the 4th of Decr, the King makes up his number of Aides de Camp with rank of Col., by appointing Ned Harvey, a most worthy, valuable man, Lord Downe,[6] & Lord Fitzmaurice;[7] the two latter by this are put over the heads of Lord George

[1] George Pitt, created Baron Rivers in 1776.

[2] Norborne Berkeley, who afterwards claimed and obtained the title of Lord Bottetort.

[3] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

[4] Thomas Brudenal Bruce, Lord Bruce, fourth son of George, third Earl of Cardigan. The barony descended to him through his mother, who was only daughter of the second Earl of Aylesbury. He was raised to the latter title on the death of his uncle, the third Earl, in 1776.

[5] George Henry Lee, third Earl of Lichfield.

[6] Henry, third Viscount Downe. He died within a few weeks of this appointment, having received a mortal wound at the battle of Campen on Oct. 16, when in command of the 25th Regiment of Foot.

[7] William Petty, Lord Fitzmaurice. He succeeded his father as Earl of Shelburne in 1761. Prime Minister in 1782.

Lenox[1] & Mr. Fitzroy,[2] who before had been put over the heads of a hundred.[3] The D. of Richmond[4] comes hot from Goodwood, & behaves most strangely, to tell whose story it must be taken up earlier. Sir H. Aresekine,[5] in consequence of a rash promise of the King (when he was turned out in 1756 for voting against the Court), is restored to the rank he would have had if he had been as much favour'd as any man, & because Majr-Genl Barrington[6] was a younger Lt.-Col., Areskine has a Regiment & is made a Majr-Genl, taking place of Barrington, consequently of the D. of Richmond only a Col. His Grace, who had acquiesced in the same favours shewn to a worse man, George Townshend,[7] & extorted from the King, has an audience to represent against this to the young King. He mentions Keppel,[8] too, removed from Gentleman

[1] Lord George Lennox, only brother of Charles, third Duke of Richmond.

[2] Charles Fitzroy, second son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, and only brother of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton. He was created Lord Southampton in 1780, and died in 1797.

[3] Lord Fitzmaurice was junior to both of the above-named, to whom he was now preferred to the indignation of the army.

[4] Charles Lennox, third Duke of Richmond. He was made Secretary of State in 1766, but resigned two months later. He died in 1806, at the age of seventy-two.

[5] Sir H. Aresekine or Erskine, second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva. He served with distinction in the army, and in 1749 was returned for Parliament. In 1756 his name was removed from the Army List for voting against the employment of foreign troops, but he was reinstated in 1761. The King was at that time Prince of Wales.

[6] Major-General John Barrington, second son of John, first Viscount Barrington.

[7] George, fourth Viscount Townshend, to which title he succeeded in 1764. He became Commander-in-Chief of the forces before Quebec after Wolfe's death. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1767. He was raised to the title of Marquis Townshend in 1787, and died in 1807, at the age of eighty-four.]

[8] Hon. William Keppel, third son of second Earl of Albemarle by Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. He

of the Horse by the King to give it to his favorite, Carpenter.[1] The King is firm, but very civil. His Grace goes to White's; and inveighs against Scots & Lord Bute publickly, sillily, & rudely. Instead of resenting this, Lord Bute tells him the King wants to know whether by words dropp'd in the closet he meant to ask the Bed-chamber or wished himself there. His Grace said he had not meant by the words alluded to to ask it, but should be pleas'd & proud to have it. Lord Bute tells him too, the King will make Keppel Equerry. The next day the D. of Richmond goes to Ld Bute, & says too much & flatters Lord Bute, who lets him know that he knew when he proposed him to the King how differently he had spoken of him from what he now said to him; but persons of his rank were fitt to be about the King, & there he would see how he had mistaken H.M.'s intended conduct. The D. of Richmond was charm'd with this, & to make farther court, was pleas'd to disclaim me, who he said was a good-humoured, sociable man, & whom he loved in private life, but had not nor would have any connection with me in public. Lord Bute, whose civilitys to the Duke were meant to comprehend me too, as will be seen hereafter, surprized his Grace with answering that he could have no objections to his connections with me, who was a man of ability & talents & of character. He hoped H.M. would not part with such, they were but few. This the D. of Richmond himself told me, and Lord Bute sent me an account of the conversation by Lord Fitzmaurice.

commanded a regiment in the expedition to the Havannah. In 1773 he was made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and died in 1782.

[1] George, third Lord Carpenter. In 1761 created Earl of Tyrconnel, and died the following year.

The Duke of Richmond is made & sworn of the Bed-chamber, pleased with the manner of it, & all his friends for him. Three days had not passed before upon hearing a rumour of the King's intention to Lord Fitzmaurice, he declares publickly he will resign & make his brother resign if it is so, & what not! He goes to Goodwood. Lady George Lenox,[1] whose love of mischief & want of judgement will I fear appear in many more instances in these Memoirs, flys to Goodwood, & away comes the Duke bringing Fitzroy with him. The D. of Grafton[2] has an audience asks for Fitzroy with good breeding, is refus'd, & comes out in 3 minutes. The D. of Richmond follows, stays 20 minutes, makes the King exceedingly angry, & comes out in a passion, & tells the D. of Devonshire he had resign'd his Bed-chamber. "And not your Regiment?" "No."

It was hard to guess exactly what passed. The King says he will never repeat it, it is too bad to be repeated. I find by the D. of Richmond, the King behaved with firmness & with dignity, tho' very angry. The D. of Richmond then (too late) consults Lord Albemarle,[3] a fitter man to consult

[1] Lady Louisa Ker, daughter of William Ker, Earl of Ancram. She married Lord George Lennox in 1759.

[2] Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton. He was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to George III. (then Prince of Wales) in 1756. In 1765 he was made Secretary of State, which post he resigned the following year, and within two months took the post of First Lord of the Treasury, which he held till 1770. He was Lord Privy Seal from 1771 to 1775, and died in 1811, at the age of eighty-six. He gained an unenviable notoriety by the persistent persecution of the mysterious Junius, who continually assailed him with abuse.

[3] George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle, to which title he succeeded in 1754. He was for many years aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, and by his influence was made Commander-in-Chief of the land forces in the expedition to the Havannah in 1762. He died in 1772, in his forty-ninth year.

with is not in the world, or a more friendly one to his Grace. But the thing was done, & every friend avoided till it was done. The next morning he went to Lord Bute, wish'd to be understood not to have resign'd. "Not resigned, my Lord, why the King says you flung it in his face." I fear he acted here with meanness, as he had to the King with *fierté*. Lord Bute bids him advise with me. He was much dejected, & is gone to Goodwood, Dec 10th, sorry as we all are for him, to have quarrel'd so unreasonably & unprovoked with a young King capable of great resentment where his dignity is trench'd upon, &, if I mistake not, of retaining it. The Duke's not resigning his Regiment is much wonder'd at, & makes everybody see that he must know himself in the wrong. One good effect of it is that he will not let his brother resign if he can help it. He has not been at Goodwood a week, before he writes to Lord Bute to complain that the K. had not spoke to him. Lord Bute would not shew his letter to the King. He has been to Court since, & spoken to, & upon that foot of civility will remain, as I fear the too justly conceived ill opinion of him will too.

About the beginning of February, it was publickly known who were to be the new made peers. This was an honour I had long & indeed beyond measure been ambitious to obtain for my family. On the 24th of Novr, therefore, I gave a letter to the D. of Cumberland. It is impossible to behave with more kindness & affection than H.R.Hss did, but an awkward unwillingness to ask made him delay too long what he was resolved to do. On Thursday, Feb 19th, & not before, the Duke went into the closet to ask this.

H.M. with a great deal of action, professions of regard, & unwillingness to refuse, & acknowledging the propriety of the request (in which perhaps he was not sincere), & with great praise of me, said he had fix'd the number & could not add one to it then. I took a step which I still think a wise one, & which I fear did me harm. I thought Lord Bute would find it easier to do this if he could say it was the Duke's request, & done at his instance only, than if he undertook it as a measure which I knew could not fail of meeting strong opposition from the competitors & from ev'ry one of his fellow Ministers. I therefore only sent him word that he would have it in his power soon either to oblige or mortify me extremely, & begged him to chuse the former. I thought the King would, as the Duke of C. desir'd, take some time to consider; and in that time I hoped for Lord Bute's friendship. It happened otherwise. Lord Bute at the same time heard it was asked and refused, & seemed to think I had been much in the wrong not to let him into the secret entirely. I was much mortified. Lord Fitzmaurice negotiated with great zeal & friendship, & brought me a message from Lord Bute to see me on Fryday, Feby 27th, & told Lord Fitzmaurice he would send me away pleas'd. Lord Bute has great propriety in his choice of words to convey clearly neither more nor less than he would convey. He soon convinc'd me that I should or Lady Caroline[1] (which was the same thing to me, & probably more eligible to the King) be in the next

[1] Georgina Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She married Henry Fox in 1744 without the consent of her parents, and died of cancer in 1774. In 1762 she was created Baroness Holland in her own right.

promotion. "And I do not say this without authority; that is," added he, "if I continue in the same situation with respect to H.M.'s good opinion." I thank'd him & confessed that when it was done, it would be the same thing when it was done; but that having been accustom'd to see pauses between one set of peers being made & another of 7, nay, 14 years, such a promise to one of my age could not give great satisfaction. He said, to be sure it would not, if that were to be the case, but he said it would not be long before others were given, & mine among them. I look'd, or ask'd, for a certain date; he said within a twelvemonth certainly. I told him that with this addition to what he had before said, he did really (as he told Ld Fitzmaurice he would) send me away perfectly well pleas'd, & infinitely oblig'd. He was glad when Lord Fitzmaurice told him how well satisfy'd I was. Lord Fitzmaurice said, "He is; for he thinks you promis'd it within the 12 months." He replied, "It was a promise, I meant it as such." For my part, often as I have been deceived in my life-time, I have no doubt of this. A Marriage or Coronation may bring it sooner. The mention of these brings me to an anecdote which I shall relate with exact truth, not yet knowing myself how far it is extraordinary. Lady Sarah Lenox, not fifteen, as beautiful as girl could be, struck the King at her arrival in England, & first coming to Court in Novr, 1759.

Her beauty is not easily described, otherwise than by saying she had the finest complexion, most beautiful hair, & prettyest person that ever was seen, with a sprightly & fine air, a pretty mouth, & remarkably fine teeth, & excess of

bloom in her cheeks, little eyes,—but this is not describing her, for her great beauty was a peculiarity of countenance, that made her at the same time different from & prettyer than any other girl I ever saw. The King, then Prince of Wales, always talk'd to her with looks of pleasure & admiration; & as the crown neither lessen'd her beauty nor his sense of it, this still continued, & my neice Lady Susan Strangways,[1] ever with her, came in for her share in the discourse. On Thursday, in March, Lady Susan was at Court with Ly Albemarle;[2] Lady Sarah on the other side of the room with Ly Car. Fox. The King said to Lady Susan :—

K. You are going into Somersetshire; when do you return?

L. S. Not before winter, Sir, & I don't know how soon in winter.

K. Is there nothing will bring you back to town before winter?

L. S. I don't know of anything.

K. Would not you like to see a Coronation?

L. S. Yes, Sir. I hope I should come to see that.

K. I hear it's very popular my having put it off.

L. S. *Nothing.*

K. Won't it be a much finer sight when there is a Queen?

L. S. To be sure, Sir.

K. I have had a great many applications from abroad but I don't like them. I have had none at home, I should like that better.

L. S. *Nothing.* (*frightened*).

[1] Lady Susan Fox Strangways, eldest daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester.

[2] Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond. She was married to William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, in 1723.

K. What do you think of your friend? You know who I mean; don't you think her fittest?

L. S. Think, Sir?

K. I think none so fit.

He then went cross the room to Lady Sarah, bid her ask her friend what he had been saying, & make her tell her & tell her all. She assur'd him she would.

H.M. is not given to joke, & this would be a very bad joke too. Is it serious? Strange if it is, & a strange way of going about it.

We are all impatient to know, & the next Sunday or the Sunday se'ennight Lady Sarah goes to Court, out of humour, & had been crying all the morning.

The moment the King saw her, he go's to her.

K. Have you seen your friend lately?

L. S. Yes.

K. Has she told you what I said to her?

L. S. Yes.

K. All?

L. S. Yes.

K. Do you approve?

L. S. made no answer, but look'd as cross as she could look. H.M. affronted left her, seem'd confus'd, & left the Drawing-room. The reader will be impatient to know why this young lady was so cross; and sorry (as I am) that it came so *mal àpropos* as to hinder him & me perhaps from ever knowing what the King meant.

Lord Newbattle[1] (Lord Ancram's son), a vain, insignificant puppy, lively, & not ugly, made love to

[1] John William, Lord Newbattle, son of William Henry, Earl of Ancram, afterwards fourth Marquis of Lothian. Lord Newbattle succeeded as fifth marquis in 1775.

all the girls, but was much in love with Lady Caroline Russel,[1] the D. of Bedford's daughter. Lady Sarah try'd to get him from her, & was so pleas'd with her success that she grew too much pleas'd with his Lordship. It was really a commerce of vanity, not of love, on each side. However, Lord George Lenox & his lady (Lord Newbattle's sister), forgetting or despising all honour or regard to their sisters, take Lady Sarah out of Lady Car. Fox's house (without telling her or Lady Kildare, then with her) into the Park[2] by appointment to meet Lord Newbattle. It was here settled he should ask his father's consent; this was Saturday. On Sunday, Lord Newbattle by his father's & mother's direction writes a letter to Lady Sarah, lamenting that this must be at an end &c. &c. &c.

This hurt the lady's pride & surprised her, and whatever the impressions it made on her were, she went to Court under the full force of them, & behaved as you have seen. On Monday, she went to Goodwood, to be out of his Lordship's way; he

[1] Lady Caroline Russell, daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford by Gertrude, eldest daughter of John, Earl Gower. She married, in 1762, George, Duke of Marlborough.

[2] Lord Lansdowne (the Lord Fitzmaurice of these memoirs) told my sister (Miss Fox) repeatedly that Lord Bute knew of this, or some such rendezvous in the Park at an unusual hour, and placed the King where he might see it and not be seen.—Vassall Holland.

William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, was created Marquis of Lansdowne in 1784. He was born in 1737, and after serving in the army in several campaigns took to politics in 1761. In 1763 he was made President of the Board of Trade, but within a few months resigned, and attached himself to Pitt and the Opposition. In 1766 he became Secretary of State, but resigned in 1768. He consistently opposed extreme measures towards America, and on Chatham's death became the leader of his band of followers. In 1782 he was made Secretary of State, and the same year First Lord of the Treasury, which post he resigned in 1783. He died in 1805.

overtook her on the road, unsaid all he had wrote, & Lady George in the Duke of Richmond's house, where Lady Sarah was invited to avoid him, carry'd on the love. Instead of coming to town, she went to Lady Susan Strangways in Somersetshire, where she broke her leg by a fall from a horse, a simple fracture, is as well, as lively, as beautiful as ever, & as unmindful of Lord Newbattle.[1] She won't look cross at the King when she sees him next week. But will he talk as kindly to her? He has undoubtedly heard of Lord Newbattle, & more than is true.

It has hurt me and Lord Albemarle too, to see so much ridiculous German pride as has appear'd in the sensible English Duke of Cumberland on this occasion. When he heard of this discourse of the King's, he was discomposed greatly. And so indeed were all the family. They may think a white Prss of Brunswick, Anspach, or Saxe Gotha superiour to the daughter of the Duke of Richmond; it suits their interest, & their understanding. But that my friend the D. of Cumberland should think so, I cannot forgive it, or see without wonder such a triumph of silly prejudice over manly sense &

[1] "Redlinch, March 31, 1761.

"The Lady Sarah Lenox, a most beautiful young lady of seventeen, returning from Longleat on horseback, had the misfortune to fall from her horse in the town of Maiden Bradley and break her leg, which was very well cured by Mr Clark of Bruton, who said she was the most agreeable and merry patient he had ever met with. The first night she was brought to Mr Hoare's at Stourton, and the next day upon men's shoulders, in a very pretty bed made for the purpose, to Redlinch, singing a great part of the way. In a short time she was visited from London by Mr Conolly and Lady Louisa Conolly, Lord and Lady Kildare, Mr Fox and Lady Caroline, and the Duke and Duchess of Richmond."—Extract from "Mémoires de la Chasse," in Stephen, Earl of Ilchester's handwriting, now at Melbury.

REDLYNCH HOUSE, SOMERSET.

From a Sketch.

[*To face p.* 30, *Vol. I.*

reason. He however is (as I believe he may be) easy upon this head now, & has no apprehensions of so great a degradation of his family, which he would not have the less honor for, on account of the worse opinion he now has of H.M. than he has hitherto entertain'd. The reason (in which I don't entirely agree with him) is this. The German and English wills, together with the cession before mentioned, were referr'd by the King to his Advocate Dr Hay, his Atty Genl Mr Pratt,[1] & his Solr Genl Mr York.[2] They made a very able & a fair report, the work of Mr York, in which they shew'd the cessions were testamentary, revocable, & revok'd by the German will. In the German will likewise there were words extensive enough to leave all the jewels to His late Maj's successor in the Electorate; but the English will, made 11 days after the German, leaves all H.M.'s jewels (except such as were devised by a former will, crown jewels, & what should be in his trunks, cabinets, & boxes at the time of his decease) to the Duke of Cumberland.

The report takes notice that if the words in the German will were taken in their largest sense, the legacy in the English will would be all his jewels *except all*, which His late Majesty could *not* mean,

[1] Charles Pratt, appointed Attorney-General in 1757, which position he held till elevated to be Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1761. He took a leading part throughout the Wilkes' trials, and consistently upheld the privilege of Parliament in opposition to the Court Party. In 1765 he was created Lord Camden, and in the following year succeeded Lord Northington as Lord Chancellor. This post he resigned in 1770, being averse to the taxation of America. In 1782 he was made President of the Council, was created Earl Camden in 1786, and died in 1794, at the age of eighty-one.

[2] Hon. Charles Yorke, second son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1756, and Attorney-General in 1761. He died suddenly in 1770, when just about to be made Lord Chancellor by Lord North.

nor yet had forgot what he had done so lately. They therefore suppose, & give their good reasons for it, that the German will respected Germany only; & give it as their opinion that all the jewels bought with English money, whether when he was Pr. of Wales or since he came to the Crown, are the D. of Cumberland's, except what were in his boxes, trunks, & cabinets: and that all that were bought with German money, or descended to him from any of his ancestors, lineal or collateral, in Germany, or were in the boxes, trunks, & cabinets, belonged to his successor in the Electorate.

The English will had always been misunderstood by the Prss Amelie & the Duke, who thought the K. had left the Duke his trunks, &c., & all the jewels in them; and perhaps the late King thought so too, whereas instead of leaving he excepts them. When His late M. made his will, there were very many jewels in his trunks & cabinets, which he since took out & sent to Germany. This the Duke knew, & thought them remov'd to prevent their being his. I believe the late King thought so. It happens, however, that the Duke *has not* the Rix dollars ceded to him,[1] which he thought could not have been taken from him, & *has* the jewels which he thinks were not intended him. The King was likewise surprised with this decision, and a further question was ask'd upon it. The lawyers adher'd to their opinion. Munchausen all along assured the King the jewels were not the Duke's. He was privy to the late King's scandalous behaviour & intentions toward

[1] 3,300,000 rix dollars left him by the German will of 1751, and revoked in a will of 1757. See *ante*, p. 10.

the Duke, & has even said that his will of 1759, in which he commends the Duke and leaves him a 3d of 200,000 Rix Dollars, was only made to cut off a greater claim which as a younger son he would have a right to, if nothing had been left him. H.M. however could not but acquiesce in this opinion of his own lawyers. The Duke desir'd him to have them valu'd & divided, & would not join one to a person nam'd by the King to value them, & offer'd them to the King to buy. They were divided, & I think there was not that satisfaction given to the Duke of Cumberland that should have been on some doubtful articles, but the value of those in doubt was not great. On the valuation the Duke's complaint arises chiefly. H.M. sends him a list of what are judg'd to belong to H.R.Hss, with the valuation of them by two jewellers amounting to £54,900; which H.M. is ready to give, but as it is so large a sum, he can only pay it by instalments. The Duke, who expected double, thinks this is not so large a sum, and sends a paper by the Ld Chamberlain, D. of Devonshire, containing some reasoning on particulars in this transaction. The King won't receive the paper, saying he had rather not buy the jewels, & buys them only for his uncle's convenience. The D. of Cumberland submits, is to take the money, & complains, *i.e.*, to us his intimate friends, not in publick. He thinks all His My's civility to him grimace; that H.M. has no sincerity. I never thought H.M. did or could from his heart love an uncle, whom from his cradle he was taught to hate & fear, and do not call his great civility therefore insincere in a bad sense, but a right & proper effect of resolution. H.R.Hss thinks these jewellers have been made to undervalue these

jewels. I believe so too; not by the King, but by the Prss Dowager, who wanted to sell to her son her own. And the undervaluation may likewise be accounted for in some measure by the falling in value of the jewels, by the present time when money is too valuable to be so laid out by many, & by the great value of some single jewels not saleable at any time. However the Duke of C., when I last saw him, was not so well disposed to a good opinion of the King, which will have no other effect than to moderate those too sanguine expectations which he always indulges in every object of his wishes.

In Ireland, the Primate struck out the grossest & sillyest expedient that could be, & sent to England a bill to prolong for three months a trifling tax pursuant to a Resolution of the H. of Commons. Lord Kildare opposed it, so did the lawyers there; as did the D. of Bedford here, and the King and Lord Bute were of the same mind. But Lord Mansfield, warp'd by Stone and perhaps more by his own timid & compromizing nature, warp'd the D. of Newcastle; and the whole Council resolv'd to see this in the light of a money bill such as they required, & return'd it with order to call a new Parliament. No shade, however, could be flung on Lord Kildare's behaviour, & all the Ministers readily agreed to the D. of Bedford's proposing to H.M. to make him an Irish Duke, desir'd by him in order to keep a name which had been so long so for ever at the head of Irish nobility. The King did not care to make a Duke, but made him a Marquis, with a promise that he would never make Duke (except of his own Royal Family) either of England or Ireland, without at the same time making Lord

Kildare. This is in a letter of the D. of Bedford's to Lord Kildare.[1] He was going to take the title of Leinster, I prevailed for Kildare.

The time now approach'd when appointments expir'd. The D. of Bedford would not take a fresh one of Lord Lt. of Ireland. All the severe threats made here ended in the punishment of Malone[2] & reward of Chf Justice York, by giving the former's employment of Chr of the Exchequer to the latter. And this was rather the D. of Bedford's single act than that of the Ministry, and much dislik'd by Mr Pitt. Nay, those who thought many more should have been displaced, & he among them (an able but a false, bad man), were angry, that since more were not punish'd he should be.

Lord Halifax[3] was made Ld Lt. of Ireland, to the great disappointment of the E. of Hertford.[4] Lord Halifax was to go immediately, & remain there till after the second session. But these schemes are dropp'd; Lord Halifax puts himself into the hands of the Primate, and whether he can make the water smooth for him next Session

[1] See "Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford," vol. iii. p. 5.

[2] Anthony Malone, an Irish lawyer. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer, but was removed from office for his conduct in this matter of the money bill.

[3] George Montagu Dunk, second Lord Halifax. In 1748 he was made President of the Board of Trade, and did much good work in assisting the expansion of our Colonies by every means in his power. In 1761 he was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant. In 1762 he became First Lord of the Admiralty, and soon after Secretary of State. He went out of office with Grenville in 1765, and in 1770 returned as Lord Privy Seal in his nephew Lord North's administration; the following year he became Secretary of State, but died within six months of his appointment.

[4] Francis Conway, Earl of Hertford. Ambassador to France, 1763–1765, in which year he became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He was created Marquis in 1793, and died in 1794.

or whether it will be turbulent, I don't foresee.

On the — of March,[1] we were surprised with an event, (which by Ld Fitzmaurice I knew the day before) : Lord Holdernesse resign'd the Sec.'s seals, which were given to Lord Bute. This was not imparted to Lord Temple, & through him to Mr Pitt, till the day before. To qualify it the Board of Trade was reduced to what it was before Lord Halifax teaz'd & bully'd the weak Pelhams into an innovation that greatly cramp'd & interfered with the Secretary of the Southern Province.[2] And James Grenville[3] was made Cofferer. They were however much alarm'd, could not complain, but shew'd discontent. James Grenville was taken out of the line of business ; a thousand pounds a year, the difference between Treasury & Cofferer, was nothing to him. "Times were much mended with him," says Ld Bute, "if it is not. But there is no harm done. He may stay in the Treasury if he likes it better." This silenced that strain.

I thought when Lord Bute took the seals, he must have seen a peace near & sure, but I since find he did not. He says the King insisted, & he obey'd unwillingly. The manly reason the King gave the D. of Bedford was, I believe, in a great measure his & Lord Bute's true one. "I was resolv'd," says he, "to have a Secretary. When Pitt comes to Council, & they go on well together,

[1] Probably March 12.

[2] Lord Halifax had throughout the long period during which he held this post tried to make it independent of that of the Secretary of State for the Southern Province, and in 1751 gained his point so far that all the patronage and correspondence of the Colonies should lie with it ; but even this was limited by certain powers which still remained with the Secretary of State.

[3] James Grenville, Esq., brother to Lord Temple.

as I hope they will, I am content; but when that gentleman's illness or humour kept him absent, Lord Holdernesse was afraid & would do nothing. Now, if Pitt will co-operate, it is very well. If he either can't or won't, I have a Secretary that shall go on without him. My Government must not stand still."[1]

Lord Holdernesse was at first to have had nothing, and his removal was not imparted to him till the morning, which he bore with so much servile submission and complaisance as soften'd, & he was the next well provided for by a pension of £4,000 a year till the D. of Dorset shall dye, whose place of Warden of the Cinque Ports he has the reversion of. This was most pleasing to the Duke of Newcastle, who had quarrel'd with him since I left Court, & had not spoke, nor let his late master speak a civil word to him since 1758.

I was at Court this day, & pleas'd to see it by many examples prov'd, how rightly I had ever call'd a new reign a new world, of which we could know nothing before hand. Lord Holdernesse had paid the most abject court to Pitt & Ld Bute ever since, forgetfull of all gratitude to the late King, he resigned in 1757 to help in forcing Pitt, &c. upon His late M. Here was he disgraced, & not a man to look sorry

[1] This is probably the same conversation as that alluded to in Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of King George III." (i. 42): "The king added, in discourse, that he had two Secretaries, one who would do nothing, and the other could do nothing: he would have one, who both would and could."

This seems quite in accordance with Walpole's usual habit of minimizing the merits and virtues of any one but his especial friends. Lord Holdernesse proved himself throughout his tenure of office a hard-working Minister, and, though his talents were only moderate, showed that he was always guided by the best intentions. It is also worthy of note that in 1771 he was appointed governor of the Prince of Wales and his brother.

for it. The Dukes of Bedford & Devonshire, who had, in their different ways, without any decency both slighted Leicester House & never made any court there, in the highest favour. Here was Doddington,[1] who had come in with me & was turn'd out without any mercy when they prevailed in 1757, kissing hands for his long wish'd for peerage, & Egmont,[2] who had been the manager & fomenter of mischief under the late Prince, uncertain whether he should get even into the H. of Commons.

The other changes now made were these. Lord Huntington, Groom of the Stole, vice Bute; D. of Rutland,[3] Master of the Horse, vice Huntington; & Lord made Earl Talbot,[4] Lord Steward, vice D. of Rutland. I cannot account for this strange promotion, so will not attempt what I have so often blam'd; for nothing is more common than to declare a thing unaccountable, & then to set about accounting for it. When I can account for this I will. It certainly depended on this that Sir Fr. Dashwood[5] was at the same time made Treasurer of the Chambers, vice Chas Townshend,[6] who forced the Secy at

[1] Bubb Doddington, first Lord Melcomb, Treasurer of the Navy in 1744, and again in 1755. He was raised to the peerage in 1761, and died the following year.

[2] John, second Earl of Egmont. He was made a peer of Great Britain in 1762, with the title of Baron Lovel and Holland.

[3] John Manners, third Duke of Rutland. He died in 1779, at the age of eighty-four.

[4] William, Earl Talbot, son of Lord Chancellor Talbot.

[5] Sir Francis Dashwood held the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer from May, 1762, till April, 1763, in which year he succeeded to the Barony of Le Despencer. He died in 1781.

[6] Hon. Charles Townshend, second son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend. In 1749 he was appointed a Commissioner of Trade, and in 1761 was made Secretary at War, which post he held till 1763. In 1765 he superseded Lord Holland in the Paymaster's office, and soon after became Chancellor of the Exchequer. These posts he held till his death, in 1767. He was throughout the latter

War's place from Lord Barrington,[1] for whom the D. of Newcastle would have made a better fight, if he had not been the only man he could put in to the place of Legge, long ago condemned & now executed. This last nam'd gentleman was a pregnant instance of the vanity of dealing for the favour of a future Court; & his example will I hope prevent men from sacrificing ev'ry honest consideration, as he has done, to selfish cunning. He has through life no sooner got preferment from one patron, than he look'd to his adversary & probable successor for the preservation or augmentation of it. I cannot give a better notion of how many persons he has us'd thus than by repeating a rhapsody of the D. of Newcastle to me the beginning of this winter. His Grace, in a great fidget, ask'd me what I thought of the order the King had given that the dock men should not be influenced in the then depending election for Hampshire, and before I could answer, "Poo!" says he, "you won't answer; it is meant at Legge, & you hate Legge." "Indeed, my Lord," says I, "I don't hate him." "Well then," says his Grace, "you despise him, and there's the D. of Bedford hates or despises Legge, & the D. of Devonshire, and Mr Pitt hates or despises Legge, & Lord Bute hates or despises Legge, and I don't care a farthing for Legge (you know I have no reason), but whilst he is Chancellor of the Exchequer ought not he to have the Government interest?"

Well, he is no longer Chancellor of the Exchequer,

years of his life a most shifty politician, as often as not speaking against his own party, even when in office.

[1] William, second Viscount Barrington. He was made Secretary at War in 1755, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1761. In May, 1762, he was transferred to the post of Treasurer of the Navy; this he held till 1765, when he again became Secretary at War. He retired from public life in 1778, and died in 1793.

nor would they soften it to him by letting him go into the House of Lords, tho' Mrs Legge is Ly Stawel,[1] which makes it a favour of mere form. When he carry'd the seals to the King, and said he should by his future behaviour shew his duty and affection, & prove that he had not willingly deserv'd H.M.'s displeasure, the King reply'd, "Mr Legge, it must be your future behaviour alone that can eradicate the ill impressions I have received of you."

Lord Barrington, a frivolous, little minded man, is not honester or abler than his predecessor, but is devoted to the D. of Newcastle, & has no other patron to look up to; he will therefore do very well in this, now (that there is another head to the Treasury & another head of the House of Commons) insignificant employment. In his last, he pleas'd nobody. He has no regard to truth, but perhaps by what are not so material faults, being trifling, tedious, & circumstantial, he was very disagreeable to King, General, Minister, & indeed to every body but the D. of Newcastle singly.

I need not describe Charles Townshend, his transcendent parts, his good qualitys, & his great failings will have made him sufficiently known before these Memoirs shall be read. Lord Sandys[2] was put at the head of the Board of Trade thus reduc'd.[3] The Duke of Leeds[4] succeeded him as Justice in Eyre with an additional pension.

[1] Hon. Henry Legge, in 1750, married Mary, daughter of the fourth Lord Stawell, who was created Baroness Stawell in 1760.

[2] Samuel, Lord Sandys. He died in 1770.

[3] See *ante*, p. 36.

[4] Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds. This post, to which he was now restored, he had formerly held from 1746 to 1756. He died in 1789, at the age of seventy-six.

Elliot[1] of the Admiralty came into the Treasury in Jemmy Grenville's room.

Before I mention the choice of a new Parliament, I should give some account of the last session of the old one, but the scene of business was so little laid in Parliament that very few actors went, none perform'd any part there worth relating. It was difficult to get a House when the question was to raise more millions in one day than our ancestors even in this century would have thought of voting in 3 Sessions, & no difficulty when there was a House either as to voting or appropriating it.

The Parliament was prorogued on the 19th, dissolved on Good Friday, the 20th, & the writts for a new Parliament bore date the 21st of March. Elections went very much as Lord Bute wish'd, who made use of the King's money privately, which was publickly, ostentatiously, & really too, refus'd to the D. of Newcastle for these purposes of elections. On Monday, March 30th, by the Dutch mail came proposals for peace made to England & Prussia by the belligerent powers, which was communicated to Pitt by the Russian Minister Pr. Galetzin on Tuesday.

The Stocks rose exceedingly Monday & continued rising. Lord Bute sent for Wood,[2] Pitt's first Commis., & said that he did not suspect & had not for the least reason to suspect Mr Pitt; therefore he hoped they should go on very well together.

[1] Gilbert Elliot, Esq., afterwards Sir Gilbert Elliot. He was appointed Lord of the Admiralty in 1756. He was now removed to the Treasury, and in 1770 was made Treasurer of the Navy. He died in 1777.

[2] Robert Wood, Esq., afterwards Under-Secretary of State. He was attached to Pitt, and continued so long after this, but in 1764 joined the Bedford faction. He died in 1771.

But in order that they might, he desired Wood to tell him that he resented in the highest manner Pr. Galetzin's behaviour, who a foreign Minister in his department carry'd his despatches to the other Secry, & that he would not suffer the least slight or diminution of his employment whilst he held it, no, not for 2 minutes. Pitt said he was in the right, & Pr. Galetzin made a thousand excuses, & among them this very honourable one for Lord Holdernesse, that when these letters were sent & he order'd to deliver them to Pitt, they who sent them thought Lord Holdernesse still Secretary.

The two Empresses,[1] & the Kings of France, Sweden, & Poland jointly invited the Kings of Great Britain and Prussia to a congress, proposing Ausburg as the place. This was agreed to. But the more material paper was a *Memoire*, by order of the King of France, enclosed in a letter from Monsr de Choiseul to Mr Pitt.[2]

This *Memoire* set forth that the congress might draw on into great length if the two great powers of Great Britain & France did not previously settle the outlines of their negotiations in regard to the war between them, exclusive of that in which their respective allys were engaged; and that having observed that what had retarded, & sometimes obstructed & broke off congresses for peace, was the altercation about restitution, it is propos'd to the King of Gr. Br. that the basis of the negotiation should be that the Crowns should keep possession of *les conquêtes qu'elles ont fait l'une sur l'autre:* that is, of what they shall respectively be possess'd of in Europe on the 1st of May; in America &

[1] Maria Theresa, and Elizabeth of Russia.

[2] See "Parliamentary History," vol. xv. p. 1023, etc.

Africa, the 1st of July ; and in the E. Indies on the 1st of Sept., 1761 : but that if these epoques were not lik'd, or if the K. of Gr. Britain should chuse to give or take compensations *pour la totalité ou partie des conquêtes reciproques* France would negotiate on these matters, & was ready to send a Minister immediately into England to treat, and to render this proposal more authentick.

Here then—

> "Quod optanti divom permittere nemo
> Auderet, volvenda dies en! attulit ultro."

But alas! it was so good that many of the Ministry would not believe it sincere, or that the French could mean it; & from this suspicion of their own found obscurity & room for chicane in the clearest language that was ever penned. (They say France has got no conquest but Minorca ; how can they mean that by the word totalité ?)

Pitt took advantage of this & other weakness of his colleagues, & delayed & obstructed peace. I never had so bad an opinion of him as I have at this instant, on account of his behaviour in this point. He drives on the vain and murtherous expedition at Belleisle, as if it was the beginning of the war and of superlative consequence to this country ; & talks of more expeditions. The French irritated, however renew their offer, but insist on the epoques mentioned. This Pitt carries the refusal of, against the sense of the whole Cabinet Council ; every one yielding but the D. of Newcastle, Ld Hardwick, & the D. of Bedford, who went further, spoke of the impossibility of carrying on the war any longer in Germany, ask'd what you could wish to attain more by arms than was now offer'd with peace, & desir'd to propose a

cessation of arms. Pitt said he would never grant such a boon to France, talk'd of expedition on expedition, & of the future success as the only means of making an honourable peace. The D. of Devonshire hardly gain'd, in addition to the answer, passport to be sent for Bussy.[1] The French had now, which they had not at first, insisted on one coming from us at the same time they sent Mr Bussy. Mr Pitt appointed Mr Stanley,[2] in the opinion of friend & foe the least fitt of any man in England; nor do I remember a choice so universally cried out against: more a great deal than I confess I see reason for. And now Pitt would have him instructed so as to be able to answer all questions that might arise at Paris, &, in short, put the whole negotiation into his single hand.[3] This, at a time that Bussy was coming to negotiate with the Cabinet Council, was in effect to prefer Stanley's judgment & ability to their own; & was too absurd even for Pitt's friend Lord Granville[4] to submit to entirely. So Stanley go's on the 23rd of May with limited instructions. The D. of Bedford is the only man that ventures to oppose Pitt strongly, which he does with great superiority

[1] Abbé de Bussy, one of the heads of the foreign department in France. He had at one time been Private Secretary to the Duc de Richelieu.

[2] Hans Stanley, Esq., one of the Lords of the Admiralty. He died in 1780. He was afterwards universally held to have proved himself a man of good tact and sense during these negotiations.

[3] Stanley had deserted Pitt, and gone over to Newcastle's party; but he (Pitt) thought he could thus get matters into his own hands, as Stanley would be solely under his orders, being, as he was, Secretary of State for the Southern Department.

[4] John Carteret, Earl Granville. He was made Secretary of State in 1721, but resigned in 1724, and became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1742 he again was made Secretary of State, but resigned in 1747. In 1750 he was appointed President of the Council, and continued in this office till his death, in 1763.

& with great ability, knowing the subject he speaks upon, which Pitt is entirely careless whether he know or no, & consequently is generally very ignorant of. But the Duke is himself unstable, & takes such whimsical turns that there is no relying on him.

There have been during these transactions very high words between Pitt & and the D. of Newcastle. Pitt, void of shame, tells the D. of Newcastle this war is spoil'd by the immoderate & lavish expense with which it has been purposely carry'd on, that the war & the expense were both his Grace's, not Pitt's, and that he, his Grace, must answer for both. Another time, he brings out a letter from Pr. Ferdinand[1] complaining of the Commissariat, arraigning the Treasury, and declaring he will move an enquiry in Parliament. The Duke of Newcastle says it shall be enquired into, & desires Pr. Ferdinand to name the persons he accuses, & of what, & they shall not be spared. Pitt says the Treasury must find out that: Pr. Ferdinand has condescended to point out the faults in general, and that was as much as he should be expected to do. Here the Duke of Bedford got clearly the better of him; & Pr. Ferdinand was wrote to, who had in the mean time assur'd the Duke of Newcastle by Col. Pierson that he did not find fault with the Commissarys, who had behav'd not only blamelessly but meretoriously, and that what he had wrote to Pitt was only to stimulate. Pr. Ferdinand had by Lord Granby[2] sent a true

[1] Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, son of Duke Frederick of Brunswick. He entered the Prussian service, and gained great reputation as a soldier throughout the Seven Years' War. He was at this time in command of the Prussian forces.

[2] John, Marquis of Granby, son of John, third Duke of Rutland, who he predeceased, dying in 1770, aged forty-nine. He was at this time at the head of the English forces in Germany.

account of his army, requir'd 15,000 men from England, or, if that could not be done, advis'd peace. Finding Pitt for war, he afterwards declares that with 1,100 recruits which are sent he can be complete. "And now," says Pitt, "we can maintain ourselves in Germany:" and it seems as if he singly would prevail to ours & his own destruction. When I say Pitt is single, I would not be understood that Lord Temple ever differs from him. But Lord Temple would be the most insignificant man in England but for his relation to him; so I cannot count him as any addition to him.

Now, what can be Pitt's meaning, or what can it be resolv'd into but a desire that a peace may be made without him, which he may say had been better if he might have had his way? And is there either honesty or sense in this, if it is his intention? To obstruct & delay a peace that he must approve at the expense of thousands of lives & misery of thousands of familys! What must the man be, or can he be a man, who will allow this to his vanity & passion? Or is the end he must propose to himself attainable? For he means nothing less than to leave the King's service, which he must do or sign the peace, which he is now, against his own interest & his own reason, delaying, & by delay rendering worse. Others say that he knows when a peace comes he must be of no consequence, and scruples nothing to put off the evil hour. What a representation is that of a fiend rather than a human creature! And had it not been more politick to cry up & call this peace, his glorious conclusion of his glorious war, which would I think by very many have been allow'd him. If he proceeds thus, the day will come early in the

next Session when he will be treated as he deserves; and I know no man who can so ill bear up against an attack where no Court supports him.

On May the 22nd, Lady Sarah returns;[1] on the 29th, goes to the Play. Whether the King on hearing it, as the Duke thinks, or by chance, went, it is certain he shew'd great pleasure on seeing her. The Sunday after, as soon as his eyes found her in the Drawing-room, which he did not expect, he colour'd, & came up to her eager & in haste, & talk'd much and graciously. But on Thursday, at the Birthday ball he had no eyes but for her, & hardly talked to any body else. He brought her (by leaning forward & stooping often) to come forward & stand by the side of his fauteul; all eyes were fix'd on them, & the next morning all tongues observing on the particularity of his behaviour, if it can be thought particular that a young King should not be able to avoid shewing the strongest symptoms of love & of desire for the prettyest creature in the world; for, if possible, she look'd prettyer that night than ever. Her Ladyship, with modesty very natural to her, and yet with looks as unaffected, returned the fondness of his eyes & gallantry of his discourse as much as ever he could wish. He is in love with her, & it is no less certain she loves him; and if she now ever thinks of Newbattle it is to vex & hate herself for the foolish transaction I before related. It were impossible to write down so much discourse as the King held with her, nor was that so remarkable as the *language des yeux*. Among other things, he desir'd his sister to dance "Betty

[1] From Redlynch in Somersetshire, where she had broken her leg. See *ante*, p. 30.

Blue;" "A dance, Madam," says he to Lady Sarah, "that you are acquainted with. I am very fond of it because it was taught me by a lady," looking very significantly. She really did not know who he meant. "A very pretty lady," says he, "that came from Ireland November was a twelvemonth." She then knew, but did not then pretend to know. "I am talking to her now," says he, "she taught it me at the ball on Twelve night." "Indeed, Sir," says she, "I did not remember it." "That may be," says he, "but I have a very good memory for whatever relates to that lady. I had got a pretty new country dance of my own for the late King's Birth-day if he had liv'd to it, & I nam'd it, 'The 25th of February'" (which is Lady Sarah's Birth-day). She colour'd, & in this *pretty* way did these two lovers entertain one another & the eyes of the whole ball room for an hour. He stopp'd very remarkably as he was going, and turn'd & spoke again & again, as if he could not force himself from her. On Sunday, June the 7th, he look'd out of sorts & melancholy, said nothing to her but what he might have said to any other young lady, look'd languishing, & as if he lov'd her, talk'd a great while to her, & with great favour & civility to Lady Caroline & Lady Susan,[1] but there were not those ardent looks of fondness, nor any particular expressions to Lady Sarah. The ladys say he has been tutor'd.

I went to the Isle of Thanet this week;[2] Lady

[1] Lady Caroline Fox and Lady Susan Strangways.

[2] Horace Walpole, in MS. memoirs of 1761, says, with his usual love of gossip and disposition to be smart, "Though he (Fox) went himself to bathe in the sea, and possibly even to disguise his intrigues, he left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning

Caroline Lady Holland.

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Sarah stayed, & on Thursday, June the 18th, went to Court with Lady Kildare.[1] The King look'd & was exceedingly fond, and said loud enough for Lady Kildare to hear, "*I was told you were to go out of town. If you had gone I should have been miserable. For God's sake think of what I hinted to Lady Susan Strangways before you went to the country.*" Again, "*For God's sake remember what I said to Lady Susan before you went to the country, & believe that I have the strongest attachment.*" The last words were spoken extremely loud, & the whole with the greatest seriousness & fervour. When Lady Kildare wrote us this I confess I imagin'd he must intend to go further, & now what he did intend I can't imagine. Lady Sarah went the next, & the next Drawing-room. He spoke & look'd with great fondness, but said nothing particular. On Sunday, June the 28th, he fix'd his eyes & hardly took them off from her all church time. She did not that day go to the Drawing-room; Thursday, July 2nd, Lady Caroline went, & Lady Sarah with her. Lady Augusta,[2] & her Lady of Bed-chamber Lady Susan Stewart,[3] & Lady Bute[4] watch'd the

in a field close to the great road (where the King passed on horseback) in a fancied habit making hay."—Vassall Holland.

This extract is from Walpole's "Memoirs," i. 64, to which Richard Vassall, third Lord Holland, had access before publication.

Henry Fox had a house at Kingsgate in the Isle of Thanet, where he spent much of his time.

[1] Lady Emily Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and aunt to Lady Sarah. She married Lord Kildare, afterwards created Duke of Leinster, in 1747; and after his death in 1773, she married William Ogilvie, Esq.

[2] Princess Augusta, eldest sister of the King. She married the Prince of Brunswick in 1764, and was the mother of the ill-fated Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.

[3] Lady Susan Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Galloway; afterwards married to Lord Gower.

[4] Lady Bute was only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu and Lady Mary Montagu. She married Lord Bute in 1736.

King impertinently & indecently, who spoke to Lady Sarah but said nothing particular. How were we surprised to know on Saturday from Woburn,[1] that the Council summon'd on Wednesday, July 1st, to meet on the 8th upon urgent & important business was to hear H.M. declare his intended marriage with Miss Charlotte of Mecklenburgh! This must have been settled with his consent long before Thursday, June 18th. What could he mean by it? Is it to be accounted for, & made consistent with honesty, good nature, or common sense? He seem'd confused when he made his Declaration in Council, & more so as he came by me in going away: a remark which Lord Albemarle & Lord Waldegrave[2] made before I own'd I had made the same. But he has since behaved to us all with the greatest ease, except to the person most concerned. She was not in haste to go to Court, but went Thursday, July 16th. The King spoke to her in some confusion. She answer'd short, with dignity & gravity, & a cross look, neither of which things are at all natural to her. He went away confounded. Bride-maids were to be nam'd; to overlook her had seem'd affected. Ld Chamberlain[3] writes to her (as to the rest of them) to know if it would be agreeable to her to be ask'd. Lady Caroline was for her refusing, but neither she herself or any other of her friends were of the same opinion. She answer'd with reserve & pride enough (making her compliments to Ld Chamberlain) that if ask'd she

[1] The country seat of the Duke of Bedford.

[2] James, second Earl Waldegrave, who had been Governor to George III. when Prince of Wales. He died of small-pox in 1763, at the age of forty-eight.

[3] Duke of Devonshire.

would attend. To many a girl H.M.'s behaviour had been very vexatious, but Lady Sarah's temper & affections are happily so flexible & light, that the sickness of her squirrel immediately took up all her attention, & when it, in spite of her nursing it, dy'd, I believe it gave her more concern than H.M. ever did. That grief, however, soon gave way to the care of a little hedge-hog, that she sav'd from destruction in the field & is now her favourite.

I now return to the recital of what has happen'd these last five months, & come to my knowledge, not likely to be the subject of history, as too minute.

Mr Pitt shew'd more & more ev'ry day that his meaning was to prevent peace at any rate. Mr Elliot, just made a Lord of the Treasury, a sly, reserv'd Scotch gentleman, a fine speaker in Parliament & friend of Lord Bute, whose ability is unquestionable, his honesty much questioned, took it into his head to bring Lord Bute & Mr Pitt together. He still says, which shews great want of judgement, *that* would have made the strongest administration this country ever saw, Ld Bute having the King, Mr Pitt the people; plausible enough, but without considering what that people are that Mr Pitt has. Another failure in judgement he owns, confessing that he found what every body but himself foresaw, that the two men were incompatible from their natures. I wish he had not made the vain attempt of joining them, for if I mistake not, he, in making it, raised, or at least fomented & increas'd in Ld Bute that vain imagination of gaining equal popularity with Pitt: in order to which his Lordship was, in such points as he thought would at all effect that, of Pitt's side in Council, & carrying the cyphers of the Cabinet

with him outvoted the sound part of it; & without this, peace could not have been prevented.[1] The "Memoire Historique," publish'd at the Louvre, & allowed to be authentic, open'd many people's eyes; & we all blaim, & our posterity will lament the fatal folly of our Ministers in not making peace last summer, to which Mr Stanley, tho' sent by Pitt, contributed his utmost with honesty & ability, & proved the fittest, instead of as he was thought, the unfittest man that could have been sent. But what could the instrument do in such hands? Mr Pitt, determin'd to quitt, dissembled his intentions till he had effectually broke off all negotiations with France. Then, and not till then, he said there was something more to be done, which was to declare war with Spain.[2] The whole Council, who neither saw the least grain of honesty or sense in this proposition, were thunder struck; but being still inclined to submit, or rather, afraid to resist, it was propos'd to send a squadron with the demand,[3] & orders, if refus'd, to committ hostilitys. This was rejected with disdain.[4] Nothing but an immediate

[1] This was at a council held early in August. Lord Bute said he thought the King's honour would be assailed, if the terms of peace offered by England were not maintained at all costs.

[2] It is evident from private letters from Mr Stanley to Mr Pitt, dating from August 20 to September 2, that the latter had just been made aware of Spain's determined hostility to England, and of the existence of the treaty afterwards known as the Family Compact. Knowing this, he must have foreseen that any lasting peace was impossible; and as the rest of the Cabinet were violently opposed to any strong measures, he preferred to resign, and thus throw the responsibility of future measures on his colleagues.

[3] The demand that Lord Bristol, the British Ambassador in Madrid, should be allowed a sight of the treaty between France and Spain.

[4] Walpole, in his "Memoirs," says this was Pitt's own suggestion in Council on September 18, and that it was not accepted by his colleagues.

war that day begun would satisfy. Nobody could come into this: and Mr Pitt and his shadow Lord Temple resign'd.[1] Mr Elliot then comes upon the stage again, & makes that bargain with Mr Pitt of peerage and pension,[2] so humiliating to the King & so useless to his Minister. Lord Temple goes out of town till it is fixed, then returns, makes his brother James[3] resign, & joins Mr Pitt in the most hostile & abusive language. Of this he made a very bad speech the first day of the Sessions in the H. of Lords.[4] Mr Elliot said it would revolt people if Mr Pitt oppos'd his benefactors. And at first people in the City were much revolted, but for a contrary reason, viz, lest the reward should prevent him, as it would any other man, from abusing them. To obviate this he wrote the sillyest letter that was ever penned to Sr Ja. Hodges,[5] who publish'd it with his silly answer. Ev'ry body on reading these thought Pitt ruin'd with the Common Council, as he most certainly is with all the thinking men. But Beckford,[6] toad eater to the mountebank, as he has been not unaptly call'd, mounts the stage,

[1] At a third meeting of the Cabinet on October 2, Mr Pitt insisted on the immediate recall of Lord Bristol. This was almost unanimously rejected. "My Lord Temple took his leave of us, and left the Council. Mr Pitt, in a long speech, showed the impossibility of his going on in office and *in effect* quitted."—Letter of Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford. "Bedford Correspondence," vol. iii. 47.

[2] A peerage for Lady Hester Pitt, and £3,000 per annum for Pitt for three lives.

[3] Hon. James Grenville, Cofferer.

[4] Walpole remarks that Lord Temple's speech, though indiscreet, was far more temperate than had been expected.

[5] See "Annual Register" for 1761, p. 300. Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs," mentions the letter as being addressed to Beckford, and the answer as being his; but in the Annual Register no name is given.

[6] William Beckford, Esq., one of the members for the City of London. He was twice Lord Mayor, and died in 1770.

& shows that the sillyest fellow is the best agent among silly people. And they are full of hopes & boasts that they will bring Pitt in again. On the 9th of November, the King dined with the Lord Mayor. Pitt, who had made his tender feet an excuse for not attending the Coronation, tho' very lame, came here. Beckford hir'd a mob to huzza him, which they did not only before the K.'s face in Cheapside but when he came into the Hall. And Lord Temple & he omitted no occasion in every door-way & at every turning to stare at the King, & in truth insult him. Pitt has not common sense, or else he would have as industriously avoided as he might this triumph;[1] which gave general offence, and to His Majesty, who, if I mistake not, has a great deal of pride, such a thorough dislike as never will abate. In the House of Commons, the 1st day, Pitt was more mild than Lord Temple had been, only exhorting the Ministry to proceed in the war (as he knows it cannot be carry'd on) in its utmost extent. In subsequent debates much dislike was expressed to the German war, which Pitt defended without regard to truth or pretence to argument. Another day he & Beckford ask'd for Spanish papers; there was hardly a third person of their side, and a most miserable figure did Pitt make. Mr Rigby trounced Mr Beckford with applause of the whole House, so as to silence &, I think, put even him out of countenance. Pitt spoke an hour languidly, when Lt.

[1] On Beckford's original manuscript letter asking Pitt to be present at this banquet is the following endorsement by Lady Chatham: "Mr Beckford, 1761: to press my Lord to appear with Lord Temple: to which he yielded for his friend's sake; but, as he always declared, both then and after, against his better judgement."—"Chatham Correspondence," ii. 165.

Col. Barré,[1] a new member, rose, & in language thought too abusive, but strong & elegant, us'd Pitt even as ill as he had ever us'd his betters. Then appear'd, what I before hinted at, Pitt's inability to resist without a Court to back him. He could get no body to stand up for him, tho' they were angry at Barré's manner of attack. He seemed dejected, miserable, try'd to stop Mr Barré by calling him to order, could not, & made no reply. The debate went on, towards the close of which Mr Elliot ended a very fine speech with the concern he felt for Pitt's having left the administration, the high opinion he had of him, but not such as made him ever think him necessary to Government. He had left it, & it would go on very well without him. Mr G. Selwin[2] call'd Pitt's his dying speech & confession, & indeed had his natural death been immediately to follow it he could not have look'd otherwise than he did. The same gentleman made a comparison much talk'd of. Pointing to Barré, and then to Pitt;

[1] When Colonel Barré was two or three years afterwards introduced to Lord Chatham, he thought it necessary to make some apology for his invectives. Lord Chatham stopped him by saying he was the last man to take offence at personalities; he had been guilty of them himself, especially in his opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. He now bitterly lamented not only such personalities but his opposition to the *measures of that wise and excellent* minister. This was told me by Lord Lansdowne, to whom his father, who had introduced Colonel B. to Lord Chatham, had told it.—Vassall Holland.

Lieut.-Colonel Barré was a native of Dublin. He obtained a seat in Parliament in 1761 through the interest of Lord Shelburne, but in 1763, for acting in opposition to the Ministry, was dismissed the army. In 1764 he became reconciled to Pitt, and continued to support him warmly till the latter's death. In 1782 he was made Treasurer of the Navy, and soon afterwards Paymaster. He died in 1802, at the age of seventy-five.

[2] George Selwyn, second son of Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, co. Gloucester. He was a friend of all the celebrated men of his time, and was renowned for his wit and conversation. Throughout his life he was one of the leading lights of London society. He died in 1791, in his seventy-second year.

"There," says he, "is *Gladiator pugnans*, & there is *Gladiator moriens*."

I fear that Lord Bute, & his new Ministers Lord Egremont[1] & Mr Grenville in complaisance to him, who was weak enough to imagine he could beat Pitt at his own weapons, did not depart from Pitt's system as soon as he left the Council, but went on in the same proud & hostile way. Certain it is they left Lord Bristol,[2] naturally a very weak man, & simple enough to be influenced by Ld Temple, at Madrid, & wrote dispatches almost such as Pitt would have dictated to him.[3] Dec 26th, came the answer, & on the 27th, Fuentes[4] gave Lord Egremont the most extraordinary memorial that ever was penn'd; to which his Lordship has returned a most proper answer. In Fuentes' memorial the King of Spain condescends to abuse Mr Pitt by name, treating him in ev'ry point except respect as if he was King of this country.

War is declar'd. If France has gone so far as to engage to permitt Spain to possess Portugal, nothing we could have done would have prevented this war. If that should not be the case we are going to war without a cause on either side.

The very people who were so fond of this war when Mr Pitt was prevented from declaring it, are in the utmost consternation now it is declar'd.[5]

[1] Charles Wyndham, Earl of Egremont. He succeeded Pitt as Secretary of State in 1761, and died in August, 1763.

[2] George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol, British Minister in Spain. He was son of John, Lord Hervey, and succeeded his grandfather in the earldom in 1751. In 1766 he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1768 Lord Privy Seal, which post he held till 1770. He died unmarried in 1775, aged fifty-four.

[3] Spanish papers since printed show.—H. Fox. See "Parliamentary History," xv. 1128, etc.

[4] Spanish Minister to the Court of St James.

[5] Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs," i. 130, says, "Yet, though the

Such is this nation, deserving its ruins, which I am however griev'd to see so near effected. Pitt, who has ruin'd it, is fallen, and, if I mistake not, never to rise again. Could, therefore, this new war have been parry'd? I was in hopes both the governors & governed were coming very fast into a disposition to put an end to the old one on reasonable terms: which might have been done last summer: which all mankind now think should have been done: & which, if Pitt foresaw, as his friends boast he did, a Spanish war, he was doubly blameable for having prevented. The reader may perhaps wonder & ask why he did prevent it. I wonder'd as much as any body whilst I thought, as I long did (and as I have said in these Memoirs that I did), that he had no thoughts of going out. But I was mistaken, as he will ever be who judges of a man whose actions neither spring from any fix'd principles nor tend to any settled purpose. It is already growing no paradox, it will perhaps by the time these papers shall be read be an allow'd truth, that Mr. Pitt, who has made so great a figure these four years, was, what Lord Winchelsea four years ago said he was, a very silly fellow.

Profligate & abandon'd in his political life, as Barré call'd him, he certainly has been. Inconsistent too, & giving up his most solemn assurances to ev'ry gust of ambition, as the same gentleman accus'd him of, will be allow'd. And all this without system, without other point to look at but the ever-changing populace; & taking even that point

war with Spain was a popular measure, the city and the country had so mean an opinion of those who were to direct it that the stocks immediately fell to 66½, though in the Rebellion they had never been lower than 72."

of view as shew'd him from time to time by Aldn Beckford & Sr James Hodges, two illiterate and silly fellows as ever liv'd, never examining the means of effecting anything he undertook; what is this but being a very silly fellow? Nor will the power he has had, or the mischief he has done, be any proof of his understanding.

The Duke of Cumberland sent for me the night of the Coronation (knowing I was to set out early the next morning to Goodwood to my son,[1] who had broke his arm), to tell me that Pitt would go out, & that he had been spoke to concerning my intentions in the H. of Commons. That he had said he would speak to me, believ'd I meant, as I ever had done, well to the King & kingdom, but he believed I should not be for taking a responsible part, & must have my peerage immediately. I thank'd him for having said those two things, did not in my own mind taste what I think H.R.Hss had with great pleasure conceiv'd for me, my being to lead the affairs of Government in the House of Commons. But I told him I did not believe Pitt would quitt, & went out of town not believing it. The news of his having quitted came to me in Sussex. I did not come the sooner to town, & when I did come I was not under the difficulty of refusing what I should have refused if it had been offer'd to me. Pitt had got his pension, & some say the Prss Dowr hating the Duke & fearing to irritate Pitt, begg'd I might not be—what shall I call it?—the King's man in the H. of Commons. I might contribute to this by telling Lord Bute honestly (H.R.Hss says foolishly; I do

[1] Charles James Fox, second son of Henry Fox. At this time twelve years of age.

not think so) that he could not do a more unwise thing than to set me up as the man who was to succeed Pitt. His adversary, whenever it was for H.M.'s service, I was ready to appear; as no man could have a worse opinion of his intentions, & at the same time a more slight one of his abilitys than I had. But the time for that was not yet come, for the other it never would. Lord Bute was then thinking of carrying on the war, & out doing Pitt that way. I, in this & a subsequent conversation or two, did my duty, & I shall ever be glad I did, tho' perhaps it had no effect, by shewing to Lord Bute the necessity of peace. I at this time try'd to accelerate my peerage, in which I think I ought to have succeeded, but I did not. Lord Bute saw himself blam'd, & perhaps began to blame himself for what he had done for Mr Pitt & Lady Hester Pitt, or rather made his master do against his will & with too much dissimulation. He thought it would be said, "Pitt forced a peerage last week, this week Fox forces another." All I gain'd was (& that I thought not a little) liberty to speak of the assurances given me some months ago & now renew'd. At Court, Hayter,[1] not only unworthy but a most worthless man, whom the K. & Prss had spoke of with more dislike than of any other, was, in despight of the D. of N., & indeed of all mankind except Lord Talbot & Lord Harcourt,[2] forced by Lord Bute, who was not even acquainted with him, into the Bprick of London. When I know the secret of Lord Talbot's strange advancement, I may know this. Chs Townshend, the most vain &

[1] Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, to which see he was appointed in 1749. He died in 1762.

[2] Simon, first Earl Harcourt, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

fickle of mankind, because his wife[1] is refused the Q.'s Bedchamber, forgets his great obligation to Ld Bute, & perhaps too not being able to support the thought of Mr Grenville's superiority in the H. of Commons affects whispering & commending Mr Pitt, & seem'd going a great way in a friendship which Mr Pitt's failure in the House has cast a sudden damp upon. If they knew whom to put in his place, I believe he would be out of it.

June 17th, 1762. I now sit down again to give an account of what has pass'd these last 4 months fitt subject of these Memoirs. In February, the D. of Bedford would be no longer put off, & made his motion for recalling British troops from Germany. He was answer'd by Lord Bute, who spoke with as much dislike of the German war as his Grace, and more of those who had engag'd this nation in it. But the news of the appearance then of the alliance between Russia & Prussia (since compleated)[2] made this not the moment; & a motion in Parliament never could be the manner in which the German War shd be put an end to. He moved therefore the previous question. Lord Shelburne spoke well in this debate, but gave Lord Bute great offence; as did Lord Dunmore & Lord Talbot. The King shew'd great anger to those who voted against the previous question, & I think Ld Shelburne has not had the same kindness for or from Lord Bute ever since. Matters went on in a dilatory, undecisive manner. The party for the

[1] Charles Townshend, in 1755, married Caroline, Dowager Countess of Dalkeith, and daughter of John, second Duke of Argyll.

[2] On January 2, the Empress Elizabeth of Russia died, and was succeeded by her nephew, Peter III., who, being an enthusiastic admirer of the Prussian King, at once entered into an alliance with him.

German war conceived hopes. Lord Bute, it seems, did not however depart from that opinion which he did not execute; but he adopted one which was inconsistent with carrying on the war in Germany, & therefore much oppos'd by the old Ministers. This was the support of Portugal against the most violent & outrageous attack which Spain made upon that kingdom, to force her into a junction with them & against us.

The Bp of London dy's; Osbaldiston[1] of Carlisle to the surprise of ev'ry body was made, & Lyttleton[2] succeeded him by Grenville's interest. The D. of Newcastle knew nothing of this till done; but that he was to have nothing to do with preferment not in the department of the Treasury was very clear & acquiesced in by him. Their disputes now were upon measures, & these grew more serious every day. The Duke of Cumberland grew more & more united with the D. of Newcastle. The Duke of Devonshire & Lord Hardwicke were strenuous on the same side, viz, to carry on the German war; which Ld Bute seem'd not to intend, but yet did nothing to the contrary, till the usual subsidy of £670,000 to the King of Prussia came to be the question. Pitt's infamous treaty with that Prince had been refused by Lord Bute & wisely. The decision of the question of money had been delay'd as long as it could. When it could be delayed no longer, the D. of Newcastle, &c. made the great alteration in the North & the hopeful situation the King of Prussia was in a reason for going on to support him. Lord Bute made the

[1] Richard Osbaldiston, successively Bishop of Carlisle and London. He died in 1764.

[2] Charles Lyttelton, brother of Lord Lyttelton. He was Dean of Exeter at this time, and died in 1768.

same a reason against it, & urged our inability to go on with the expense we had engaged in. Ld Bute outvoted them, and there was great acrimony but no talk of resignation. A vote of credit still remain'd to be asked of Parlt for one million. The Duke of Newcastle acquainted the King that unless there was another million voted, which he propos'd to ask for, the Treasury would be oblig'd to stop payment in July.[1] Lord Barrington (Chr of the Exchr) followed his Grace into the closet, & left a paper shewing, as he said, the truth of this alarming proposition. Mr G. Grenville did not agree to it, met Ld Barrington at Ld Bute's, & disputed it. Mr Oswald, Mr Elliot, Lds, & Mr Martin, Secy of the Treasury, were call'd upon for their opinion. They furnished Lord Bute with a paper contradicting what the D. of Newcastle had laid before the King, & his Grace was informed that if he proposed this larger sum, Mr Grenville & these 3 of his Treasury would oppose it.[2] He then acquiesced, but told the King, he hoped he would give him leave to resign. H.M. ask'd him if he had consider'd it: he said "Yes, & taken his party." This was what Lord Bute wanted: he

[1] The Duke of Newcastle in making this statement to the King, seems to have taken it for granted that the German war was to be continued, whereas, though Lord Bute had opposed the Duke of Bedford's motion for the withdrawal of the troops from thence, he only did so on the ground that the time was not yet come for such action, and was himself just as desirous of a cessation of hostilities there as the Duke.

[2] It seems certain that this statement was made the most of by Lord Bute to obtain the Duke's resignation, for orders had been issued to Oswald and others in the Treasury some time before to thwart his views on all possible occasions, and generally make it unpleasant for him. Possibly the Duke's earnestness on the question of the German war may have decided Lord Bute to bring matters to a crisis.

Eckhart, pinx. Walker & Cockerell, ph. 1.

Stephen, 1st. Earl of Ilchester.

therefore took him at his words, & never could be brought to ask, or even express a wish that he would stay. My opinion is that the Duke of Cumberland, who wish'd the D. of Newcastle to bear as much & knew he would bear as much as could be borne without resigning, however thought this insupportable, & sent the D. of Newcastle to Court with one grain of his spirit, which brought out the word resign. The D. of Newcastle tells every body, & told Ld Ilchester, that after he had said he would resign, the D. of Devon. expostulated, & Lord Mansfield went a day or two after, & *pleaded* an hour without being able to extract a wish from Ld Bute that he would stay. "What then," says he, "can I do but go out?"[1] It is strange that his Grace should tell this. I told it Ld Bute. "Nothing," says he, "is more true." I ask'd Ld Mansfield, who said he had not pleaded so much, because he saw at first that it was in vain; but

[1] Extract from a letter to Henry Fox from his brother Lord Ilchester, dated May 18. "I was this morning with the Duke of Newcastle: he kept me a considerable time. He talked very politely and frankly. I told him I hoped the reports of his resigning his employments were without foundation. He said nothing could be more certain; his stay where he was was not wish'd or desir'd, and at his time of life there was but one thing to do. He seem'd to complain of not having been well treated the 2 or three last times in the closet. The first time he there mentioned his intentions of retiring he was civilly treated and desired to consider, & it was hoped he would alter his resolutions, but ever since that time he has had no gracious or even civil words said to him *there*. The last time, which I fancy was yesterday, all that was said to him was, 'Do you intend living at Claremont?' Which when the Duke of Devon. had told, & expostulated with Ld B. upon it, his Lordship replied, 'Why, I should not have liked that myself.' His Grace told me that the D. of Devon. & Lord Mansfield had said everything that could be said against driving him to these extremities, but they made no impression on Ld B. Ld Mansfield *pleaded*, he said, once a full hour to convince Ld B. that he was going to act much against his own interest, but he pleaded without effect."

own'd my inference that if Lord Bute would have giv'n the least hint that he wished his Grace to stay he would have stay'd. I think Lord Bute should have wish'd it, & kept him, who after such submission could not have been troublesome, till a peace was made.

Lord Bute says that nothing can be so bad as his situation whilst the D. of Newcastle was in the Ministry. Betray'd by him to the foreign Ministers to that degree that he has seen his very expressions in the Cabinet wrote to foreign Courts the next day. All our Ministers in foreign Courts of his own department in secret correspondence against him. He meant, I suppose, chiefly Sir J. Yorke,[1] & perhaps Michel[2] at Berlin, & Keith[3] at Petersburg. I think he had better have kept the D. of Newcastle, however, thus humbled, till peace should be made. He did not. The King made the Duke of Newcastle an offer of what might make his old age easy & comfortable, & us'd such kind words that his Grace burst into tears. (The Pelhams can cry when they please, & their tears are regarded accordingly.) But he declined the pension.

He has engaged himself to nothing, & if he should find any encouragement in Parliament, which he will not, would create an Opposition, to which the D. of Cumberland is with asperity inclined: a thing I imagin'd I should never see. Lord Hardwicke went, just before the Parliament rose, into the country for the summer. The D. of Devonshire

[1] Sir Joseph Yorke, third son of the Earl of Hardwicke. He was British Minister at the Hague from 1751 to 1780.

[2] Sir Andrew Mitchell. Appointed British envoy to Frederick the Great in 1756, and continued as such till his death in 1771.

[3] Robert Keith, British Minister at St. Petersburgh.

keeps his staff, go's no more to Council, & is perhaps more out of humour than any of them. None of his friends go to Lord Bute's Levée. All the D. of Newcastle's do. Mr Pitt, when the Vote of Credit was mov'd, made as fine a speech as I ever heard for both the Portugal & German War. Indeed he laid down two propositions in order to support his argument, the contrary of which I fear are true. "England," says he, "can raise 13, 14, nay 15 millions a year with ease, and France is on her last legs & can go on no longer; therefore meet the House of Bourbon every where." I fear we are on the eve of seeing both these assertions (& never was anything more strongly asserted) falsify'd to our great detriment. France is not in such a haste, I fear, to make peace as we must wish her to be & must be ourselves. Chs Townshend is very angry, & talks & turns on one side & on the other; but as he thinks it is the best of it today, he is today for my Lord Bute.

Lord Bute is at the head of the Treasury; Sr Fr. Dashwood, Chr of the Exchr; &, to his surprise as well as that of every other person living, Sr J. Turner,[1] at Col. Geo. Townshend's recommendation, is brought from the country to be a Lord of the Treasury, which he never asked or thought of, in the room of Elliot who succeeds Dashwood as Tr. of the Chambers. Lord Melcomb is made a Cabinet Counsr, & I thought, which would have been infinitely ridiculous & disgraceful to Ld Bute, would have been at the head of the Admiralty in dead Lord Anson's place; but Ld Halifax is.[2]

[1] Sir John Turner, M.P. for King's Lynn.

[2] Lord Halifax was allowed at the same time to retain Ireland for two years.

Ld Barrington is Treasr of the Navy, & all the D. of Newcastle's friends remain in place till they shall chuse to shew they ought not to remain there. At the end of April, Ld Bute told the D. of Newcastle that the King would tell him of the peers he intended to make the next week. This was not consulting him, nor had he ever heard of many of them. H.M. says he desir'd the D. of Newcastle to say nothing of it, but his Grace most certainly did, & immediately told ev'ry body he met. The number & the names of some surprized people. And it is generally thought that Lord Bute do's not seem to know the value of his favours. His Lordship & the King (when I went to thank him) try'd to fix my peerage [1] on the Duke as an obligation; but indeed it was too late, & could not have succeeded had his mind been less exasperated than it was. Ly Holland's patent is of the 6th May. The D. of Newcastle took this opportunity to ask a peerage to descend on his death to Mr Pelham of Stanmore. Many blame him for being so mean-spirited as to ask any favour at the time he was so slighted. But he is more to be blam'd for not having ask'd this long ago.

The 2nd of this month, Mr Bunbury [2] was marry'd

[1] Lady Caroline Fox was created Baroness Holland.

The following is the extract from a letter of the Duke of Cumberland to Henry Fox, dated May 1: "Mr Fox, I most heartily and sincerely rejoice that at last you have got your familly in possession of the peerage. I am very sensible of both Lady Caroline's and your manner of giving me so great a share in it, and you are convinced that no one could wish it with greater warmth than I did. You will be so good as to make Lady Caroline my compliments on the occasion. Indeed, Fox, I am obliged to those that did it, whether they did it for you or me or perhaps both, as I know it gives you great pleasure."—Holland House MSS.

[2] Thomas Charles Bunbury succeeded his father as sixth Baronet in 1764. The preceding year he held for a short time the post of

in the Chappel of this house to Lady Sarah Lenox;[1] whose least qualification is her transcendant beauty. Mr Bunbury is a fortunate man, *sua si bona nôrit.* Not rich enough, but 'tis a match of her own making, & happiness don't depend on riches. At this very time H.M. was very very ill. It might well have, but it had no relation to his ill usage of that sweet girl & worse of himself in her regard.

It is amazing & very lucky that H.M's illness gave no more alarm, considering that the Queen is big with child, & the Law of England has made no provision for government when no King or a minor King exists. He go's out now, but he coughs still; &, which no subject of his would be refus'd or refuse himself, he cannot or he will not go to lye in the country air; tho' if there was ever anything malignant in that of London since I was born, it is at this time.

The D. of Newcastle went out just time enough to have the Writs mov'd;[2] or rather the rising of Parliamt was postpon'd a week for that purpose. The next day after the new Treasury was declar'd, Ld Bute was invested with the Garter vacant by the death of the D. of Portland;[3] Prince William[4]

Secretary of Legation in Paris under Lord Hertford, and in 1765 was appointed Secretary to Lord Weymouth in Ireland, but never reached that country. He was all his life devoted to the turf, and for some years had the finest stud in England, being noted for owning the winner of the first Derby. He died in 1821.

[1] See p. 120. The ceremony was performed by Dr Francis, father of Sir Philip Francis.

[2] On account of the changes necessary on his retirement.

[3] William, second Duke of Portland.

[4] Prince William Henry, third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and brother of George III.; created Duke of Gloucester in 1764. In 1766 he married Maria, Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, and died in 1805, at the age of sixty-two.

had the King's. On this occasion Pr. Henry[1] said he & Mr Mackenzie,[2] Lord Bute's brother, were to have the two vacant Green ones. The discourse of the young Royal ones, & of Lady Augusta at the head of them, is to the last degree of indecency violent; and now the Prss is with more vehemence than I ever knew set to work against Ld Bute. And it would be very surprizing to see how quick & fiercely the fire spreads, but for the consideration that it is fed with great industry, & blown by a national prejudice which is inveterate & universal. Every man has at some time or other found a Scotchman in his way, & every body has therefore damn'd the Scotch: and this hatred their excessive nationality has continually inflam'd. A peace is thought necessary to Lord Bute; therefore a peace or any supposed terms is exclaim'd against. But the true objections, his being a Scotchman & a Favourite, are avow'd, & on those articles is he most scurrilously accus'd, even in a public paper; with as little disguise as ever faction wore boldly attack'd, & told of his intrigue with the Prss Dowr of Wales.

He, in the meantime, through Mr de Virry,[3] the K. of Sardinia's Envoy, negotiates peace.

[1] Prince Henry, fourth son of Frederick, Prince of Wales. He was, in 1766, created Duke of Cumberland, and died in 1790.

[2] James Stuart Mackenzie, only brother of Lord Bute. He was Minister at Turin from 1758 to 1762, in which year he was brought back to take up the direction of the Government in Scotland. He did not at all share his brother's unpopularity, but was looked up to by all parties. He was dismissed from office in 1765, and retired altogether from public affairs. He died in 1800, at the age of eighty-one.

[3] M. de Viry, Sardinian envoy at the Court of St. James. He was appointed during George II.'s reign, and had gained a great ascendency over Lord Bute while in this country. Their natures were much alike: both delighted in every kind of intrigue and mystery, and throughout the peace negotiations Viry had a great hand in everything that went

The day I left town to come to this place,[1] which was August 3rd, the Duke sent for me. I told him all I knew of this negotiation. He would not believe, because his wishes were against it, that peace would be made. His wishes were against it, because it might establish Lord Bute. And to hurt Lord Bute (I am sorry to write what follows because of the love & honour I have for him), tho' he approves the terms, he will join with the loudest in condemning them. He has try'd in vain to prevent the D. of Bedford from going;[2] but he will go if the answer expected from Spain to France & in consequence from France hither, is as agreeable to his sentiments.

On Saturday, July 25th, a dispatch came to Virry agreeing to our last proposals. Lord Bute thought peace made. A Cabt Council met on Monday, when to his great astonishment he found himself single. One had one scruple, one another, G. Grenville (who I hear is insupportable) had 20; but all agreed with Lord Granville & the D. of Bedford to make no peace without Spain acceded at the same time. Lord Bute thought it was enough apparent that France would make Spain accede, & that Spain neither would chuse or dare to carry on the war when our peace with France was made, & Germany evacuated. I confess myself of Ld Bute's mind, and had I been of the Cabinet had said so;

on, and was even rewarded for his services by a pension in Ireland worth £1000 a year. So well-known was his love of concealment that the King of Sardinia, on hearing of his death, said, "He would have made a mystery of it if he could."

[1] Kingsgate, in the Isle of Thanet.

[2] The Duke of Bedford had been appointed Minister-Plenipotentiary in Paris to arrange the terms of peace, and left England on September 6.

but I suppose I must be wrong, as ev'ry body else was of a different opinion, & shall therefore here say no more about it. How grating must it be to Lord Bute, & what a prospect does it afford him, to find his Cabt Counsellors, & many of them such as nobody but himself would have made so, differ from him in Council without declaring their minds to him first in private. Ld Melcomb was too ill to be there, & dy'd on the 28th. Add to this that Lord Chancellor[1] asks two reversions for setting the Great Seal to a peace. I knew him to be the proudest & most insatiable as well as the most fortunate man that ever liv'd, but I did not know he was craving after money, nor indeed what these reversions can be; he has but one son, & he has a reversion of the first Teller's place, more than £4,000 a year. A message was soon sent to France agreeing to the articles, provided Spain acceded; or if she would not, France stipulated to give her no assistance. This was the state of things when I came here:—since that time France has sent to Spain, receiv'd & sent hither an answer so satisfactory that the D. of Bedford is gone to France, & the Duc de Nivernois[2] is come here to sign the preliminarys respectively.

On the receipt of this last message from France,

[1] Sir Robert Henley, born in 1708. He entered the legal profession at an early age, and in 1756 was appointed Attorney-General. The following year he was made Lord Keeper of the Seals, and in 1760 was created Baron Henley, and appointed Lord Chancellor. In 1764 he became Earl of Northington. In 1766 he was made Lord President, but retired in 1767, and died in 1772.

[2] The Duc de Nivernais gave great satisfaction to all parties in the course of this negotiation, and though he has been severely criticised by contemporary French writers, seems to have been endowed with an enlightened character and amiable disposition. He died at a very advanced age in 1798.

a letter was sent to the Ld Mayor, & publish'd in the newspapers.[1]

This was honestly meant to prevent all foul play in Change Alley, and as it came on a Sunday it had that effect. But perhaps it might have another too, in giving too much reason to the City to suppose that their advice was in a manner ask'd; which, however, I hear the Lord Mayor Sir Sam. Fludyer, a very worthy man, will if possible prevent them from fancying. Nobody can prevent such clamour as was never before heard. And prints come out without number, all stupid, & some indecent. I am not forgot in some of these prints (not the indecent ones), which I mention more because of the singularity than any importance it is of. But it is singular that after 5 years silence in Parliament, being neither of the Court or Cabinet, & besides at present in a place as retired as a hermitage, where I see nobody, meddle with no business, nor stand in any body's way—a people whom I never offended cannot let me alone; as if it was of course, that when there is to be abuse, I must be one object of it. This is but little concern to me; it is a great deal more that to be an honest man next session I must offend the Duke of Cumberland. If I do, it shall be his fault that he is offended, for I will only speak my mind, & if he would own it, his mind too, upon this peace. The two material things that I really differ with him in are, the German war & the D. of Newcastle.

[1] This letter, dated Nov. 8, 1762, will be found in the "Annual Register" of 1762, p. 108.

There seems some confusion as to the dates, for the Duke of Bedford arrived in Paris on September 12, the same day on which the Duc de Nivernois arrived in London, while this letter to the Lord Mayor is dated November 8, and was sent after the preliminaries were actually signed.

I do & must for ever think the first sufficient to ruin this country, the other very insufficient to assist it.

On Monday, August 23d, the D. of Marlbro'[1] marry'd Lady Car. Russel. The mean & unbecoming artifices the Dss of Bedford[2] made use of to bring this match on, and which she had so little pride as to use in publick too, exposing herself to the ridicule of the whole world, are not to be describ'd. The D. of Marlbro' saw them, & spoke of her Grace allways with the utmost scorn and derision, sometimes with detestation: and this too publickly for his own honour, as the event has happen'd. The sudden & great rise of stocks has made me richer than ever I intended or desir'd to be. Obloquy generally attends money so got, but with how much reason in all cases let this simple account of my gains shew. The Government borrows money at 20 per cent disct, I am not consulted or concern'd in making the bargain. I have as Pay Master great sums in my hands, which, not applicable to any present use, must either lye dead in the Bk, or be employ'd by me. I lend this to the Government in 1761. A peace is thought certain. I am not in the least consulted, but my very bad opinion of Mr Pitt makes me think it will not be concluded: I sell out, & gain greatly. In 1762, I lend again; a peace comes, in which again I am not consulted, & I again gain greatly. If anybody should say that I advis'd a peace, let it be consider'd that that was in November last; I had no money in the funds then, & indeed

[1] George, fourth Duke of Marlborough. He was, in 1762, made Lord Chamberlain, and the following year Lord Privy Seal, which post he held till 1765. He died in 1817, at the age of seventy-six.

[2] Gertrude Leveson, eldest daughter of John, Earl Gower, married John, fourth Duke of Bedford, in 1737. She died in 1794.

thought my advice would not be taken, nor was it, but on the contrary a Declaration of War with Spain follow'd. The strange, sudden, & wicked revolution in Russia[1] seems to have had so little effect on Brsh politicks, that as I know but one thing that is not quite publick I shall only mention that. The Prss of Wales has been in constant correspondence with the present Czarina. And a correspondence of another sort, I mean of constitution, made her think it would be very agreeable to send to that Court one Mr Wroughton,[2] a handsome young man, & when he resided at Petersburg a favourite; and on the late Czarina's death he was sent. But this Empress did not chuse he should come in the late Czar's time, so he went to Poland, & may be he is by this time at Petersburgh, in an employment which probably Her Imperial Majesty will not suffer to be occupied only by native Russians.

Lord Shelburne,[3] return'd again to favour &, I hope, to a way of thinking more practicable, since Col. Clarke went to Portugal introduced Comte de la Lippe Buckleburg[4] to Lord Bute, who I think will

[1] On the death of Czarina Elizabeth early in 1762, her nephew Peter III. ascended the throne. He was a man of kindly temperament, and at once set about instituting such radical changes as to cause the army and clergy to fear which of their institutions might next be assailed. His wife, too, Catherine, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, fearing her intrigue with Prince Orloff was discovered, and believing or pretending to believe that her consort intended divorcing her and imprisoning her for life, conspired against him and raised a rebellion. She obtained possession of the person of the Czar, and, on June 29, forced him to abdicate. Seven days after, he died in prison, or, as is more probable, was assassinated.

[2] Mr Wroughton, British Minister at the Court of St. Petersburgh.

[3] Lord Shelburne has been previously mentioned in these Memoirs as Lord Fitzmaurice; he had succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1761.

[4] Comte de la Lippe Buckleburg, petty sovereign of a state of that

soon come into the King's service. He was born here. I think him likely when Ld Ligonier[1] dy's to be Genl of the Ordce. He has now the command in Portugal, & writes sanguinely from thence.

In Westphalia, France shews more impotence than ever. In Silesia, the K. of Prussia is more than a match for Austria.

Why then should we spend six millions a year to our ruin in those countries? And yet Lord Bute's unwillingness to do this is one great foundation of the D. of Cumberland's, the D. of Devonshire's, and the Duke of Newcastle's anger. On the 12th of August, the Q. was brought to bed of a Prince: a fortunate event for her, & for Lord Bute, & indeed for the Kingdom.

It may now, on this 7th day of September, 1762, having wrote all I know worth troubling a reader with, and more; it may amuse me, if it should not him, to take a review of Lord Bute's conduct & present situation, & guess at the probable consequences of all this storm that is now gathering, or rather gather'd & impending.

I think Lord Bute has committed since, I may say, his accession, 4 capital faults.

name. His mother was a daughter of George I. by the Duchess of Kendal. He was educated in England, and served with great bravery and promise throughout the wars in Germany. On receiving the command of the Portuguese troops, he found that army thoroughly disorganized, and in a very bad state. This he rectified unsupported, and even against much opposition; and with the help of the English he checked and defeated the Spanish in several encounters. He introduced many military reforms in Portugal, and was much regretted when he left that country at the end of the war. He died in 1777, at the age of fifty-three.

[1] John, third Earl Ligonier, born of a Huguenot family in the south of France. He came over in 1697, and distinguished himself greatly in Marlborough's campaigns, and was employed in all the subsequent wars. He was Master-General of the Ordnance from 1759 to 1762, and died in 1770, aged ninety.

He has too much to do & to manage not to commit many errors, & to neglect many trifles that grow to have their consequences. Such are his not finding a husband to quiet, or rather to take away to himself the trouble of *l'esprit remuant & la langue remuante de Mlle Auguste.*

His not obliging the D. of York, letting him go to tea when & where he pleases. His not managing the D. of Cumberland in trifles; in particular with respect to my peerage, which might have been made a great & binding obligation, & had cost nothing. His not consulting sufficiently & previously those who are to support him.

The two very material points in what I may call his privy publick business he has managed perfectly well, for no man was ever so perfectly master of two people as he is of the K. and the Prss of Wales. His capital faults were in my opinion; his taking the seals in Apl, 1761, without being sure of a peace. His next was the suffering Pitt to prevent that peace, when he might have had the whole Council of his side against him. This I have mention'd before, & impute, justly I believe, to Elliot's influence. His third and greatest fault was the sending those Dispatches which you may have read from Lord Egremont to Ld Bristol in the Spanish Papers publish'd by authority.[1] Never did man give his adversarys such an advantage as Pitt gave Lord Bute by his resignation and letter to Sir J. Hodges, &c. The first & natural step had been to prevent, not to provoke a war with Spain. Peace had been made, had been called the immediate consequence of Pitt's resignation, & if I mistake not his popularity had been at an end:

[1] See "Parliamentary History," vol. xv. p. 1153, etc.

whereas a war with Spain in some sort justify'd him, & involv'd H.M. in the greatest difficultys.

His 4th great fault was not temporizing (if accepting his submission can be so call'd) with the Duke of Newcastle till the peace, now making, had been made.

Lord Bute's present situation, (or rather what I imagine to be his present situation) sufficiently appears by what has been already said in these papers.

There is certainly more clamour against him than there ever was against any man. More acrimony in that clamour, & a combination made that sounds very formidable against him.

A young, civil, virtuous, good natur'd King might naturally be expected to have such a degree of popularity as should for years defend the most exceptionable Fav'rite.

But, which I can't account for, H.M. from the very beginning was not popular. And now, because Lord Talbot[1] has prevented him from being cheated to the shameful degree that has been usual in his kitchen, they make prints treating His Maj. as they would a notorious old miser. I say because he won't be enormously cheated, for as to the number of officers dismiss'd, they have all such pensions as make them more than amends for their offices. To this pass are we brought by news-papers & libels, & the encouragement given to the mob to think themselves the Government.

The H. of Commons has a right, & has sometimes exerted it, to accuse a Minister, & make it very unadvisable for a Prince to retain him in his favour. But I do not remember they ever undertook

[1] Lord Steward.

to say who should succeed him. The Common Council wants to be the Parliament, & profess if they were they would take this step also.

That this licentiousness of the people in future times will destroy their own privileges, & introduce despotism, I mean European despotism, is most certain, & may be forseen with much horror were it not for the transition. But what will be the immediate consequence to Ld Bute of this violence against him? I say against him, because, before the terms of peace were guess'd at, it was as great as now, so that I am satisfy'd better or worse terms would neither lessen or increase it.

It seems to me that, if his Lordship had a mind to it, he could not recede. And that is a circumstance in his favour, because if that is the case he cannot fluctuate, but will I suppose take every step preparatory of success in a battle which cannot be avoided. So many of the leaders on the other side are in their hearts for peace, have declared so, & the comparison between this & that which even Mr Pitt offer'd his consent to last year is so obvious, that they will be embarrass'd to let out all their fury against it. I mean all but Mr Pitt, who like his mob is never embarrass'd by any degree of shame. If then the Torys & Scotch stand by Lord Bute (which his enemys will I think force them to do), they will be joined by so many that his Lordship may possibly be sure of a majority. Let that appear, & the majority will be great. And then after 2 or 3 angry debates, supported by no very great divisions, we shall get again into smooth water.

Sept 27th. An express from D. of Cumberland carry'd me to Windsor. I return'd the 30th.

Oct 6th. An express from Ld Bute fetch'd me to town again, & I engaged in politicks again.[1]

April 19th, 1763. Took my seat in the H. of Lords. Parlt rose.[2]

[1] The violence of the opposition to peace had caused Lord Bute to look about, as soon as negotiations were seriously entered on, how he could best secure the passage of the bill through the House of Commons. George Grenville, the leader of the House and Secretary of State, was a dull and tedious speaker, and besides, had refused to secure the members to the Government views if acting as a subordinate. Sir Francis Dashwood, also, was not a man worthy of such a task, so in his dilemma Lord Bute turned his thoughts to Fox, who, on October 4, received a letter from Lord Bute asking him to come to town and see him. The interview took place on the 6th, when Lord Bute offered him the post of Secretary of State and Leadership of the Commons. The first Fox refused absolutely on the ground of ill-health, the latter he accepted with a seat in the Cabinet; but though he took this step without first consulting any of his friends, which had many future consequences, he seems to have taken it chiefly on Lord Bute's earnest representation of H.M.'s dire distress in having no one to turn to, and with many doubts and fears lest his own unpopularity should increase the difficulties of the situation.

[2] Mr Fox wished to be an Earl. He thought he was promised an Earldom by Lord Bute. Some mistake occurred in the negotiation about it, and Mr Fox attributed his disappointment to the peer[a] who negotiated between Ld Bute and him upon the subject. He said to him, when assured that some mistake he had made was meant as a "pious fraud," "I see the fraud, my Lord, clearly enough, but I do not see the piety."

The Duke of Bedford quarrelled with Lord Holland, who had defended his peace successfully. But why? I could never ascertain, nor do I understand how Mr Fox was disappointed of his Earldom of which he was foolish enough to be exceedingly desirous.

Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs" of the year 1770, when endeavouring to prove the ascendency of the Queen Dowager over her son, has the following passage and note :—[b]

"In truth had the advise of a man, who has since been no enemy to the plan, been followed, the principals instilled into a young mind might not have been so early and so deeply laid.[c] Mr Fox, the very

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[a] Lord Shelburne.

[b] This passage does not appear in the "Memoirs" as published, and it must therefore be taken from the original MS., which was entrusted to Henry Vassall, Lord Holland, for publication, and was only on his death handed over to Sir Denis Le Marchant, who eventually published them.

[c] That of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.—V. H.

April 28th, 1763. I, now Lord Holland, return'd to Kingsgate in my way to Calais, for which place I am this May 10th setting sail.

Copy of a short fragment in continuation of the Memoirs, dictated by the first Lord Holland, & written by his daughter-in-law Lady Mary Fox.

I return this 18th of August, 1768, to add to these Memoirs by order of Lady Mary Fox,[1] who acts as my amanuensis. They must be very imperfect

next morning after the death of Prince of Wales,[a] advised Mr Pelham to make sure of the successor by sending him to St James', and keeping him there seperate[b] from his mother. The Princess indeed might not have secured over him the same influence as she did, but from the persons employed in the education of the Prince there is little reason to think that exactly the same care would not have been taken of initiating him in *proper* principles. Mr Fox's subsequent merits (even the *gracious promises made to him by the young King* and—broken) could never expiate the offence."

To the above passage is subjoined a note in the Author's[c] own handwriting, as follows :—"Mr Fox wrote an account of his having given that advice to Sr Ch. H. Williams, then in Monmouthshire. Sir Charles dying,[d] his papers fell into the hands of his elder brother, who was a very dirty fellow, & quarrelled with Mr Fox, and betrayed that letter to the Princess Dowager. When Mr Fox undertook the support of the Peace of Paris for Ld Bute in 1763 he was promised an Earldom, but never could obtain it."

Such is Horace Walpole's account of this matter. He may be right, but I find no traces of it in the Memoirs or Correspondence of my grandfather. He was more disposed after 1764 to complain of ill treatment, ingratitude, etc., than became a man of temper and philosophy, yet he never seems to have attributed any part of his various disappointments to the enmity of the Princess Dowager. Of Ld Bute he uniformly spoke with kindness and even affection.—V. H.

[1] Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. She married Stephen Fox, eldest son of Lord Holland, in 1766.

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[a] Frederick. March 20, 1751.—V. H.
[b] So in MS.—V. H.
[c] Walpole's.
[d] 1759.—V. H.

after a parenthesis of above five years, in which much illness & many disagreable events have hurt my constitution, sour'd my temper, & impair'd my understanding; but one thing has happen'd most agreeable &, I suppose, has induced this undertaking, because Lady Mary hopes to meet with a most amiable character of herself, which, if I can find language to come up to my sentiments, she certainly will in the sequel, but I must first write of what happen'd long before I ever saw her.

When the Duke of Cumberland sent for me, it was to propose a message for me to carry to Lord Bute, which, in delivering it, he found so silly (and indeed it was extremely so) that he would not send it. I return'd from Windsor to London, & went to dine with the Dss of Bedford. I found Lord Bute there. I did not disturb them, but when he left the Dss of B. he desired to speak to me. He shew'd me an account of what terms of peace he thought were at that time to be had, & desired me to tell him what I believed the Duke would think of such a peace, & what he would say to it. I told him that I believed the Duke would say that he did not believe Lord Bute could get such a peace, that if he could, he had rather any man in England did obtain it than his Lordship, but that H.R.H. was too honest a man not to be glad it was obtain'd even by him rather than not obtain'd at all; in which, alas! I was very much mistaken. The Duke, to whom I that night wrote minutely the whole conversation, said, he did not believe Lord Bute could get so good a peace, but when afterwards he did get a better he made his people in the House of Commons vote against it. In the House of Lords there was no Division. At White's after dinner I

met Capt. Hervey[1] with the news of the taking the Havanna;[2] this made my letter longer, & Mr Rigby offer'd to go with me to Canterbury the next day. We dined with the Dss of Bedford at Rochester, & at Canterbury I left her, & came on to Kingsgate. Little did I think then that it was her Grace's intention to make the Duke of Bedford (hated by Lord Bute's enemies, & gone at Lord Bute's desire to make a peace, which his Grace was & is still very proud of having made) declare himself one of the greatest of those enemies. It may seem strange that she could succeed, but tho' hot, hasty, & violent, & intentionally very honest, there was nothing he was ever so much resolv'd against, or so dishonest, that she could not bring him to. This is well known, but her motive to anger against Ld Bute contrary to the opinion of Lady Betty Waldegrave,[3] Mr Rigby, & Lord Gower (which she has carried to the greatest excess) is a mistery not yet understood; at least I do not guess it, but it has been so very inveterate that I cannot help imputing the very ill usage I have met with from that House to my never giving in to their violence against him. I am sure I gave no other reason of any sort, but of this hereafter.

[1] Hon. Augustus Hervey, afterwards third Earl of Bristol, son of John, Lord Hervey. He joined the navy in 1736, at the age of twelve, was present in many actions, and especially distinguished himself in the taking of the Havannah. He secretly married, in 1744, Elizabeth Chudleigh, better known as the Duchess of Kingston.

[2] The Havannah had surrendered to Lord Albemarle on August 14.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, daughter of John, Earl Gower. She married, in 1751, John, second son of James, first Earl Waldegrave. He succeeded to the title on the death of his brother in 1763. Walpole's explanation of the enmity of the Duchess of Bedford to Lord Bute was from his not giving her the first post in the Queen's family, which she longed for, and thought certain would be offered her.

MR HENRY NAPIER'S MEMOIR OF LADY SARAH'S EARLY LIFE.

Mr Henry Napier's[1] Memoir of Lady Sarah's Early Life.[2]

An Extract from my Journal.

Amongst my papers I found some notes taken down from my poor mother's conversation many years ago about King George the Third's offers of marriage; they are almost in shorthand, and so long a time has elapsed since I made and intended to write them out fully, that I cannot now file them completely in all their details, but will do my best.

My grandfather, the second Duke of Richmond, was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to King George the Second, who then resided at Kensington Palace. He had been, as was the custom in those days, married while yet a boy to Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of that Lord Cadogan, who as a cavalry officer distinguished himself so much in the

[1] Lady Sarah's fourth son by her second husband, Hon. George Napier.

[2] Richard Vassall, third Lord Holland, and his son Henry Edward, fourth Lord Holland, were both anxious to publish the foregoing Memoir and other papers relating to Lady Sarah's early life.

At the end of a manuscript volume belonging to Vassall Holland occurs the following entry in the handwriting of his son :—

"Holland House, Oct., 1847.

"The following very interesting account of Lady Sarah Bunbury's recollections of George the Third's Court was communicated to me by Lady Sarah's son, Mr Henry Napier, upon my lending him this volume for perusal, and as he granted me permission to copy it, I have placed it as a note to the foregoing pages.—Holland."

Duke of Marlborough's wars. This marriage was made to cancel a gambling debt, the young people's consent having been the last thing thought of: the Earl of March was sent for from school, and the young lady from her nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and they were told that they were immediately to become man and wife! The young lady is not reported to have uttered a word; the gentleman exclaimed, "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" The ceremony however took place; a post-chaise was ready at the door, and Lord March was instantly packed off with his tutor to make the "*grand tour*," while his young wife was returned to the care of her mother, a Dutch-woman, daughter of William Munster, Counsellor of the Courts of Holland. After some years spent abroad Lord March returned a well educated, handsome young man, but with no very agreeable recollections of his wife. Wherefore, instead of at once seeking his own home, he went directly to the Opera or Theatre, where he amused himself between the acts in examining the company. He had not long been occupied in this manner when a very young and beautiful woman more especially struck his fancy, and turning to a gentleman beside him he asked who she was. "You must be a stranger in London," replied the gentleman, "not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March." Agreeably surprised at this intelligence, Lord March proceeded to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride—the very dowdy whom he had so scornfully rejected some years before, but with whom he afterwards lived so happily that she died of a broken heart within the year of his decease, which took place at Godalming, in Surrey, in August,

1750, when my mother was only 5 years and a few months old.

My grandfather, as I said, being about the Court, his children were often taken to walk in Kensington Gardens by their French or Swiss governess to see the Royal Family promenade as they usually did on the broad walk: the children could speak no English, and on one of these days of public procession while the governess and my aunt Lady Louisa Conolly were quietly looking on, my mother, who was a lively, volatile disposition, suddenly broke from the astonished French woman, and bounding up to the King, exclaimed laughing, "*Comment vous portez vous Monsieur le Roi, vous avez une grande et belle maison ici, n'est pas?*" Old George the Second was delighted at this *naiveté;* and soon discovering who she was, desired that she should be brought very often to see him: this was of course done, and in these little visits she generally found him with the Duchess of Kendal,[1] but frequently counting out his money, which he used to receive regularly every Monday morning.

On one occasion, after a romp with my mother he suddenly snatched her up in his arms, and after depositing her in a large china jar, shut down the cover to prove her courage; but soon released her when he found that the only effect was to make her with a merry voice begin singing the French song of "Malbruc," with which he was quite delighted.

After the Duchess of Richmond's death in 1751, my mother and aunt Louisa were sent to Ireland under the care of their elder sister Lady Kildare,

[1] This is a curious mistake, as the Duchess of Kendal died in 1743, two years before Lady Sarah was born, having lived in retirement since the death of George I.

afterwards Duchess of Leinster, with whom she remained until 13 years old, and then was transferred to the guardianship of her eldest sister Lady Holland at Holland House, Kensington, where the remainder of her unmarried girlhood was spent. When George the Second heard of her return he insisted, although so young, that she should be brought to Court, and on her appearance in the midst of the circle began to joke and play with her as if she were still a child of 5 years old. She naturally coloured up and shrank from this unexpected familiarity, became abashed, silent, and altogether out of countenance; upon which the King turned abruptly from her, and exclaimed in a rough voice, "Pooh! She's grown quite stupid!" So untoward a compliment finished my poor mother's distress, and it was at this very moment that the young Prince, afterwards George the Third, was struck with admiration and pity; feelings that ripened into an attachment, which, as I have been told, never left him, even in his most unsettled moments, until the day of his death! When he finally became King, and my mother had arrived at the age of fifteen, in the full bloom of all that beauty for which she seems to have been so celebrated, and which she preserved in her complexion until she died in 1826, his heart was still occupied by her alone, while her mind was intent on little else than love of her dogs, squirrel, and the childish pursuits and amusements of her age. She was however presented at court, went out into the world, and began the pleasures and pains of life; amongst other places of amusement, she was often invited to the private balls at Saint James', where the King took every opportunity of conversing with her;

talked about the ways and habits of Kings, about the Parks, and significantly about connecting Kensington Palace and grounds with Holland House; but never conversing entirely alone with her until one night at a private ball, then usually given on Twelfth night, to which a very few people were invited he took my mother into the tea room, and for the first time began a private conversation. He questioned her about her residence in Ireland; asked about her sister's household, wished to know whether she or Lord Kildare governed, because either husband or wife must take the lead etc. My mother replied that she thought any husband who allowed his wife to govern would be very foolish, and added, that every body said he was governed by his mother. "And do not you think," returned the King, "that parents are the best people to govern?" "Yes," answered my mother, "sometimes; but a German woman is not the person to govern a King of England." After some further conversation he wanted her to say something, I forget what, which she refused, because "it would have been telling an untruth." "But you would not mind a white lie?" said the King. "Yes, I would, Sir," was my mother's answer; and there I believe the conversation ended.

The King told somebody soon afterwards that he liked Lady Sarah so much because she spoke her mind so frankly, and was utterly devoid of guile. It pleased perhaps as something new and refreshing, and contrary to his own habits.

Lady Susan Strangways, Lord Ilchester's daughter, afterwards Lady Susan O'Brien, was an intimate friend and relative of my mother; once at a private Court Ball when the latter was absent the King

entered into conversation with her, and amongst other things asked when she meant to leave town. "I intend to remain for the Coronation, Sir." He answered that it would be a fine sight, but was not yet to take place; that it would be still better if ladies walked, and perhaps that *might* be, "*but*," added he, "*there will be no Coronation until there is a Queen, and I think your friend is the fittest person for it; tell your friend so from me.*"

When my mother next saw him at Court, he took her alone into a recess of one of the large windows, and said, "Has your friend told you my conversation with her?" "Yes, Sir." "And what do you think of it? Tell me, for my happiness depends on it!" "*Nothing, Sir,*" was my mother's reply; upon which he left her abruptly exclaiming pettishly, "*Nothing comes of nothing.*" Thus ended his first offer!

At this period my mother had a sort of childish flirtation or attachment to the Marquis of Lothian, then Lord Newbattle, who was at this period with his Regiment in Ireland, and was probably the principal cause of this rejection; for though certainly not in love with the King, she could not be insensible to his attentions, especially to the interest he had taken in her confusion, when George the Second had so unceremoniously rebuffed her before the whole Court; she therefore felt gratitude, friendship, and respect for his character, but nothing more; and although not ambitious, and far too open and sincere for the "*tracasserie*" of Courts, and with too much softness and feeling in her heart to be tempted by the mere splendour of royalty, nothing is more probable than her ultimate acceptance of the King's proposal, so open and directly made, and as she

believed so sincerely intended, supported as it was by the persuasion of her friends and backed by Lord Holland's influence and ambition, if her heart had not been otherwise preoccupied.

Soon after this occurrence, and while following the hounds in Somersetshire, my mother fell from her horse and fractured her leg; she was taken to Mr Hoare's place at Stourhead, I think, in great pain, and remained there for a long time; but when told of this accident Lord Newbattle's only remark was an unfeeling jest, "It will do no great harm, for her legs were ugly enough before," or something to that effect!

When the King heard of it he trembled in agony, and had not the impropriety of such a proceeding been strongly urged, he would instantly have set off to visit her; this was with some difficulty prevented, but both tales were told to Lady Sarah, both too probably exaggerated by the arts and officiousness of her friends, and during a long and wearisome confinement she had full leisure to reflect and compare the characters of her two admirers; the man for whom she had refused a crown made a brutal joke of her calamity; he who had offered the crown, and whose happiness this refusal had for the time destroyed, was all heart, sorrow, and more attached than ever.

From this moment Lord Newbattle was no more thought of; her girlish attachment was completely cured; and although not in love even now with the King, his kindness had nevertheless made a strong impression. After her recovery and subsequent appearance in London the King's joy was palpable; his conversations were renewed, his hopes revived, and once again he ventured to say, in allusion to the

former conversation, "I hope you will think of it." She did so, and accepted him. Then came all the arts and intrigues of courtiers, of clashing interests, of politicians and ministers; then arose the pride and fears of family; then envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, reared their secret heads while they openly bedecked themselves in smiles and flattery. The principal opponents of this marriage were the Duchess of Brunswick and Lord Bute; the great and most interested supporter of it amongst my mother's relatives was Lord Holland. Lady Holland was not eager for, or ambitious of this match, and would rather, as well as I can remember my mother's words, have stopped it; the Duchess of Brunswick, if I may judge from her subsequent conversations with my mother in their old days, was conscientiously opposed to it from apprehensions of private family intrigues and influence etc., but without any ill will towards my mother, to whom she behaved always in the most friendly manner, even to her death; and I have now by me a porcelain cup presented by her to my mother not long before that event. Lord Bute was personally opposed to the marriage through fears of losing his influence, and seeing Lord Holland govern both King and Kingdom through his niece, a thing very likely to happen. Nevertheless this "*grand machine*," as Mde de Sévigné would have said, rolled on for a while, apparently without obstacles, and became the talk of the Court and London world, so that a Lady Barrington of that day, a friend of my mother's, who was remarkable for having a very beautiful shaped back, and was proud of it, pulled her aside one day while entering the presence chamber together and said, "Do, my

dear Lady Sarah, let me take the lead and go in before you this once, for you will never have another opportunity of seeing my beautiful back."

Although things seemed to proceed smoothly; intrigue was nevertheless at its secret work in full activity, and every measure so secretly arranged for the King's marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg, that even on the very morning of the day when the Council had decided on this measure, the King's conversation with my mother was that of a man who continually alluded to his approaching marriage with the person to whom he was then speaking. He talked amongst other things of the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom he designated as a sensible woman, and the origin of a very noble family that did credit to the Kingdom. This was true royal treachery, but probably the result of over persuasion, the influence of artful men on a young, weak, and inexperienced mind, supported by all the female influence of the Royal Family. He had a good preceptor in Lord Bute, and seems to have thriven under his tuition, but had he not been naturally inclined to dissimulation, he would have conducted himself with frankness, which he so much and justly admired in my mother who was open as day, and from the first have told her all his difficulties. This, although a great one, was his only fault, for during his whole acquaintance with her, he never uttered a syllable which could be construed into the most distant hint or obscurest signification of anything but the most honourable and disinterested intentions, and the most delicate sentiments; on the contrary, he once gave a severe rebuke to one of his courtiers for urging him to a contrary proceeding. My mother never would tell me the name of

this worthy parasite; she had been assured of the fact, but promised secrecy about the *name*, and kept her word so well, that although sixty years had passed away since the event, she would not swerve from it! The secret went with her to the grave!

When the King's marriage with Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg became public, Lord Holland's indignation and astonishment were unbounded; my mother would probably have been vexed, but her favourite squirrel happened to die at the same time, and his loss was more felt than that of a Crown. The King's marriage soon took place, and Lord Holland, half angry and half joking, said to her, "Well, Sal, you are the first virgin," or as he jokingly pronounced it, "the first *vargin* in England, and you shall take your place in spite of them all as chief bridesmaid, and the King shall behold your pretty face and repent." I have now by me the Lord Chamberlain's summons for her attendance in this capacity as well as at the Coronation; the King appeared mentally absent, but never took his eyes off Lady Sarah during the whole ceremony; the Queen, then and ever after was very gracious and attentive to my mother, but as all the young bridesmaids were drawn up in a line near Her Majesty with Lady Sarah at their head very richly dressed, Lord Westmorland, a very old Jacobite follower of the Pretender's, who was purblind, and had never appeared at Court since the Hanoverian succession, but was persuaded by his friends to honour the marriage of a native monarch by his presence; passing along the line of ladies, and seeing but dimly, mistook my mother for the Queen, plumped down on his knees, and took her hand to kiss! She drew back startled, and deeply colouring exclaimed, "I am

not the Queen, Sir." This little incident created a laugh and a little gossip; and when George Selwyn heard of it he comically enough observed, "O! you know he always loved *Pretenders!*"

Such is the narrative of this singular story as I had it at various times from my poor mother, but with many more particulars and anecdotes of those times, which I have unfortunately forgotten from having, trusting too much to my memory, neglected to note down in writing at the time. There are perhaps few examples on record of a girl of 15, or indeed any woman's first rejecting an offered diadem, and when afterwards accepted and disappointed being so little mortified by its loss; not from insensibility of head or heart, but from the natural feelings of a mind and heart where there was no guile. My mother's only displeasure (for though she liked and esteemed the King, she was *not in love* with him) arose from hatred of *his duplicity*, a quality so foreign to her own nature; all the rest she had no difficulty of surmounting, and she has repeatedly told me that she was at the moment far more grieved at her squirrel's death, than at the news of what the world considered a great misfortune for her. She had a sharp wit, a penetrating judgment, a rapid penetration into people's real characters, great moral and physical courage, extreme frankness, no affectation, great tenderness of heart, extreme humility, and not an atom of deceit. No fool, although she refused a crown!

I have preserved this fragment for the amusement of my children when I am gone, and they may be assured that if my beloved mother had been cursed with a single grain of artfulness, or attracted by a silly ambition unconnected with more generous

feelings and sentiments, or had used her influence in any way to counteract the machinations of her secret opposers about the King, or, in short, acted otherwise than in strict accordance with truth, singlemindedness, and the natural unsuspiciousness of her character, she might by her power over the King's affections have baffled all the intriguers against her, and ascended the British throne.

HENRY E. NAPIER. April 28. 1837.

CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY SARAH LENNOX, TOGETHER WITH OTHER LETTERS RELATING TO HER LIFE.

Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, together with other Letters relating to her Life.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Goodwood, Feb 25, 1761.

My dear Susan,—I have but just time to tell you that my sister Caroline[1] will tell you, if you ask her, what has passed between Lord Newbattle[2] and I upon the road.

Adieu, yrs,
S. Lennox.

P.S.—My brother[3] begs you'll go to Court, and let me know what *he*[4] says to you.

In March, 1761, Lady Sarah, while staying on a visit to Lord and Lady Ilchester at Redlynch, in Somersetshire, had a fall from her horse, and broke her leg.

She was first carried to Stourhead, Sir Henry Hoare's country seat, and then on to Redlynch after her leg had been set, where she was laid up for six weeks before she could return to London.

[1] Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, was born in 1723; she married Henry Fox, afterwards first Lord Holland, and died in 1774.

[2] See p. 29.

[3] Charles, third Duke of Richmond, born in 1734, died in 1806.

[4] King George III.

Extract of a Letter from Right Hon. Henry Fox to Lady Caroline Fox.

Tuesday morning, April 7, 1761.

The King ask'd Conolly[1] yesterday a hundred questions about Lady Sarah, wonder'd & was concern'd she should be left to the care of a country surgeon. Conolly told him Hawkins[2] had been sent to, and declar'd there could be no use in his going; that she was very well, very cheerful, &c. H.M., I find, enquired very tenderly. I do hate Lord George[3] when I think of his unfair & dishonourable proceeding: & exclusive of his timing of it, which was only very unlucky, the more I think of it the more I think it unfair & dishonourable.

They talk very strongly of a white Princess of Brunswick, about 15, to be our new Queen, & so strongly that one can hardly help believing it, tho' with no good or particular authority. They make the Dss of Portland, her Groom of the Stole; Dss of Hamilton, Dss of Ancaster, Lady Northumberland, & Lady Bolingbroke, 4 of her Ladys of the Bedchamber; Miss Wriothesley & a Miss Beauclerk (not Lord Vere's daughter), 2 of her Maids of Honour; Lord Guilford, her Lord Chamberlain; & Lord March, her Master of the House. Not one of these conjectures may be true for aught I know.

H. F.

[1] Right Hon. Thomas Conolly of Castletown, an Irish Privy Counsellor, and son of the Right Hon. William Conolly. In 1758 he married Louisa, second daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and died in 1807.

[2] A fashionable London surgeon.

[3] Lord George Lennox. See p. 29.

Copy of a Paper in the handwriting of Right Hon. Henry Fox, and among his Letters to Lady Caroline.

Tuesday.[1]

To all to whom it may concern. On Sunday I heard from good authority that the report of H.M.'s intended marriage with a Prss of Brunswick was entirely without foundation, and that he was totally free & unengaged.

On Monday therefore, which was yesterday, I went to Court. I saw the Marqs of Kildare & Conolly there, to whom I thought His M. had spoke, & probably might not speak to me concerning Lady Sal. I determined, however, that he should if I could bring it about. After a loose question or two, he, in a 3d, supposes I am by this time settled at Holland House. (Now I have you). "I never go there, Sir," says I, "there is nobody there." "Where is Lady Caroline?" "In Somersetshire with Lady Sarah." At that name his voice & countenance, gentle & gracious already, softened, & he coloured a little. "I am very glad to hear she is so well." "As well as any body can be with such an accident, but the pain was terrible from the motion of the coach till she got to Mr Hoare's." He drew up his breath, wreath'd himself, and made the countenance of one feeling pain himself. (Thinks I, you shall hear of that again). I added, "She is extremely cheerful now, & patient & good humoured to a degree." "Was she going down a steep hill when the horse fell?" "I believe not, Sir, the horse put his foot upon a stone which broke, & it was impossible he should not fall. Lady Sarah, I hear," says I, "proposes to ride to London upon the same

[1] Probably April, 1761.

horse, to clear the horse from all blame." "That shews," says he, "a good spirit in Lady Sarah, but I trust there will be prudence in the family to prevent it." "I fancy," says I, "Lady Caroline will dissuade it, but indeed the horse was not to blame; in rising again his shoulder press'd Lady Sarah's leg upon the stones, of which that road is full, & broke it." Then came the same countenance, & expressions of uneasiness, which I rather increas'd by talking again of the pain the motion of the coach gave; and then relieved by assuring that she had nothing hard to bear now but the confinement. "I fancy," says he, "that is not very easy to Lady Sarah." And then he left me for some conversation which neither gave him so much pain or so much pleasure as mine had done. Don't tell Lady Sarah that *I am sure* he intends to marry her, for I am not *sure* of it. Whether Lady Sarah shall be told what I am sure of, I leave to the reader's judgement. *I am sure* that he loves her better than Ld N.[1] do's.

I have shorten'd, not exaggerated a word in this account, & I don't think it was prevention made me imagine something particular whenever he pronounced, especially the last "Lady Sarah."

The obscure allusions in the following letter appear to refer to the probability of meeting the King at a Drawing-room.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Redlinch,[2] Nr Bruton. Saturday Morning, June 19, 1761.

After many pros and cons it is determined I go to-morrow, and that I must pluck up my spirits, and if I am asked if I have thought of . . . or approve, —To look . . . in the face, and with an earnest

[1] Lord Newbattle. [2] Lord Ilchester's country seat in Somersetshire.

but goodhumoured countenance say that, "I don't know what I ought to think." If the meaning is explained, I must say, "that I can hardly believe it," and so forth; if instead of that, you should be named, I shall say that you were so much confounded and astonished that I believe you did not understand the meaning; if the answer is—"I hope you do understand," I shall say, "that the more I think of it, the less I understand it," (I hope that won't be too forward). In short, I must show I wish it to be explained, without seeming to suspect any *other* meaning; what a task it is! God send that I may be enabled to go thro' with it.

I am allowed to mutter a little, provided the words *astonished*, *surprised*, *understand*, and *meaning* are heard.

I am working myself up to consider what depends upon it, that I may *me fortifier* against it comes —the very thought of it makes me sick in my stomach already. I shall be as proud as the devil, but no matter. . . .

Well to-day is come to nothing, for we were so near your namesake and her mistress (Ly Susan Stuart[1] & Princess Augusta) that nothing could be said, and they wacht us as a cat does a mouse, but looks & smiles very very gracious; however I go with the Duchess[2] Thursday, I'll put a postcript in this of it. I beg you won't shew this to anybody, so pray burn it, for I can tell you things that I can't other people you know. Adieu, Dear Suke.

Yrs,

S. LENNOX.

[1] Lady Susan Stewart, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway. She married, in 1768, Granville, second Earl Gower, afterwards created first Marquis of Stafford.

[2] Duchess of Richmond. Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of Charles third Earl of Aylesbury.

P.S.—My love (if I may say so) to Ld and Ly Ilchester,[1] and compliments to the rest. Pray desire Lord Ilchester to send my mare immediately, if he don't want it, for I must ride once at least immediately in Richmond Park. Much depends on it.

P.S.—I went Thursday but nothing was said; I won't go jiggitting for ever if I hear nothing I can tell him.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, July 7, 1761.

MY DEAREST SUSAN,—I return you Tony Martin, in perfect health, I hope. I take the opportunity of writing by him, as I think this should not be trusted to the post. To begin to astonish you as much as I was, I must tell you that the —— is going to be married to a Princess of Mecklenburg, & that I am sure of it. There is a Council to-morrow on purpose, the orders for it are *urgent* & *important* business; does not your chollar rise at hearing this; but you think I daresay that I have been doing some terrible thing to deserve it, for you won't be easily brought to change so totaly your opinion of any person; but I assure you I have not. I have been very often since I wrote last, but tho' nothing was said, he always took pains to shew me some prefference by talking twice, and mighty kind speeches and looks; even last Thursday, the day after the orders

[1] Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester. Eldest son of Sir Stephen Fox by his second marriage with Christian, daughter of Rev. Francis Hope; he was born in 1704, and married, in 1736, Elizabeth Strangways Horner, only surviving child and heiress of Mr and Mrs Strangways Horner. In 1741 Stephen Fox was raised to the peerage as Lord Ilchester, and in 1756 was created an Earl. In 1758 Lady Ilchester inherited the Strangways estates in Dorset and elsewhere, and Lord Ilchester then took the name of Strangways in addition to that of Fox. He died in 1776: Lady Ilchester in 1792, at the age of sixty-nine.

were come out, the hipocrite had the face to come up & speak to me with all the good humour in the world, & seemed to want to speak to me but was afraid. There is something so astonishing in this that I can hardly believe, but yet Mr Fox knows it to be true; I cannot help wishing to-morrow over, tho' I can expect nothing from it. He must have sent to this woman before you went out of town; then what business had he to begin again? In short, his behaviour is that of a man who has neither *sense*, *good nature*, nor *honesty*. I shall go Thursday sennight; I shall take care to shew that I am not mortified to anybody, but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved, cold manner, he shall have it I promise him.

Now as to what I think about it as to myself, excepting this little revenge, I have almost forgiven him; luckily for me I did not love him, & only liked him, nor did the title weigh anything with me; so little at least, that my disappointment did not *affect* my spirits above one hour or two I believe.

I did not cry I assure you, which I believe you will, as I know you were more set upon it than I was. The thing I am most angry at, is looking so like a fool, as I shall for having gone so often for nothing, but I don't much care; if he was to change his mind again (which can't be tho'), & not give me a *very* good reason for his conduct, I would not have him, for if he is so weak as to be govern'd by everybody I shall have but a bad time of it. Now I charge you, dear Lady Sue, not to mention this to anybody but Ld and Ly Ilchester, & desire them not to speak of it to any mortal, for it will be said we invent storries, & he will hate us all anyway, for one generally hates people that one is in the wrong

with and that knows one has acted wrong, particularly if they speak of it, and it might do a great deal of harm to all the rest of the family, & do me no good. So pray remember this, for a secret among many people is very bad and I must tell it some.

Ste.[1] is come; he is very much improved, but looks as he did only taller & thinner.

My love & compts to every body at Redlinch.

Adieu, dear Susan. Yours sincerely,

S. LENNOX.

We are to act a play, and have a little ball; I wish you were here to enjoy them, but they are forwarded for Ste., & to shew that we are not so melancholy quite.

I have taken a fancy to Lord Litchfield for looking shocked to see Lady A.[2] & Lady S. S.[3] burst out laughing in my face to put me out when the former's brother was speaking to me last time.

Right Hon. Henry Fox to Lord Ilchester.

H. H., July 7th, 1761.

DEAR BROTHER,—Whilst I was reading yours yesterday, Mr Donisthorpe came in. We discoursed & are to discourse again to day, & after dinner he sets out for Lydeard.[4]

[1] Stephen Fox, eldest son of Henry, first Lord Holland, married, in 1766, Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. He succeeded to the title in 1774, and died the same year, leaving two children: Caroline, born in 1767, died unmarried in 1845, and Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, born in 1773, died in 1840.

[2] Princess Augusta, sister of George III. She married the Prince of Brunswick in 1764.

[3] Lady Susan Stewart.

[4] A property for which Henry Fox was in negotiation. He finally could not come to terms with the owner. It was the old seat of the Bolingbroke family.

I return you Mr Hoare's, and I send you a most extraordinary summons to Council for Wednesday next, which has been sent all over England. I hear, and from pretty good authority, it is to declare H.M.'s intention to marry a Pss of Mecklenburg, yet I cannot help doubting it. No secret was ever kept like it. I saw Ld Bute & Lord President[1] yesterday; they would not give me a hint, and whatever the business is, the summoning & making Privy Counsellors come 200 miles is a strange thing, as we are too many to be consulted, that is certain.

If my intelligence concerning it is true, it must have been fixed when the conversation Lady Susan reported to you happen'd. Is that possible?

I carried Ste. to Court yesterday. The King was civil to him in the greatest degree imaginable. I never saw H.M. or any man look so cheerful, so good natured, so honest, so happy as he did.

Adieu. I write for Ly Ilchester & Lady Susan as well as for you.

The peace looks at a greater distance, & news of a battle in Westphalia daily expected.

Right Hon. Henry Fox to Lord Ilchester.

July 9, 1761.

DEAR BROTHER,—I ask'd, is that possible? You'll see it was. He was ashamed, & well he might. The Coronation is fix'd for Septr 22d. It will save the lifes or at least prolong the lifes of many partriges. Lord Harcourt go's to bring her, & is her Master of the Horse.[2] In these times of reconcilement Mr Stone is properly made her Treasurer, and the Duke of Manchester, who learn'd the trade under late Lord Grantham, is her Lord Chamberlain. Adieu.

[1] Lord Granville.

[2] Lord Harcourt was appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

Right Hon. Henry Fox to Lord Ilchester.

July 14, 1761.

DEAR BROTHER,—The hopes of peace grow fainter. Ld Bute is bully'd like the rest; if we have a peace, it will be because we shall find our great distress, & must submit to a different one from what we might 2 months ago have with ease concluded. On Thursday, the lady[1] goes to Court again; the prudent will have it so. Why should not she be & own she is very angry, & stay away? But she go's for once only, and will look very proud. The Q.'s mother is dead (of the surprise I believe), & that delays the Wedding a little, not the Coronation. Adieu.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

July 16, 1761.

I went this morning for the first time. He looked fright'ned when he saw me, but notwithstanding came up, with what countenance I don't know, for I was not so gracious as even to look at him: when he spoke, our conversation was short, here it is; "I see riding is begun again, it's glorious weather for it now." *Answer.*—"Yes it is very fine,"—add to that a very cross & angry look of my side & his turning away immediately, & you know the whole.

The sister[2] would be so fond of my sister & I, nothing ever was like it, "*mais je la traitai du haut en bas,*" & would not let the young woman cavil so much; our friend pitied me vastly, & called me poor Lady S. to Lady Elizabeth,[3] but I shewed him to-day

[1] Lady Sarah Lennox.
[2] Princess Augusta.
[3] Lady Elizabeth Keppel, youngest daughter of William, second

Lady Elizabeth Keppel,
from a mezzotint by E. Fisher.

I was not so much dejected with my misfortunes; as for your friend Billy,[1] he has not dared to shew his face since, poor thing. The Wedding will be private, but the Drawing-room after is the day to come in a fine gown, & unless you have settled it you need not I think hurry yourself to be civil, it's time enough for that: I long to see you tho'. I must go the first Drawing-room, I shall not trouble them with my company till then; I wonder if they will name me for train-bearer, I wish they would, tho' they abuse me & call me names, for I think it's the best way of seeing the Coronation. Don't shew this, but read it if you chuse to your father & mother, but it's so scrawled I am ashamed even you should see it, I don't believe you can read it, but it's quite dark, & I have no time to call for candles. Adieu.

Yours,
S. Lennox.

Right Hon. Henry Fox to Lord Ilchester.

July 30, 1761.

Dear Brother,—I enquired as you do, & with concern heard no peerages were to be given till late in, I suppose the end of, next Sessions.

The squirrel is dead, &, which is worse, the pretty horse Beau. Lady Sarah to comfort her has a young hedge hog, which breakfasted with us to day. She bought it yesterday, & continues to kiss it very much. Lady Kildare[2] was brought to bed this

Earl of Albemarle. She married, in 1764, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767. She died of grief the following year.

[1] William, Duke of Gloucester, brother of the King.

[2] Emilia Mary, second daughter of Charles, second Duke of

morning of a son. So I think we are sure of her at the Coronation.

Love & compliments. Adieu.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

August, 1761.

DEAR PUSSY,—I have only time to tell you that I have been asked to be brides-maid, & I have accepted of it. I am sorry to say it's against my sister Caroline's opinion a little; I beg you will tell me what your opinion is. I think it is not to be looked upon as a favor, but as a thing due to my rank, & a thing of course, then why refuse it, & make a great talk, be abused by those that don't know & perhaps by those that do, for they are always in the right you know, whereas, I think accepting of it will not be thought on by anybody, either one way or tother, but looked upon as thing of course; those that think at all about it will say perhaps that I want spirit & pride, which is true enough, for I don't dislike it the least, & I don't like to affect what I don't feel, tho' ever so right; I would have given it up, if my sister had disliked very much, & that it could be helped, but what excuse could I make? You know, besides, I had talked of liking to do it before the Duke of Devonshire. Mr Fox said it depended upon my feel about it. Lord Kildare is violently for it, & my sister Kildare rather for it than otherwise; I hope you will too, but you have the happiness of having a proper pride, which I am not endowed with. I was always of opinion that the less fuss or talk there is about it the better, & to let it drop to the world. But to him & his sisters,

Richmond, married, in 1746, James, Earl of Kildare, afterwards created Duke of Leinster.

I was & always will be as high & grave as possible; for I think the least flirting would ruin my character quite. But this is not his doing; he only sees the list, for others make it. Adieu. Yours,

S. LENNOX.

P.S.—I have received yours since I wrote, & am very sorry to find you think me so much in the wrong; but, however, if you will oblige me, you will not say a great deal against it, as it cannot be helped; & my sister Caroline being against it, it makes her talk so much about it, & she calls me mean & dirty, & so forth, which vexes me very much, for I cannot alter my own opinion, tho I would have given it up, & she seems so glad to have you of her side, & means to have you join with her to abuse me, & that I cannot bear; so pray, my dear Susan, keep your opinions to yourself, if my reasons at the beginning of this letter don't alter it a little, which I hope it will. You see I am a little angry with my sister Caroline; the reason is, that I heard her just now when I was at the garden door, tell Ly Bateman that it was against *her* opinion, & so on, & I don't think it so well to tell everybody that she thinks me in the wrong, she ought to hide it rather, but you know she can keep nothing a secret in the world.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, August 6, 1761.

MY DEAR LY SUE,—I have just wrote you a letter, & have left it upon my sister Kildare's table & there forgot it, so for fear they would not send it, I write again to tell you the business of it. I shall tell you honestly if you are welcome or not; I think

I may venture to say I am sure you are, but I would advise you, if you intend to go to Mrs Digby's,[1] to go from hence when you have bespoke your things, for my sister & I will be both so much with Lady Kildare this week that you will see but little of us; besides, Messrs Fox are to go to Woburn Abbey, & if you come to us about the 14th or 15th we shall be more here, as my sister will be well enough to see other company & won't want us, & I believe you will like it better yourself. I hope this won't disappoint you; I shall have the very great & real pleasure of seing you as soon as you first intended for a day or two, and more of your company after.

I have bespoke you a cheap trimming like mine, as it's long a getting, & I have ordered a white silk to be laid by for you also like mine; I hope you will approve of this.

If anything should put off your coming (which I hope it won't), pray send a pair of stays for a measure, as the embroidery is to be measured upon them, & that is the longest piece of work. I hope you are persuaded that you are very welcome here, I assure you my sister is very glad you come; Adieu, my dr Ly Sue, believe me yours affectionately & sincerely,

S. LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, Oct. 24, 1761.

MY DEAR SUE,—I was sorry to hear from Ly Ilchester this morning that you had not wrote to

[1] Charlotte, only surviving daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, and sister of Lord Ilchester and Lord Holland, married, in 1729, Hon. Edward Digby, third but eldest surviving son of William, fifth Lord Digby, and was the mother of one daughter and six sons, two of whom succeeded to the title. She died in 1778, aged seventy-one.

her since you went; she seem'd hurt at it. I also find that your going out of town was much against her inclination, which I grieve very much at; all these things & some more make me sorry, & they will make you too when you hear their is to be another ball next Tuesday like the last, & Monday the Princess's B.D. is to be celebrated at St James' with a ball. There is also a private ball at Court for the Queen to-night, nothing but the family are to be of it, except Lady Jane Stuart[1] & Lady Car. Russell,[2] only think how the B.'s will toss up their heads; it is well the halien Lady has lowered their *caquet* a little, or the house would not hold them. By the bye, it is now reported that the said Ly is come for love of Lord Charles, & that his brother is to marry Miss Beauclerc; how 'tis the gods above can tell, I can't, & I don't care. I desire you may never accuse me of not keeping my resolutions; I'll give you a proof of the contrary that will surprise you, when I tell you that Ajax,[3] even the mighty Ajax, employ'd begging, prayer, kneeling, & even tears, to persuade me from my purpose, & I stood it all out for an hour. I can't say I did it firmly, for I could not help crying at seing *a great man in distress*, but yet I did not allow myself to be much moved, for all was in vain; is not that a heroic action worthy of your diciple? That is suposing I was right in refusing it at first, for that is another question quite you know, but, allowing that, I mean.

[1] Lady Jane Stuart, second daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, was born in 1742. She married, in 1768, George, Earl Macartney, and died in 1828.

[2] Lady Caroline Russell, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford. She married, in 1762, George, third Duke of Marlborough, and died November 26, 1811.

[3] Lord Erroll.—S. O'Brien. James, fourteenth Earl of Erroll.

We are upon civil & friendly terms as if nothing had happened; that I like. Pray thank my Lord for his goodness in telling me news of Fidelle, & also for his offer, which I am sorry I cannot accept of; pray give Fidelle a kiss for my sake.

Oh Lord! only think, I had almost forgot the most important thing in my letter. Charles Fox[1] has made some lattin verses that were sent up for good; the purport of them is to desire a pigeon to fly to his love Susan, & carry her a letter from him, & that if it makes haste, it will please both Venus its mistress & him. There now, are not you proud, to have your name wrote in a scholar's exercise? I must go to supper, so adieu.

Yours,

S. LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1761.

MY DEAR LADY SUE,—Ste. is going to-morrow, & as you may guess we are not in good spirits, I have got a great cold & am very cross, so shall not write a very *agreable* letter. Mr Upton[2] was here this morning, & was very agreable. Charles is as disagreable about acting this play as he can be, he won't learn his part perfect, won't rehearse, &, in short, shews plainly that your not being here is the reason he won't enter in to it & be eager, which you know is the only way of going on with comfort. Adieu, I have no news to tell you, so adieu. There is a new actress, a pretty good one. Ste. tells me as his last advice about myself, "Don't

[1] Charles James Fox, second surviving son of Henry, first Lord Holland; born in 1749, died in 1806.

[2] Clotworthy Upton. Created Baron Templetown in 1776, and died in 1785.

refuse a good match when you can get it, & don't go to Plays & Operas too often." We have just heard from Captain Sandford, who is come from Germany, that Ste. Digby[1] is very well. . . . Lord Granby[2] will be here in a week; you are unlucky.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, Dec. 20, 1761.

Dear Sue,—I have been reading over some of your letters, & I find I forgot to answer your last in regard to Mr B——,[3] which you call an old story, (not justly) for it's quite a new one I think; we don't always agree about those sort of things you know, but that you may not accuse me in this, I will lay the case before you & ask your advice. He has (what is call'd) followed me constantly whenever I have been in town, I have not put myself in his way (do ye take me), for at Leicester House (*en presence de ma sœur*) we changed places 3 times & he followed us; at night I went with my sister to the Play, there was he in the front boxes & came in a minute to my *house* & *corner;* this you will allow is *particular.* My sister, who is quick at those sort of things, has settled it that he will make his declaration immediately, but I think not; & why? Because that talking of people that married for money & rank & so forth, he said he had the comfort to think, that if he married a *fine* lady, she would love

[1] Stephen Digby, fifth son of the Hon. Edward Digby and Charlotte his wife (daughter of Sir Stephen Fox), born in 1742; married, in 1771, Lucy, daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, who died in 1787. He married, secondly, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Gunning, Bart.

[2] John, Marquis of Granby, eldest son of John, third Duke of Rutland; born in 1721, died in 1770.

[3] Bunbury (?).

him vastly, for that he was so poor that she must live upon love & bread & butter with him. This I took as a hint he did not intend to marry, & so told him, "I thought he had much better not marry in a hurry, as he would not find it easy to meet with such a person," & I believe I looked a little angry, for he ask'd me what was the matter, but I did not tell him, as you may imagine, but said it was nothing; he looked either angry or blank, I don't know which, but said very little & handed me out. I have not seen him since. You will say I might find out what he thought by his conversation, but it's generally loud & of indifferent subjects, only broad hints now & then that he likes me, asking me constantly where I am to go, & when I shall be in town, & that he only comes to see me & so forth. . . . He has got a *free access* into this house, by coming to see *Ste.* & talking politicks to Mr Fox. He is worse than Lord Shelburne I think. I have not seen him since the Play. I have worried you with a tiresome letter about myself, but as it is a *case* (& that they generally are long) which you are to decide upon, I shall make no excuse but go on.

My sister has heard that his father has an oddness in his temper a little like madness, that's a shocking circumstance if it is really like madness, but it may be only an odd temper, & that makes a great difference you know. Adieu, if I see him before I send this I will write more, & if he says no more he is a "Shabby dog."[1] No more nor no less, but I am not sure what he means, for Mr Fox & my sister say it is a *kind* of *offer;* what do you think? Pray don't shew this.

[1] A usual expression of Lord Holland's.—S. O'Brien.

To proceed with my long letter, I must tell you that tho' at present, Prince Prettyman might have a little share in a refusal (if I had an offer), yet he had not the least with regard to Ajax, upon my word he had not, for I did not then believe he was the least serious, indeed I am far from being certain now, but then I did not realy like him enough; so resume your good opinion of my resolution, for if I am not encouraged I never shall arrive to perfection. Pray in your answer whenever you name either of these 2 people call them Ajax & the Marquis, for the latter is so like a Marquis in a French storry book, that I doat upon that name for him. . . . Lord Shelburne is here *caccling*, that's no news, but it's for want of better.

There is a pretty Lady Louisa Tolmash,[1] that is just come about; she is beautiful I think. We intend to act "The Revenge" before the hollydays are over, Charles acts Zanga; it's a very fine play. I have wrote a little bit of this letter every now & then; I am going to read the "Illiad" over again, I wish you were here to read it with me.

Oh Lord! only think that I should have forgot to tell you about Lord Newbattle; I have come off very well, I think, you shall *hear*. Louisa[2] shewed him my letter, he read it & said he really thought I was vastly in the right, for that he must own it would be a foolish match for us both, but that he was very glad to find that I had a *regard* for him; for he was sure he had never behaved ill to me, & therefore was glad to see I did not believe all the stories that I had heard of him. He sent his *respects* to me, &

[1] Countess of Dysart in her own right. In 1765 she married John Manners, Esq., of Grantham Grange, co. Lincoln.

[2] Lady Louisa Conolly.

assures me he is very much obliged to me for my *regard*, & that he agrees with me quite about it, but hopes we shall be very good friends and so forth. At the same time he told Louisa he would keep out of my way for fear of being in love with me (there is not much danger), but however the thing is a good thing whatever is the motive. He told her he had lived in a kind of *Hell* to forget me, & now he might go to England. "After all," says he, "it is much better as it is, for I should have made a d——d bad husband." All this you will allow is very proper & right, is it not? . . . I sent him my compts, & that I was glad we agree'd so well, and was obliged to him for his regard & assured him of mine; it's very well over, I think.

My brother George[1] is coming, I dread my sister's persisting in the quarrell with Ly George, I only want her to visit in as formal a way as she pleases, but not to give the town such a fine story as they will make of a B. & S. not visiting: it's like the Finches' family, is it not, & that is so horrid I think one should avoid it if possible. The latter part of my letter is so crawl'd you will hardly be able to read it, I am afraid. Pray give my compts to Ld & Ly Ilchester & Miss Cheeke.[2] Adieu, yours——

I have made acquaintance with Lady Dunmore;[3] she is charming & Scotch, I am sure you would like her.

[1] Lord George Lennox.

[2] Miss Cheeke, born in 1723, was an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Ilchester, and was much at Melbury in her youth. She married, in 1763, Mr Melliar, and lived at Bruton and Castle Carey, Somersetshire, dying at the great age of nearly ninety-six in 1819.

[3] Lady Charlotte Stewart, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway; she married John, fourth Earl of Dunmore, in 1759.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, Jan. 26, 1762.

DEAR LY SUSAN,—I have sent you a paper with proposals about acting plays; I hope you'll approve of it. Pray, when do you come to town? I have sent you also a translation of Charles' verses, done by an Eaton boy, they are very pretty. . . . I have got a dress'd sack, & dear Mr L'Estoret has dress'd my hair *en perfection* so that it becomes me very well: "vain thing!" you will say I am sure, but I wish you would get one too, it is so pretty. I was at Ly G. Sackville's[1] last night, & playd at quadrille with Ly Eliza. Kepple, Ly Car. Russell, & Lord Garlise,[2] it was vastly pleasant I assure you. My love to Ld & Ly Ilchester & Miss Cheeke, I hope she is better; I hear you play at loo, if Ly Il. likes it, it will be charming for you, as you are never tired of it. This is a queer letter, but it's better than none. I wore my trimming upon garter blue sattin & a white & silver body to it; it was beauteous. There were many fine gowns but none remarkably pretty, at the Birthday. . . . Ly Northumberland[3] complained that the crowd was so great she could not walk *gracefully*. . . . Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

S. LENNOX.

[1] Second daughter and co-heiress of John Sambrooke, Esq. She married, in 1754, Lord George Sackville, third son of the seventh Earl and first Duke of Dorset. Lord George, born in 1715, held many offices, was created Viscount Sackville of Drayton in 1782, and died in 1785. Lady George died in 1778.

[2] John Stewart succeeded in 1773 as seventh Earl of Galloway, and died in 1806.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Seymour, Countess of Northumberland, only surviving child of the seventh Duke of Somerset.

On June 2, Lady Sarah Lennox was married in the private chapel at Holland House to Thomas Charles Bunbury, Esq., of Barton and Milden Hall, Suffolk, one of the handsomest and most popular young men of the day. He succeeded his father, Sir William Bunbury, in 1764.

Right Hon. Henry Fox to Dr Francis.[1]

H. H., Saturday, May 15, 1762.

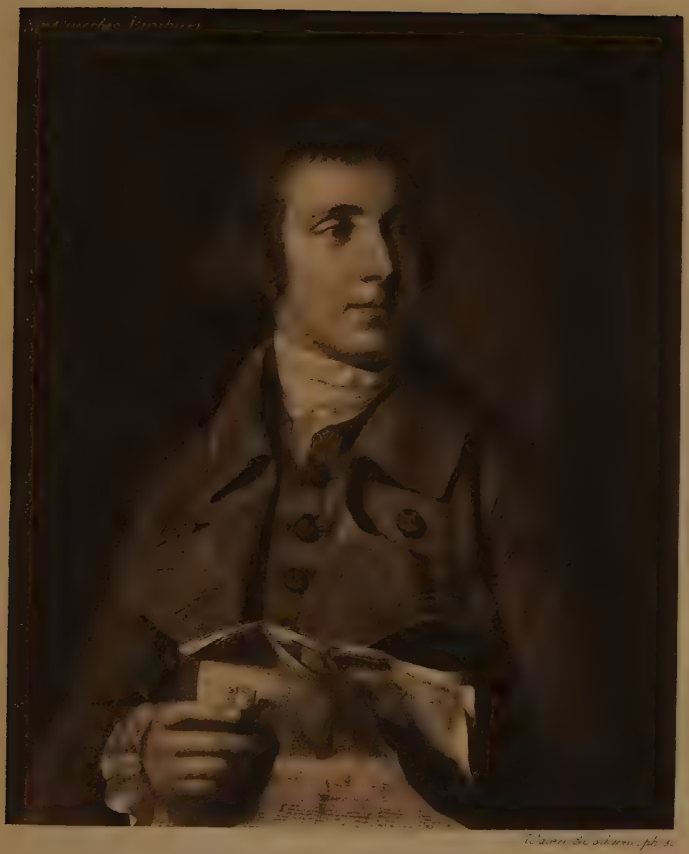
DEAR SIR,—To-morrow we go to the Isle of Thanet to return here Monday sennight, May 24th, & as I am order'd by Lady Sarah to desire you to perform the ceremony, I wish you to leave Barrow Monday, 24th, & make your welcome appearance at Holland House on Tuesday, 25th. Possibly you may not come time enough to dine here that day, in which case let me know by a note that night however, that you are arriv'd in town. It is impossible to say with exactness when the wedding will be, it may be Wednesday—or Thursday, it may be delayed till the next week; wherefore provide for the service of your church on Sunday, May 30th. Lest continued thinking on this subject should too much inflame and warm imagination, for a change I give to your wonder & consideration the Duke of Newcastle's resignation,[2] which is fixed & certain.

Yrs ever,

H. Fox.

[1] Dr Francis was father of Sir Philip Francis, who is by some supposed to be the author of "Junius Letters." He was for some time private chaplain to Lady Holland, and was afterwards, through Lord Holland's influence, appointed to a chaplaincy in Chelsea Hospital.

[2] The Duke of Newcastle did not finally resign his office of First Lord of the Treasury till May 26.



Sir Charles Bunbury.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Barton,[1] June 10, 1762.

My dear Ly Sue,—I begin by saying that I really am in a desperate hurry, & only write to assure you I have not forgot you (as you are apt to suspect me). I like this place vastly, I have seen but few neighbours; they let me go my own way here, & when once I do that, I am very comfortable. Don't forget to ask about coming here. . . . Adieu, my dr,

Yours sincerely,

S. Bunbury.

There are no hills here steep enough to do my health good, but just enough to be pretty.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Barton, October 10, 1762.

My dr Ly Sue,—I am very glad you wrote to me, for it is like conversing when one is just parted, & talking of things that have happened so lately. I was so hurryd when I left you that I hardly took leave of you, but I believe it is better than a formal leave. . . . I must now tell you about Newmarket whilst it is in my head, & I will write about the fair when it is over. The Duke[2] won two matches, & the Duke of Grafton a plate with a vile horse. Magpie ran, & was beat. I saw him & his horses in the morning, 'tis a dear soul; I lost my money. By the bye, you need make no excuses, for I had much rather you should eat a good supper than pay me soon. . . . Sir W.[3] & the General are so sorry you did not come back, nothing ever was like it, whatever I talked of

[1] Sir William Bunbury's seat in Suffolk.

[2] Duke of Cumberland (?).

[3] Sir William Bunbury and General Armiger, his brother-in-law.

they interrupted me with, "Pray tell us something of Ly Susan."

I have seen dear Poll & he said, "Avez vous dejeuny," immediately. He has learnt many pretty things since I saw him. . . . Sir W., ye General, & Miss Bunbury, & the rest of the family all send you compts & respects. I find they all like you vastly, for they wish you was here & talk of you continually.

Pray write whenever you want something to do to save your teeth. Ld George is come, & I have left him to tell storries & Mr B. to hear them while I write to you; I have wrote a great deal of *small talk* as Mercadie calls it, & so your servant. Adieu.

Yours,

S. BUNBURY.

Sunday morning.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Barton, October 20, 1762.

MY DEAR LY SUE,—Before I begin about the fair, let us talk about that incomprehensible thing politicks. Is not your uncle[1] a goose for preferring the hurry and bustle of this new place to his own nonsensical quiet life; pray let me know your opinion of these changes, for you know I am always in the dark upon that subject till you give me intelligence. To tell you about the fair in short words, I hate it all, and am tired to death, but as I

[1] On October 6 Lord Bute summoned Henry Fox to London, and offered him the post of Secretary of State and the Leadership of the House of Commons. The former offer he declined on the score of weak health, but accepted the latter, with a seat in the Cabinet and full power to negotiate with the members of the House in order to secure the ratification of the preliminaries of peace. George Grenville was removed from the office of Secretary of State and the Leadership of the Commons to be First Lord of the Admiralty, and changed places with Lord Halifax, who became Secretary of State.

know you expect more, you must have it with all the faults of my description. *In primis,* Ld Ossory[1] is with us and went to the assembly; he is an agreable, sensible man and I like him vastly; he told me some man near him in the crowd seeing a lady dance minuets next to me, who they did not know, said he suppos'd it was you, which supposition another man confirm'd, but Ld Ossory contradicted it pos., and took the liberty of saying that you and this lady, who proved to be, who?—Miss Windsor—did not resemble one another in the least. I was so provok'd at this supposition that I did not speak to either of them, so could not satisfy their curiosity on any subject. Lord and Ly Petre,[2] Mrs Howard, and many others of that lot were here; I danced with Ld Petre, and he is a nasty toad for I long'd to spit in his face! I was very civil, however, to the rest who I liked very well, so tell Mrs Digby of my good deeds and not of my bad ones, for t'was because of the Dss of Norfolk[3] that I did not proceed to extremities with my partner. We had a turtle, & your Ladyship's health was drunk by Mr Rookwood Gage and young Metcalfe, who, by the bye, *was* in love with you.

Many people have made slight enquiries about you, but your *intimates* Mrs Vane, Miss Lee, Sir W. Gage,[4] & Miss Metcalfe, have made very great

[1] John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory, was born in 1745. He married, in 1769, Anne Liddell, daughter of Lord Ravensworth, who had been divorced from the Duke of Grafton. He died in 1818.

[2] Robert Edward, ninth Baron Petre, had lately married Anne, daughter of Philip Howard, Esq. He married, secondly, in 1788, Juliana, daughter of Henry Howard of Glossop, and died in 1801.

[3] Mary, daughter of Edward Blount, Esq., married Edward, ninth Duke of Norfolk, in 1727. Lady Petre, above mentioned, was her niece.

[4] Sir William Gage, of Hurgrave Hall, Suffolk, fourth Baronet, died 1767, and was succeeded by his cousin, Sir Thomas Rookwood Gage.

ones, &, to your shame be it spoken, Miss Lee is one of your greatest admirers. But *O Tempora O Mores!* Master Jacky Swale never even thought of you. The agreable Mr Shute was so drunk last night that he swore at his partner Mrs Harland, till she left him & took another.

You need not have envied me, for my devil of a horse is *as lame as a dog*, & Mr B. has been coursing, hunting, & doing every pleasant thing upon earth, & poor me sat fretting & fuming at home with Lady Rosse. . . . In short, I am patient Grizzle to the last degree now, for at first it was too much to bear for long, & I, like a phillosopher, got the better of my impatience & ill humour; but 'tis come again a little, for he is going to Ld Orford's,[1] & I die to course there. Miss B. is going to town Monday to go with Ly Donegall[2] to Staffordshire Wednesday, so that I shall be quite alone, but that's no great misfortune. The Duke of C.[3] is very angry with us for going in the stand, & tryed in a friendly way to make Mr Vane scold his wife for it, but 'twould not do. Adieu.

Yours,
S. B.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Barton, October 29, 1762.

I am sure my dear Lady Sue, who knows what friendship is, will pity me for having lost a person who I loved most sincerely. I heard from Louisa[4]

[1] George, third Earl of Orford, succeeded his father in 1751, and died unmarried in 1791.

[2] Anne, daughter of James, fifth Duke of Hamilton, married Arthur, fifth Earl of Donegall, in 1751, and died in 1780.

[3] Duke of Cumberland.

[4] Lady Louisa Conolly, third daughter of Charles, second Duke of

of my poor friend Car. Hamilton [1] death, this instant. She has had a terrible fever, & I have expected it some time, but it has shock'd me very much; I did not think I loved her so much as I do, but one finds all one's love awaken at the danger of a person one has once loved, I do much more at being certain I shall see her no more. I don't think she ever knew how much I did love her, & I cannot help reproaching myself for not loving her more. . . .

I wish I could see you before you go. I shall be in town the 8th or 9th. I am sorry for your disappointment about Paris, but times may alter & many things happen between now and then. Adieu—I have not spirits to answer your long agreable letter now. Adieu once more,

Yours,
S. BUNBURY.

My sister Kildare has been very ill, but she is better, which is one very very great comfort to me.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Barton, November 25, 1762.

MY DEAR LY SUE,—Your sweet letter is enough to make me love you more if possible than I do at present, for it shews your goodness of heart & friendship for me to the last degree. I think as you do about my poor Caroline, for when I got Louisa's letter which began with saying my sister was quite well, I was so happy I could have born any bad news almost; I am vastly vexed to find it

Richmond, born December 5, 1743. She married Thomas Conolly, Esq., of Castletown, Ireland, who died in 1803. Lady Louisa died without issue in 1819.

[1] Lady Caroline Hamilton, youngest daughter of James, first Earl of Clanbrassil.

makes my poor dear Louisa unhappy, tho' I don't wonder at it, for she tells me she went to no publick place without her, & says she was vastly improved; her mother bears it surprisingly they tell me, which is a great comfort, for of the temper I know she is, & her doating fondness for Car. I should have thought it would have broke her heart, or turn'd her head. I was reading some of Ly Car.'s letters the other day, & I think there is a great resemblance in your style of writing & hers; you certainly were alike in many things. I have one comfort which Louisa has not, & that is so true, sincere, & amiable a friend as you are.

I will answer your delightful silly letter, for *silly* it is to be sure, but you know 'tis not the worse but the better for that, in my opinion. As to politicks I have renounced them and their vanities, for 'tis only wishing for what one can't have, & expecting what one don't get. The short of my moral is that I am mad to think there is no likelihood of my being Madame la Secretaire.[1] So enough of state affairs, & let me tell you of two events that have happened in the sporting way; one is that "Snap" is given away because he was not a good dog; forsooth! pray scold Mr B. when you see him, for 'tis a burning shame. The next is that I have a dog & a horse lent me, both of which I purpose keeping by good or bad means; the horse Mr Vane lent me, & is without exception the dearest thing I ever saw, tho' 'tis not handsome nor a bred one, in short, everyone says I ought to keep

[1] Mr. B. wished and obtained later the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland.—S. O'Brien.

Mr. Bunbury was appointed by Lord Weymouth in 1765, but never reached Ireland, as Lord Hertford superseded Lord Weymouth when the Rockingham Ministry came into power.

it, & indeed I think so & intend to do so. The dog is a spaniel, so like Rose 'tis taken for her by all the servants, but tho' its person is like, his education has been such, that he is as clever as the *Chien Savant*, for put a dozen things together he will bring that you bid him, provided 'tis what he has heard the name of before.

I go to Holland House the 22nd. I have begun my dear plantation by the garden wall, & it's a beautiful creature; I have planted all the trees you bid me, & others that I have thought of. I have fished out 2 cedars as high as a chair & flourishing charmingly; is not that a treasure?

I had a letter from Miss Lee from Mrs Handasyde[1] at Windsor, in which she tells me that Pss Augusta walk'd all about the Palace with a Miss Holland who lives with Mrs Hand., & ask'd her what Mrs Hand.'s name was before she was married; "Bunbury;" says Miss H., "she is a sister of Sir W. B.'s." Pss. Augusta: "I think I have seen a Miss B. at Court, I fancy I know the family." Miss H.: "Sure yr R.H. must have heard of Mr Bunbury, who married Ly S. Lennox," at which Miss Augusta colour'd up so violently, looked so angry, & gave no answer that poor Miss H. was like to be in histerricks; did you ever hear of such a toad as 'tis! I won't say how mad I am at your not going to France, for I won't aggravate your sorrow about it. So to another subject. I have been a hunting with Mr Varny, & I hunted twelve miles one day, which tired me to such a degree that I was *as sick as a dog*, & tho' I had eat not enough to keep life & soul together, for 'twas not a bit since 8 o'clock till 6 at

[1] Mrs Handasyde, Mrs Armiger, Mrs Lee—Sir W. Bunbury's sisters.—S. O'Brien.

night, I could not touch even a sausage but went to bed. That has cured me of being out so long, but not of going for one chase or two, which I would do this minute, but that this d——l of a frost hinders me, & so Mr B. & I sit scolding & grumbling & growling, he because he can't course, & I because I can't hunt & that I fear 'twill kill my dear cedars. That is the present state of affairs in this house.

I am glad you scolded Mrs Digby, it did her good I fancy. Pray send me your Pindarrick ode; Miss B. shall have it to correct.

Adieu, dr Ly Sue,

Yours,
S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, December 24, 1762.

MY DR LY SUE,—I went last Thursday to Court thro' an immense mob, like to be killed in my chair, & when I arrived I met the Queen coming out, & no King, for he went to the House of Lords in his odious fine coach, which creat'd a greater mob than the Coronation; this put me too much out of humour to write then, but I went to-day, & I was graciously receiv'd by Her Majesty. The King ask'd me if I had not had fine weather all summer. "Yes," said I, & that was all. I went to see the little animal & I kissed it, for 'tis a beautiful, strong, handsome child, & my sister said it was wrong to kiss it, & the nurse reprimanded me for calling it child, & said 'twas a fine young *prince;* I saw the Dss of Marlbro, & she seems to admire her husband prodigiously, for which I admire her Grace.

Miss Wriothesly is so pert upon the Duke & Dss

of M., Ly Bolingbroke's[1] being favourite to the Queen, and upon Mr Calcraft intending to marry her (which is my sister's intelligence), that her head is turn'd, & she is a thorough fine lady as ever I saw. The Dss of Grafton[2] was there too, & having left red & white quite off she is one of the coursest brown women I ever saw; her person is better tho'. Little Madame Fitz. is like nothing but herself. The D. was there & did me the honour to speak to me, & I was very civil as I am his neighbour; the K. said some triffling thing to him, but in a good humour'd way. I go to the Prince's B.D.[3] on Tuesday. Mrs Digby, with her usual goodness! says you are so altered she is *afraid* you have quite lost your complection, &c., but she was in a wrong box, for unluckily neither my sister nor me saw the least alteration in you; if I had, I would not have said it, but I really did not. Ly Brownlow Bertie[4] was presented & look'd very well. Lady Garlise[5] & Lady F. Harper were together there, both in white & silver, both powder'd, both little, & both prettish, in short, they look'd like two little fairies. Your father is just come home, & sends his duty to you. Mr Pitt has the gout & soar throat & a fever, so there's an end of him for some time, no business in the House till Wednesday

[1] Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough. She married Lord Bolingbroke in 1757.

[2] Anne Liddell, daughter of Henry, Lord Ravensworth. She married Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, in 1756, divorced him in 1769, and married John, second Earl of Upper Ossory. She died in 1804.

[3] Birthday.

[4] Harriet, daughter of George Morton Pitt, Esq., of Twickenham. She died in 1763. Lord Brownlow-Bertie became fifth and last Duke of Ancaster in 1779.

[5] Charlotte, daughter of the first Earl of Warwick, and sister of Lady Frances Harper.

(when Mr Fox is sworn), & perhaps not then ; when there is you shall know it.

I am for the peace, tho' you don't approve. I have told you every thing I could think of, & if I have divert'd you, I am satisfied ; Mr Fox is hurrying me to death to get out of his chair in which I am sitting and writing. So adieu.

Yours,

S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1762.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—I would not write as I had nothing to say before now, and I don't pique myself upon writing prettily when I have no news.

My sister bid me tell you, you must not wear such a pretty cap as a pearl one in the country, & forbid me ordering one (for I can't make it). I readily agreed to it as the Dss had taken my cap for a pattern, & has kept it very long ; but now that Lord Shelburne (who is gone to Wilts & Bath, &c.) may chance to see you, I will order it. . . .

My sister has got Lord Albemarle's picture all in panople : is not that charming ?

I wish you would come to town, but I fear ye charms of Somersetshire will keep you longer than I wish you to stay.

J'ai soupé avec Monsieur de Nivernois,[1] Monsieur d'Usson, &c. &c. chez Monsieur d'Aubigni l'autre jour; Madame la Dsse n'a pas dit un mot de Français. On m'assure que Monsieur d'Usson est charmé de moi. Je dois passer une semaine à

[1] Louis Jules Mancini-Mazarin, Duc de Nivernais, born in Paris in 1716. He was Ambassador in Rome in 1748, in Berlin in 1756, in London in 1761. He lost all his fortune, and was imprisoned during the French Revolution, wrote various essays, poems, etc., and died in 1798.

Goodwood avec lui et beaucoup d'autres; il y a ici un gentilhomme nommé Drumgold, né en Irelande, mais qui a passé sa vie en France, et il est venu ici avec Mr de Nivernois. Il m'a fait mille compliments, &c., respects, &c. de Monsieur Hussy, qui ne m'a pas oublié, et qui est en Flandres avec son regiment. Mr de Nivernois m'a envoyé ce matin le portrait de Mme sa Grandmère, Duchesse de Nevers, née Madelle de Thiange, niece de Madame de Montespan. The Dukes of Grafton & Newcastle[1] are turned out of their Lieutenancys, & they are given to others. Lord Granby is better, but he is very unlikely to live, poor soul. You should write a note to Germany to order him to live! It would be very convenient for me as Sir William has wrote to him about my husband being Secretary, & it is very likely to succeed should he live to go.

Charles[2] came to the play last night *coiffé en aile de pigeon* & powder'd.

Adieu, Mademoiselle! Je me suis épuisée en nouvelles,et il faut avouer que vous n'avez jamais reçu une lettre plus vraiment *possedée* que celle-cy de vottre très obéissante amie

SARAH BUNBURY, *née* LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Holland House, January 4, 1763. Thursday night.

DEAR LY SUE,—Sitting by the quadrille table where Mrs Greville, Charles, Mr Fox, & my

[1] The Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, and the Marquis of Rockingham, were in December, 1762, dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancies of their several counties, for their continued opposition to the Peace. The Duke of Devonshire was allowed to retain his, for "the King had shewed his Grace a mark of his displeasure already," (extract of letter of Duke of Newcastle to Lord Holland), but he at once resigned.

[2] Charles James Fox.

sister are playing, you must expect to hear about their games; my sister has just won a mediator vole in favourite in the double tour. She bids me tell you she is vastly tired of not seeing you. Mr Bunbury & I won a vole in favourite in the last deal of all, some time ago. . . . He is gone to Woburn & I am called the widow, & Mr Fox exercises his wit upon the occasion. This cold weather keeps him very meek.

Pray are you absorbed in thought or reading or what, for you never favour your friends with your news. Adieu.

Yours,

S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

London, January 17, 1763.

MY DEAR LY SUE,—I am come to settle in town; I like my house very much; it's very small, but very comfortable, & pretty in my opinion: I do long for your coming most prodigiously.

I was at Goodwood last week & could not write at all, we were almost alone; it was very cold and comfortless. My sister comes to town for the B.D., & Mr Fox gives a grand dinner, & has talk'd of nothing but of that & of his fine coat this month. I will write you an account of it, if you don't intend coming soon after. General Armiger[1] has made the greatest enquiries after you, that ever was, & Mrs Ar. said she was sure he was in love with you. I was very near laughing when she said it.

Miss B.[2] is in town with me; she looks very well,

[1] Mrs Armiger was a sister of Sir William Bunbury.
[2] Miss Bunbury.

but her spirits have been bad, & she wants you to cure her, as indeed does every body, my dr Ly Sue (L'Estoret among the rest)!

Adieu, my dear.

Yours sincerely,
S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

Barton, October 16, 1763.

MY DEAR LY SUE,—I cannot, as you say, write so copiously again, but I can tell you all you want to know now; I had a long letter from my sister, & Mr Fox does come over, but in what state & for *what*, I can't tell.[1] She stays, & therefore it won't be for long, I fancy. I have not seen Charles. I am not in town, but going to be with my sister; we are now to stay till Xmas, for Lord Halifax wrote Mr B. word that he must attend part of the session, so that's settled; & now do you see, I must & will see you, so, Miss, devise the means that I shall take to bring it about, unless you don't chuse to see me; for as you did not do me the honour to answer that part of my letter, I can't tell if I am in your good graces or not.

I have been trying to write a legible hand, but neither my fingers, pen, or ink, will let me.

Mr Garrick[2] (sweet soul) is gone for sometime to Italy: the play-house goes on the *same*, & has only some *additional* forces, particularly a Mr

[1] Lord Holland arrived in England early in November from Paris to attend the meeting of Parliament on November 15, at the urgent request of Lord Sandwich and other members of the Ministry. He had firmly refused to entertain any ideas of returning to office, though several hints had been thrown out during the preceding months to find out his intentions.

[2] David Garrick, the popular actor. He died in 1779.

Powell, who I hear is a very good recruit for tragedy,—& Foote,—in short, it will flourish very well for one winter, I fancy, & then the angel will come back.

You have made a mighty pretty discovery, Miss, truly! "I can think there is happiness in ye country with a person one loves." Pray now who the d——l would not be happy with a pretty place, a good house, good horses, greyhounds, etc. for hunting, so near Newmarket, what company we please in ye house, & £2,000 a year to spend, (which we then should have clear)? Add to this that I have a settled comfortable feel that I am doing so right, that all my friends love me & are with me as much as possible; in short, that I have not one single thing on earth to be troubled about *on my own account;* pray now where is the great oddity of that; or the wretch that would not be happy? Now for news! Of Suffolk it must be, for I know no other. Newmarket was charming, all the charming men were there. Dr Mr Meynell lost sums of money on a horse of my brother's, beat by the little mare Hermione of Mr Calvert; its name was Goodwood, & got by Brilliant; but I hear he has made up all his losses again at cards at Euston, where the Duke & all the Newmarket folks are; he, *a fat wretch*, has won everything on earth; poor dear Mr Greville has lost, Sir John Moore has lost near £5,000 between quinze & horses. Ld Orford has taken to hawking larks; it's pretty if 'twas not so cruel, for the hawks are *little little* things & very tame.

Poor Lord Rockingham[1] was there, & has cut a

[1] Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham, succeeded to the title in 1750. He was First Lord of the Treasury in 1765–66,

tendant in cutting a corn on his toe, & the pain was so violent that he went to town, & a famous corn cutter & surgeon attended him, but they contrived to hurt the tendant again, which threw him into convulsions & a fever of which he has been very near dying; but I hope he is now out of danger, poor soul, for he is rather better.

Mrs Greville is in ye country; *he* is not sure of coming to town as he has lost his money, but I hope 'twill tempt them to go abroad.

I must just tell you one thing that will divert you. Lord Villiers,[1] that little toad, pretends to be seriously in love with me; he is a very good actor, for his *likeness* never made better love, or rather *looked* it better (for I insisted on his not speaking whether in joke or earnest) than he does; he is so like him when he makes *les yeux doux*, & sighs, etc. etc.: it's quite ridiculous, you would be in love with his looks I assure you. Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

SARAH BUNBURY.

Private theatricals frequently took place at Holland House. Horace Walpole writes: "I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland House, acted by children, —not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It

and again for a few months in 1782, in which year he died of influenza, and the title became extinct. "A man of plain and sound understanding, unquestionable probity, great benevolence, the most liberal munificence and patriotic intentions, educated in the prejudices as well as the principles of the Whig party."—Bisset's "George III."

[1] George Bussey, only surviving son of William, third Earl of Jersey, was born in 1735; married, in 1770, Frances, only daughter and heiress of the Right Rev. Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe. He succeeded his father in 1769, and filled the offices of a Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Buckhounds; he died in 1805.

was 'Jane Shore.' Mr Price (Lord Barrington's nephew) was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians; Charles Fox, Hastings; a little Nichols, Belmour; Lord Ophaly, Lord Ashbrooke, and other boys did the rest; but the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented, and Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the sham of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of 'Montfaucon.' Lady Susan was dressed from 'Jane Seymour'; and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."[1]

Mr William O'Brien, descended from an old Irish family, and very good-looking, frequently assisted at these representations, being an actor by profession; so Lady Susan had many opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with him. Her portrait was being painted during the spring of 1764 by Miss Catherine Read,[2] and Mr O'Brien occasionally attended the sittings, which fact having been reported to Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lady Susan was cross-questioned, and confessed her attachment to him. She promised to break off the intimacy, but insisted on being allowed a private farewell interview with him. The supposed leave-taking took place on the 1st or 2nd of April. On Friday the 5th, Lady Susan came of age, and on Saturday the 6th, she walked out early in the morning, saying she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah Bunbury before going to Miss Read for a sitting. When in the street she pretended to have forgotten the particular cap she was being painted in, and

[1] Horace Walpole's "Letters".—To George Montague, January 22, 1761.

[2] See portrait opposite.

Miss C. Read, pinx. Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc.

Lady Susan O'Brien.

desired the footman who was attending her to go back and get it, and bring it to Miss Read's. Mr O'Brien was near at hand awaiting her, and they drove in a hackney coach to Covent Garden Church, where they were married, and then went to Mr O'Brien's villa at Dunstable, from whence she informed her parents of the step she had taken!

The consternation and indignation of the whole family was beyond belief, and it was several years before Lord Ilchester forgave her, and then only at the earnest request of Lady Ilchester and Lord Holland. The latter treated Lady Susan with extreme kindness and generosity, and promised her an annuity of £400 for three years.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

April 10, 1764.

As I cannot see you, my dear, as often as I wish, I must write, for tho seing you puts me in spirits, they now quite sink to think I cannot go to you the moment you want me, indeed I love you more than I thought I was capable of loving anybody; how melancholy I shall be without you, my love, I miss you everywhere, & when I think of you, & think you in distress, it quite distracts me.

I, that have thought so much about you, can forsee some prospect of content, if not of perfect happiness, then sure you must see more than even me, or you would not have taken such a step.

I cannot sit down contented & think you must suffer for your fault; I don't know what reason & prudence might make me think, but affection & love for you pleads most in my heart, & I must hear you are as well & content as it is as possible to be in your case. That you will have melancholy thoughts at times, I do not doubt, I should not love you if you had not; but sure that love that pleaded

so strong against your duty may make you happy now, it must, my dear Ly Susan, & I am sure it will, at least I judge by myself; I think Mr Bunbury's love & attention would make me happy whatever happen'd to me. It won't prevent my feeling miserable at times as I now experience, but yet I think from what I feel myself you may expect great happiness; don't, my dear, give way to your low spirits, not only yours but your husband's happiness depends so much on that, that you must get the better of yourself, & if you are enclin'd to be chearfull never think it wrong in your situation, for as I told you, your whole business is to please him. As to your distress in changing house, be above the fear of that trouble; it only appears bad to you because you're melancholy, don't make a misfortune of what is really none; let things take their chance, if you can't succeed in what you undertake, give it up, you will learn in time; & there is no such misfortune if you don't know what to do, Mr O'Brien will take all the trouble off your hands; he has nothing to vex him, & must exert himself to bring you by degrees to a situation of life that in my opinion is only different in idea from what you leave. I know I seem to talk nonsense, but I stand to my text; when my spirits are good all situations are equal to me with a person I love, & the more I have to employ my attention & time, the better my spirits are; besides you are not nice & you have sense enough to find amusement in anything, at least you *could*, & it's very hard if it should fail you now. I wish your temper may be like mine in regard to money, for believe me, were I to hear this moment I was to live on £200 a year, it would not give me a

moment's uneasiness but with regard to its vexing Mr Bunbury, & my vanity (which is a fault in itself) would help me then, by making me shew the world I could be happy in any life and bear inconvenience with a man I love. I am certain half my faults arise from being too much at my ease, I must be in pursuit of something, & so must you, I know. It is equal to me what it is; I had rather it was something in which I might oblige Mr Bunbury, but when that is not the case 'tis ten to one I shall do wrong. You never can want occasions of pleasing Mr O'Brien, for you must learn something & forget others. I believe it won't be much trouble to you, & I am sure it will be great merit. Can you, my love, think that I would give you up, or that Mr B. loves me so little as not to feel the distress you are in, indeed you mistake us both; I cannot see you yet, for I think your poor father & mother want me more than you can, & I really am so miserable I don't know what I say or do; all I know is that I cannot do anything that will add to their misery now, so you won't for sometime hear from one that must always love you however wrong you are.—Adieu.

P.S.—They do not suspect I ever knew a word of it, but I told them you had told me all, since they had discover'd it, for that it was impossible to pass your tooth ache on me; I can keep to this very easily, & I will never own the rest if I am not asked possitively about it, for it will do no good to anybody & a great deal of harm to me in their opinnion, tho' I hope you will own I try'd to prevent what I hope in God will turn out better than is likely (in all human probability) this unfortunate step will.

I have wrote a great deal & have not said half I had to say, but it is like our conversations which never cease; don't shew this to Charles, or Mr O'B., nor anybody, I think because I don't love to have my letters read by anybody, but those they are wrote to. I ought not to except your husband, but he don't know me enough yet, nor is he partial enough to read my letters, for they require a partial friend. I am sure you are one, my love, that I can trust with my faults. I am so delighted to hear you are better; God bless you, my dear soul, think that I love the more the more you want my love; Adieu, my sweet dear.

Yours very sincerely & affectionately,

S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Sunday morning, April 29, 1764.

I send you, my dear Ly Susan, a letter from Mrs Digby, I would have sent before, but that I understood Ly Halkerton had given you the contents; she is very good, & I love her for loving you.

Lord Tavistock[1] came to-day; he was at Calais with the Hollands,[2] & the wind being fair they sailed for Kingsgate, where he suposes they arrived last night; he says they propose staying the rest of the week there, but I hardly think my Sis. will stay more than 2 days.

Charles went to Calais to them, he was tired of waiting for them at Dover. I hope you'll like the baskets. I hope you did not tell Ly Halkerton I

[1] Francis, Lord Tavistock, son of John, fourth Duke of Bedford; he died in 1767 from a fall from his horse.

[2] Henry Fox was, on April 16, 1763, created Baron Holland, of Foxley, co. Wilts.

was with you, for I have a notion that she *harmlessly* tells Mrs Digby of things there is no occasion for; I may be mistaken tho'.[1]

Lord Tavistock says Ld Holland was pretty well, & that Ste. was very miserable, poor soul, I love him for his good heart. Adieu, my dearest Susan.

Yours very sincerely,
SARAH BUNBURY.

P.S.—Mr Bunbury sends his love to you. I was at Court. P. W.[2] did not enquire after you, but he looked very dismal.

Several schemes were on foot at this time to obtain a lucrative employment for Mr O'Brien abroad. The position of Consul at one of the seaports on the north coast of Africa was thought of; then a post in the East Indies was suggested; but it was finally decided that a grant of lands on the Hudson River in North America should be obtained for him.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, June 11, 1764.

I got a letter from Lord Holland about my writing to Mr Sullivan for Mr O'Brien, by which I find the scheme is quite alter'd. I don't yet understand enough to be glad or sorry about it, but I hope you like it better than the other, & I shall be content, for that I must part with my dearest Ly Sue is most certain, I fear anyway: but as long as it is for your advantage I will not grumble. I need not tell you how very readily I have wrote to my friend, since it was for you, as

[1] You know what she means! About your *mother*.—Original note.
[2] Prince William, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.

I hope you do not doubt one moment of the sincere love & affection I have for you, my dearest little Sue. You have no notion how glad I am to be concerned in this, if it turns out as you wish it, tho' my part is a trifle, yet it is a pleasure to be of use to you. I am sure you will be sorry for our loss, both for his own sake & for ours, as you know how much we regret poor Sir W.,[1] who died this morning; we left Milden Hall & came here immediately. Miss B. is much better than I expected her to be, & Mr B. much worse, for I did not think his spirits were so weak & low. We go to London next week for a few days, & I certainly shall see you. God bless you.

Your very sincere & affectionate friend,

SARAH BUNBURY.

In the autumn of 1764, Mr and Lady Susan O'Brien sailed for America, as it was thought that there would be more likelihood there than in England of Mr O'Brien finding some employment which would assist their very limited income. This, however, did not prove to be the case, and they returned from America in 1770.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, September 26, 1764.

MY DEAREST LY SUE,—I wrote to you at Falmouth to thank you for your very kind letter, which gave me more pleasure than I can express, but I don't believe you got my letter; however I don't grudge that or any other trouble, when their is a chance of its giving you pleasure.

[1] Sir William Bunbury. He married Eleanor, daughter and co-heir of Vere Graham, Esq., of Wix Abbey, Essex; died in 1764, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas Charles Bunbury, husband of Lady Sarah. Milden Hall, Suffolk, belonged to the Bunburys.

Mr Bunbury says you need not thank him for sparing me, as he would do anything to oblige you, for, believe me, he loves you very sincerely. I could not help telling him you were hurt at his behaviour to Mr O'Brien, & that I thought he might have obliged you without my doing anything contrary to Ld Holland's oppinion (which I know is a law for him). He had no very good excuse to make for himself, but his being so excessively vex'd & unhappy at having *hurt* you, was in my oppinion a much better excuse than any, as it shew'd the goodness of his heart & that he cannot bear to think he has mortified you or offended you in anything, but particularly in so delicate a point. To say the truth, I believe I was the innocent cause of it, for my great eagerness (now that I had got leave to see you) to bring about seeing Mr O'Brien too, made my sister & Mr B. more violent than they would naturally be about it, and you know that a fit of contradiction makes both sides exagerate, which was the case with us: but tho' Mr B. was more obstinate about this than ever I saw him, the moment his heart was moved by thinking he had vexed you he relented, & owns that he did what he now thinks very unkind, & there is nothing he would not do to make it up to you now. He desires me to tell this, & to tell both Mr O'Brien & you that he very sincerely asks your pardon. Do, my sweet Ly Sue, forgive him & love him for my sake, for indeed he deserves your love, & I should be miserable if you disliked him. I am sure I have set you the example, for as I know you will make Mr O'Brien rather partial to me, & that his fondness for you & yours for him is so great, that altogether I look upon him as my friend just as much

as you; & of course I make myself his champion upon every occasion & defend him, not only about his match, but his manner, his prudence, &c., in short, everything I think & everything I *do not* think, for I have no notion of allowing my friend has *any* faults to those that don't love them full as well as I do.

That devil Mr Coates[1] has not finished your picture yet. I sent the papers to Gig.[2] I want to know if I am to do anything about your tambour? I have heard nothing of your stuffs yet.

Mr Touchet writes me word you did not see your mother, but I have heard from nobody since I saw you, & I can't write to her about it I think, tho' I long to know if she sent to you at least.

Pray have you any objection to my calling you Netty, for it's a sweet pretty name, & it's more natural to my tongue than Susan; tho' I have called you so, so long, I always hated it; I shall take the liberty before I have your answer. Netty then, only think how happy I shall be at Newmarket next week if Mr B.'s Hermione wins her match. The Duke of Grafton's Antinous runs two matches, so I shall like this meeting better than any. Do you like to have any account of Newt? I should think not, but pray tell me if you do.

The Dss of Grafton[3] I hear does not come to Euston, I wonder if they are to be parted? I had a letter from Mrs Greville[4] from Spa. She says

[1] F. Cotes (1725–1770) painted Mr and Lady Susan O'Brien in pastel —two oval pictures now at Melbury. See opposite, and facing p. 148.

[2] Gig, Mr Touchet.—S. O'Brien. Lord Holland's man of business.

[3] Anne Liddell, daughter of Henry, Lord Ravensworth; she married, in 1756, Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, by whom she had two sons, George Henry, fourth Duke, born in 1760, and Charles, born in 1764. She divorced the Duke in 1769, and married John, second Earl of Upper Ossory, by whom she had two daughters. She died in 1804.

[4] Frances, daughter of James Macartney, Esq., married Fulke

Lady Susan O'Brien.

Ste. & Miss Greville[1] go on just as she wishes, nothing particular, but yet seem to like one another very well; she seems to dread her taking an aversion to him, which I think as well as her Miss G. will certainly do the moment she finds out he is a lover, which notwithstanding Ste.'s violent love she does not yet suspect. I own I don't think Ste. will remain in the same mind long, & I hope he won't, for I don't like it, but must not say so. Mrs G. says the Duke of Devonshire is in a very bad way; she says, "The Ball-room is absolutely a Mascarade: some are in large hats, which Ly Mary Coke[2] has taught them to turn up behind telling them 'tis the fashion with us; others are curled up to the top of their heads, & we had a little Princess Sapirka from Poland that wore a Turkish habbit & her head French, & if you could but hear the noise & clatter we all make with our different languages, you might, I should think, have a pretty good idea of the building of Babel. Ly Mary Coke I have not seen here; she was *necessitated* to make a visit to the Margrave of Barried[3] & the Pss of Brunswick. Pray don't laugh at me if you can

Greville, Esq., of Wilbury, Wilts. He was envoy extraordinary to the Elector of Bavaria in 1776.

[1] Frances Anne, only daughter of Fulke Greville, Esq., married, in 1776, John Crewe, Esq., of Crewe Hall, Cheshire, who in 1806 was created Baron Crewe. She was one of the celebrated beauties of the day, and died in 1818.

[2] Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, born in 1726; she married, in 1747, Edward, Viscount Coke, only son of the Earl of Leicester, but they separated at the end of two years. Lord Coke died in 1753, and Lady Mary never remarried. She died in 1811, aged eighty-five, and was buried in the Argyll vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. She took a leading part in London society all through her long life, and four most interesting volumes of her journals have recently been privately published.

[3] Probably Frederick Christian, Margrave of Bayreuth, who succeeded his nephew in 1763, and died in 1769.

help it (that is to say) when I come back, for I have got the Irish brogue on one half of my tongue, & the French brogue on the other."

Lord Holland went to Goodwood by sea, but came to London from thence, & so on to your father by land: the sea was too rough. (Mr Touchet tells me you did not sail till the windy weather ceased: I rejoice at this sweet weather for your sake.) The Dss is very weak, & inclined to be nervous I hear. Ly George is with child again, & settled at Stoke. I have begun my gown, it's vastly pretty & I love it vastly, the stripes go on like lightening, but the flowers are a little tedious. I gave Ly Emily[1] the print, she is delighted with it, & has wrote under it, "The prettiest creature in the world." Poor Ly Car. has been very ill

Miss B. sends her love to you. Pray give my compts to *your Netty*,[2] & tell him I shall keep his sweet little book for his sake, that whenever I look at it, I shall think of the time we passed together, when he seemed to *adore* you, & whenever I think of that I shall love him, not forgetting how pretty he looked when he gave it to me.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, October 11, 1764.

I am in the utmost impatience & anxiety to hear of my dear Netty's arrival; next month I do hope will bring me news of you, my dear soul, for believe me I do love you beyond what I can express. The weather has been pretty good, & Mr Touchet assures me you have had a good voyage; he is a dear man,

[1] Lady Emily and Lady Caroline Hervey, daughters of John, first Earl of Bristol.

[2] Mr O'Brien.

for he tells me everything about you. I hear Hurry Scurry is gone; how I long for a letter from you, my love. Mr Hunt, who is gone to the Islands, proposes going to New York in the winter, & I have charged him to write me an account of you. I long to know how Mr O'Brien & his flax go on; has he got the instruments that work it yet? I hope he won't grow tired of it. Mr & Miss B. send their compts to you both, I beg mine to Mr O'Brien; pray has he seen the verses to him in the *News?* My gown is beautiful, I love it most excessively, & find that the French gold works so well, that it is the pleasantest work I ever did, & very quick. Lord Holland & my sister are still at Kingsgate, & they never write now I think, so I know nothing of them. . . .

I shall not write you quite so comfortable a letter now, as I otherwise should if I was not so much hurried, but I wrote you a very long letter by a ship that may only reach you when you get this, so that it won't make any difference to you I hope; but you know for a fortnight in the fair time I have not much time to myself. Miss Turton & Miss Metcalfe are with me, so I go every night to Bury. The race at Euston was the prettiest thing I ever saw; I doated upon it, for I rid on my beautiful Weazle, who was gentle enough to let me gallop backwards & forwards, so I saw the whole course. The Dss of Grafton don't come to Euston, & 'tis said by pretty good authority that they are parted. Mr Bunbury is quite a determined horse-racer, & I must own it is nice to have all the pretty horses here. The Duke of Cumberland has had St Anthony's fire in his leg at Newmarket, & the pain for once got the better of him, & made him

keep his bed, but he is now quite well again. Pray when you write to me begin, "I received yours of the — of such a month;" for when the letters are so long going, 'tis very comfortable to know the dates to prevent mistakes. Pray don't forget to date your letters, & I will gain that point with myself in regard to you, for it would be horrid if I did not. Adieu, my love.

Yours very sincerely,

S. B.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, November 4, 1764.

I am sorry, my dear Ly Susan, to tell you that you will hear some way or another that Lord Holland is very much displeased at your accounts, which he tells me is more than double what he proposed to your father; he also says that the articles are the thing that makes him so angry. To make your father pay for swords, guns, &c. for Mr O'Brien (as necessaries) he says is shameful, but chiefly to make him pay for *his* picture[1] is what he cannot forgive. I have very little to answer to all this, & must own it was the height of imprudence, & as for the picture I could hardly believe it. I blame you more to yourself than I do to others, I assure you, & I have & will do every thing I can to soften them in your favor, believe me. I thought it right to tell you this that you may act as you think proper; indeed I think you should take some notice of your being more extravagant than you intended, but in what manner I can't tell. Do you

[1] Painted and paid for two or three years before.—S. O'Brien. See portrait opposite.

Lord Holland had persuaded Lord Ilchester to provide Mr and Lady Susan O'Brien with any necessary articles for their life in America.

W. O'Brien Esqre.

know your accounts? If you don't, I must tell you they ammount to £2,080. 14. 5, the journey included; I am sure you did not think it possible. Mr Touchet, in the article of Chippendale which is £247, says he agreed only for £170. There are many things to agravate this bill, in short, you must, my dear, determine to be careful, & *be so.* I have said enough on this odious subject, I wish there was no such thing as money, & then my sweet Netty would not be blamed. Don't let Mr O'Brien fire up at what I have said, for he must consider that his very *name* is odious to your poor father, & therefore all these articles won't help your reconciliation. Since I began this I have heard more from my sister, & I am quite frightened at the postscript of her last letter, "Since this is the last letter in which I shall mention Ly Susan, I must add that, as she has an uncommon understanding, their case may not be quite hopeless when she finds 'tis her only resource to stay sometime & do the best for themselves there; she may perhaps conduct herself with more prudence at least." For God sake, my dear dear soul, don't give room for their anger any more; indeed it's of too much consequence. My sister H., who knows Ld Holland, desires me not to venture to talk so much of you & in your favor to him, as I did to her, for that I should do more mischief than good at present. I believe her, & therefore have wrote him word that to know you blamed & not plead for you was impossible, & that if I could not do that, I could not write at all. I flatter myself that *time* will cool him, the worse he is now the more I hope it, & then I am certain we shall easily work on his good-nature to forgive you, & if once he does, you know him too well to doubt

of his immense goodness; when you compare him to any other uncle upon earth, you'll find the ballance so much in his favor, as even to admire him & love him, tho' he is angry with you. . . . By the by, think of your sweet aimable mother! She spent a day at H. H. from Ditton, and told my sister that the 2nd thousand pound she would pay herself, rather than give Ld Ilchester any uneasiness about it; upon my word she is such an angel as never was, I do believe. She has wrote me the kindest letter about you that can be immagined. I can write of nothing but these vile accounts now, for I hear of nothing else; perhaps nobody will name them to you, and then you'll think I make it worse than 'tis, but indeed I wish I did. . . .

My compliments to Mr O'Brien; I know *he* will be (if you are not) angry at me for speaking so freely to you, but notwithstanding I must tell him too that his great life and spirits will contribute much less to both yours & his happiness than an absolute easy conscience without one bitter reflextion; you have experienced the truth of it I fear. . . .

Your most sincere and devoted friend,

SARAH BUNBURY.

Mr B. & Miss B. both send their love to you.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, December 16, 1764.

I thank God I have heard at last from you, my dear dear Netty, & the pleasure your letters have given me is not to be express'd. . . .

I am monstrous sorry you have found N. York so bad, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,

for the worse the town & the vulgarer the folks the less occasion you have for expense, & what is nothing to you will make you live "*en Reine*" there, so don't introduce anything finer than you need, for you may yourself set the fashion, & 'tis your fault if 'tis an extravagant one. As for your pretty things (which I wish to God you never had), since you have them, use them, but never think of getting more. The epargne is by your account the properest of all things, & you shall have it as soon as it can be made after I am in London, but you cannot well get it till March. I approve of anything that has the excuse of ecconnomy you see. . . .

I have wrote one sheet some days ago, & must now tell you all I can to divert you, which is but little I fear. Ld Carlisle[1] has been here from Cambridge; he is grown very tall, & is really the most agreable young man I ever saw. I mean as to his manners, for I am not enough aquainted with him to judge of his sense, but he has the most remarkable attention & polliteness to women I ever saw in *anybody*, & that at his age is very pleasing, for I can't help looking upon him as a school boy for the life of me, tho' he is such a great creature. I have been at Ld Orford's for a week, & the pictures there are beyond what I can give you an idea of; in short, I was charmed with *them*, the *house*, the *coursing*, & the *master*, for you know what a favourite he is with us both; he comes here this week. The Duke & the Dss of Grafton are absolutely parted; he allows her £3,000 a year.

[1] Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, born in 1748; he married, in 1770, Margaret Caroline, daughter of first Marquis of Stafford, and died in 1825. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1780 to 1782.

She has the girl & the youngest boy with her, & *they* say that the *reason* of *their parting is only that their tempers don't suit.* All this looks as if they would soon be friends again. The Dss has taken our house in Gt street for 3 years. There is a report that the Duke of Gordon[1] has been ill this summer, & his family have some of them been mad, so that it's strongly reported of him.

The Princess of Brunswick[2] is brought to bed of a bratt, & they say she has not been taken care of, & that the Prince is not good to her; but I don't believe a word of it, do you? The Duke of York[3] has £3,000 a year added to his income, which makes £15,000 a year, he is in great spirits, & has begun giving balls; the Duke of Gloucester is following his steps, & has supped at Ly Harrington's,[4] & trots about like anything. The D. of York's house is furnished with the furniture of Hampton Court. I send you some verses *said* to be the Queen's upon the King, it seems impossible that she should write them so soon, but I fancy she wrote in French. Whitehead or somebody translated them; whoever did, they are bad enough, except "——" lines I think. Miss B. has been at Kimbolton, the D. of Manchester's; the D. of York was just gone when she went, & numbers of people, Ld & Ly Charles Spencer,[5] & the

[1] Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon; born in 1743, died in 1827.

[2] Princess Augusta, sister of George III., married in January, 1764, to Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick.

[3] Edward Augustus, second son of Frederick, Prince of Wales; born in 1739, and died unmarried in 1767.

[4] Caroline, daughter of Charles, Duke of Grafton; she married William, second Earl of Harrington, in 1746, and died in 1784.

[5] Second son of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, born in 1740. He married, in 1762, Mary, daughter of Lord Vere and sister of Aubrey, Duke of St. Albans. Lord Charles died in 1820; his wife in 1812.

Beauclercs;[1] Ly Charles & Ly Catharine hunted in the morning, & danced at night for a week; should you have suspected the latter? Lady Emily Hervey[2] has been here a week, & she is really charming, I never was better diverted than with her in my life. I hear the Opera is in high fashion, & Manzoli is vastly liked; the woman is a good singer, & I am told is excessively like me. Sr Charles Coote[3] is come to England, & is finer than ever; he was desired by the Queen to dance a minuet at Court, because she heard he danced so well, so he set off, & twisted & twirled about most prodigiously. 'Tis strongly reported that Sir Francis Delaval[4] is to be married to Ly Downing, I hope it's true, for I don't wish him ill tho' I own I can't help feeling *ma bille* rise at the thoughts of him; I forgive him *as a Christian*, but I own I hate the sight of him. I forgot if I ever told you that Miss Bunbury[5] is to be married to Mr Soame; he is an exceeding good sort of man, & you know, I believe, the story of his going to Gibralter as a common soldier 2 year ago. His love for her is as viollent as ever, & she seems determined to marry him; she will I hope & believe be very happy. She will live at Milden that Mr B. lends them. I have been in town 4 days; on Friday, I was at Ld Northumberland's which was as usual *a mob;* on Saturday, at the Opera, which is in great fashion; I had a vile

[1] Aubrey Beauclerk, brother of Lady C. Spencer, afterwards fifth Duke of St. Albans, married, in 1763, Lady Catherine Ponsonby, daughter of William, third Earl of Bessborough.

[2] Daughter of John, first Earl of Bristol.

[3] Sir Charles Coote, created Earl of Bellamont in 1767. He died in 1800, when the title became extinct.

[4] Sir Francis Blake Delaval, K.G., died in 1771.

[5] Miss Bunbury, sister of Sir Charles Bunbury.

place & nobody to speak to, so I attended to the Opera, & I assure you *without affectation* that I was vastly amused, & like the man vastly; so I did the woman, but she is not fashionable, which mortifies me, for she is really very like me, only that she squints a little. Sunday, I was at Court, the King is sick & did not appear, the Queen dresses absolutely better than *anybody*, & looks very well; she speaks English perfectly well, & is civiler than you can conceive. The D. of York is improved in his manners, & I fear in his familiarity, for after the Opera I ask'd Charles Fox to sup with me as Sr Charles suped out, & Mrs G. Pitt was by & said she would come too, & only think of the Duke of York that wanted to come too, but I marched off at the first hint he gave, & so escaped it. The D. of Gloucester is desperately in love with Ly Dr Waldegrave,[1] it's a falling off I think from your little cunning face to her insensibility; it does not show his sense, but what's more extraordinary is that she *appears* to be in love with him. I don't think it possible to be so really, & he is not of consequence or rich enough to make it worth her while to feign it I should think. Since I am upon the subject of scandle I'll tell it all at once; Ly B——ke & Ld G——r go on as usual; the Dss of Grafton, who is quiet in retirement, is supposed to affect it, & they won't allow her any merit for it: that's all the scandle I know of. Ly Tavistock is breeding & is very sick, & there is a sad fuss kept with it; the D. of B. ordered Russel Street to be new paved because it was dangerous for her. I

[1] Mary, illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole; she married, in 1759, James, second Earl Waldegrave, who died in 1763. She married Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, in 1766.

saw the Dss. of Marlboro[1] this morning; she has recovered her looks very much since her lying in of Lady Elizabeth (she is called). Miss W. is as pert as ever. Ld Shelburne[2] is going to be married immediately to Ly Sophia Carteret; it has been about this 12 months, but is only now declared: it's a very proper match I think, don't you? I saw dear Tatty to-day, & he seems very well satisfied with the way you are in, & says you must, if you please, succeed; I don't understand it, but hope it's true with all my *heart*. Do behave well, my dear Netty, it is the surest way to move such good hearts as those of the people you depend upon. Charles is in town, & is violently in love with the Duchess of Hamilton;[3] think of his riding out to see her. You know how he hates it; he is all humbleness & respect & never leaves her. I am vastly glad to see him improve so much, he is now quite manly, & is very much liked, I think, in the world; he is a sweet boy, & I hope will continue as aimable as he is. My sister is very fond of him, & I forsee with the greatest sorrow an occasion where he may be the greatest comfort to her. I fear poor dear Ld Holland is breaking very fast; he has such a weakness in his knees that he

[1] Caroline, only daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford; she married, in 1762, George, third Duke of Marlborough, and died in 1811.

[2] William, second Lord Shelburne, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne; born in 1737; married, first, in 1765, Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of John, Earl Granville; secondly, in 1779, Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, Earl of Upper Ossory. He died in 1805.

[3] Elizabeth Gunning, second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., married, in 1752, James, sixth Duke of Hamilton. She married, secondly, John, fifth Duke of Argyll, in 1759, and was in 1776 created a peeress of Great Britain, as Baroness Hamilton, of Hambledon, co. Leicester. She died in 1793. She and her sister Lady Coventry were famous for their great beauty.

can hardly walk, but his spirits are good & he looks pretty well, thank God; for the idea of his death is what I cannot use myself to in the least. All the melancholy things that will attend it are so horrible, I dare not think of it; God Almighty grant that he may have a better life than I *expect*. My poor sister Kildare is losing one more of her little girls, I fear; she is ready to lie in too. Charles is much better tho', which is a great comfort to her. Mrs Fitz-Roy tells me she has heard of you from the Delaneys, & that you are vastly liked; I am very glad to hear it, for tho' I thought you would, it is always a pleasure to hear of one's friends being liked; besides, a good name is always of great consequence in the world, & goes much further than I believe it is generally imagined to do, & even at this distance it will be of great use to you both. I beg my compts to Mr O'Brien; I desire to know if he is still so partial to me as he was; as he loves you (which will surely be for ever), he must like me a little for the truly sincere love I have for my dearest Netty. If I find more news to tell you, I will add it, if not, I here desire you to believe me unalterably

Yours,
S. B.

January 23, 1765.

I received yours, my dear Netty, of the 13 of Dec., which gave me great pleasure to see how sincerely you love & are loved by Mr O'Brien, as I am satisfied that as long as that continues you cannot be unhappy. I read part of your letter to Ld Holland & my sister; they seemed much pleased with your letter, only that Ld Holland said he did

not approve of your saying you were expected to live in a greater style there than here, for says he, "Every body knows their situation, & they may very easily desire to be excused for living more retired than anybody does, as everybody that sees them extravagant must blame them." . . .

I send you your mother's answer to my letter, as I think it kind & sensible beyond what I can express or conceive; indeed she is charming. Poor Ly Digby[1] is dead; she came to town a fortnight ago with child, & was so tired with her journey & so feverish, she went to bed but got no sleep; her fever went off, but she was so nervous that she had fits of convulsions so strong & so frequent that she died in a fortnight. I hear poor Ld Digby is more melancholy than you can conceive; he is at his mother's, & very wretched indeed. It is quite shocking to have the comfort of a whole family so suddenly lost, for they seem all vastly miserable.

Feb. 7, 1765.

I saw Captain Small last week, my dearest Netty, & asked him as many questions about you as possible; he gave me your letter. It's ridiculous in you & I giving one another the same advice tho' upon different subjects; however, I think it proves very plainly how much we both want it, & that it's only one's own partiallity to oneself that prevents our saying the very thing to ourselves, not but that, believe me, I have thought it, & am as much displeased at my giddiness as anybody can be; but I flatter myself that with a little attention,

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Charles Fielding, son of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh. She married Henry, seventh Lord Digby, afterwards first Earl Digby, in 1763, and died in 1765, as did also her infant son.

I shall have no reason to be angry with myself on this same subject, for I have *thought* very seriously lately, & I don't see why I should behave like a *silly vain fool* when I am not one. You see I commend myself, but really I may say so much, when at the same time I own that my sense is of no use to me; I am ashamed to own it, & I think it so wrong that I do firmly intend to be more exact in my behaviour.

Lord Newbattle is come to England with Louise,[1] which puts me in the way of seing him a good deal. He is very much improved & grown *wiser;* I think we avoid one another a good deal, but he told me he hoped I did not take it as a sign of being at all angry with me, for that it was only to avoid any reports there might be made of our talking together. I told him it was the very same case with me; we thereupon shook hands & promised always to take one another's part if we were abused upon any subject, but to have little or no conversation together; all that we have had has been about you both, & he desires his compliments. My sister H. told Louisa[2] that she had observed me & Ld N., & that it was impossible to behave better than I did, so do you see I am very pert upon this good behaviour of mine, & it's so pleasant to feel one does right that I never intend to feel otherwise again.

I have seen Mrs Digby, who desired me to advise you about spending money. I told her, what's very true, that, "I had hack'd out my advice so much to you that it's worn out." What she said was all so right & sensible that I want her to write it to you,

[1] Lady George Lennox, his sister.
[2] Lady Louisa Conolly.

for I cannot say it half so well as she did; but the chief purport of it was, that you seem'd to set out in a manner of living much beyond what you ought to do, & that it is the certain way to ruin you; for if you will consider that after 3 years Ld Holland's agreement is out, & that if you make him angry (which I fear is already done) you must be absolutely ruin'd, you will, I do think, give up the pleasures of a few years to make an independant fortune, & be well with your friends; for if you will consider that 'tis only what millions of people do here for to raise themselves in the world, you will think it worth your while to set about saving money in good earnest.[1]

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, April 7, 1765.

I am excessively pleased with your last letter, my dear Netty, for it has the appearance of making the best of a very bad case, & on Mr O'Brien's side their is an humility & resolution, that is just what one would wish him to have, for as it was not against advice & promises that he married, one cannot expect from him what must be expected from you, but it's what was to be wished; for if he loved you, it was natural he should put himself in your situation. Tho' he had not deserved it, all this commendation of him is at your expense; indeed, my love, you do deserve to be scolded. I know you will say that when one is at New York one can't be so reasonable as if in London at one's ease, that's very true; but when one gives up all the world

[1] "Ravings! To save money and make an independant fortune out of £200 a year."—S. O'Brien.

to give way to a violent passion, one's old passions, fancys, & temper are all given up to that one, & one is totally lost to everything else. Every trifling kindness, every notice that is taken then should seem a favor, & gratitude, the only method you have in your power of shewing your good intentions, should be your first object now. I do not mean that you are ungrateful, for I own you are not, but yet you grumble at everything you can, & the great fault you have & that which Lord Holland is more angry at, is that you will not use the uncommon understanding you have for your advantage, nor think that 'tis your own business to make your fortune, & to set about it in good earnest: all that he then does for you will be an advantage, whereas now 'tis only an occasion for you to murmur that he does not do more. That's the fault he finds with you. I entreat of you also not to ask any place at N. York, if you won't stay there; for it's very certain that if Lord Holland can with great expense get Mr O'Brien one, it will be impossible to keep it if he don't stay there, as it's a thing that everybody who has places do. I believe I mentioned this before, but I cannot help repeating it, as it struck me very much to see in your letter to Lord Holland (or Mr Touchet), that you begged so much for a place, & in those, as well as all your letters, you say how much you detest the place of New Y. I then said to Lord Holland, "If they get a place may they come back?" "No, surely," says he, "I don't supose they mean it by asking a place; that would be a favor so unreasonable to ask that I should not ask it for my own son."

Newmarket, the 12th.

Louisa & I came here yesterday, my dear Netty; there has been very good sport, we go to town to-day, & to Paris Monday sennight. I intend to write you a very long letter from Paris to divert you, but at present I am so hurry'd, & have nothing but Newmarket news to tell you, so adieu.

Yours most sincerely & affectionately,

S. B.

My best compliments to Mr O'Brien. Mr B. sends his to you both.

Lady Holland, accompanied by her two eldest sons Stephen and Charles Fox, and her two sisters Lady Louisa Conolly and Lady Sarah Bunbury, went to Paris in April, 1765. Their visit is mentioned by contemporary French authors, and Lady Sarah was much admired for her beauty and charm.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Paris, May 5, 1765.

I arrived here this day sevennight, my dear Netty, & am so taken up with everything I see, that I hardly know where I am. In the first place, the town is beautifull, & the people so genteel, that it's a real amusement to drive about the streets; I have seen no beauties yet, for there being no assemblies 'tis ten to one if I should see them before I went, if 'twas not for Marli where the Court now is, & I am to see the King play at cards (not to be presented). Louisa is here, she & I go back in a month to England; my sister I fancy stays longer. Ste. & Charles & Tatty[1] were with

[1] Clotworthy Upton, Esq. He was created Baron Templetown in 1776.

us ; we had a very pleasant journey, & I should like it vastly if my dear Charles was here too, but I own I am so impatient to get back that it takes off my pleasure. Ld and Ly Hertford[1] are very civil to me, there was never anything so beautiful as their house is, it is quite a pallace, even here where the stile of houses in general are charming in my oppinion. 'Tis true they are inconvenient & dirty, but for one's own appartments they are delightful. In the first place, they are mostly upon the ground floor, & have every one a garden (where there are horse-chestnuts for shade) ; the rooms are large, the windows immense & all down to the ground, the furniture very fine (if new), for there are comodes even in our lodgings, & looking glasses in every part of the room & very large ones. The houses are dirty & cold, but yet I own I like the stile of them infinitely.

The Opera is the most ridiculous music you can imagine ; 'tis most like to Mrs Clive, when she immitates an Italian singer, than to anything I know ; but the dances & the scenery is beyond anything I ever saw. The actors have all been quarelling, & Madelle Clairon[2] talks of going into a convent : I have, however, seen Presilli, a charming comedian I think, & the most like to Garrick of any actor I ever saw. By the bye, I met him at Calais ; he is grown to look very old & thin, & I hear is grown mighty pert with the immense rout

[1] Francis, second Baron and first Marquis of Hertford ; he married, in 1741, Isabella, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton. He was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1765, and Lord Chamberlain in 1766. He died in 1794. Lord Hertford was at this time Ambassador in Paris.

[2] A celebrated French actress. She was born in 1725, and was specially successful in tragedy.

that has been made with him here. But that's *entre nous*, for I have no notion of owning it is possible he can be spoiled to any but friends. Louisa sends her love to you, my dear Netty; my best compts to Mr O'Brien. I mean to write to you from hence towards the end of my journey; for, till I have seen all, it's very useless to write & 'tis but by slow degrees I get to see anything. Adieu.

Yours most sincerely & affectionately,

S. B.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lord Holland.

Paris, May, 1765.

My dear Lord Holland,—My sister says that I must write to you, but to tell you the truth, I don't much like it, for if I don't tell you that I am *vastly* admired you will say I am mortified, & it's very certain I cannot say it, but I assure you I bear my misfortune very well. Ste. is reading a play, & I cannot write much, but I must tell you that Ste. & I are grown very thick. Charles is as mad as a dog at it, & really takes it very ill of me. Ste. says that he would not marry either Louisa or I, for that *one* of us is always in the right, & that he can't bear that in his wife. Don't you think that must be me? We are going to the Play; I liked Madelle Du Mesnil[1] monstrously, but I can't see Madelle Clairon.

Oh! by the bye, I suppose my sister has told you how well we were received at Marli, & how we luckily saw the King and Royal Family, but she

[1] Marie Françoise Marchand Dumesnil, born in Paris in 1713, was a most brilliant French actress. She was not good-looking, but was gifted with extraordinary power of influence over her audience. She died in 1803.

has not told you the Paris story which says that he embrac'd me twice, and that one of the Seigneurs said, "*En verité c'est trop, Sire.*" "*Je ne sais si c'est trop, mais je sais que ça me plait,*" says the King. Is it not charming? Now don't go & repeat this nonsense to everybody I beg. Adieu.

Yours most affecately,

S. B.

Lady Louisa Conolly to Lord Holland.

Paris, May, 1765.

I must add a few lines to Sarah's letter, dear Lord Holland, to ask your pardon for not having wrote something in the letter you received wrote by the whole company from Calais; but I was writing to Mr Conolly at the time, which was what prevented me. I like Paris of all things, Sarah and I are delighted at the people's being so civil to us; I would not have come with anybody but my sister Holland for the world, for they do doat so much upon her that everything that belongs to her they like. I must tell you that Sally learns to dance & to be graceful from a famous dancing master here, who desired her to leave off biting her lips before that she attempted to do anything, for he said she could have no grace with that abominable trick; however I think he will spoil her, for she walks with such an air, that you would not know her to be the mean wretch that she is at other times! She & I went to St Cyr the other day, & one of the nuns told us that if we would kneel & pray to the relicts of a saint that there was there, we should have children, for that the *Dauphine* had never had any children till she had, so you may be sure that we immediately began our prayer: if we

succeed we will send the Dss of Richmond there. We shall have the pleasure of seing you very soon, as Sally & I propose setting out the second of June; I hope that you & Mr Conolly keep your resolution of meeting us at Calais.

Adieu, dr Ld Holland.

Ever most affecly yours,

L. A. Conolly.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lord Holland.

June 13, 1765.

My dear Lord Holland,—I came to town yesterday & find all the Bedfords most prodigious glumpy, particularly Ld Gower. The K. is still sulky, and I find everybody expects a change immediately.

Ld Kildare has wrote to Sr Charles, & has vex'd me very much by his strange whim that it is necessary for us not to be in any intimacy.[1] I cannot think that he will keep so unreasonable a resolution; I hope not, for it will intirely destroy my pleasure there.

I saw the Dss of B. but for a moment at Court to-day, where she came up *grinning* to me & was all graciousness; we had so little conversation that I could not ask her any questions about you, but Sr Charles says that the reason they give, is, that they know from good authority that you said something that show'd you was determined to get them out if possible: what it was I don't hear. My brother is gone out of town, the Bedfords too, for a month.[2]

[1] On account of Sir Charles's position as Secretary to Lord Weymouth, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

[2] One of the conditions on which Grenville and the Bedfords consented to remain in office after their rupture with the King in May of this year, was that Lord Holland should be dismissed from the Pay Office. He was succeeded by Charles Townshend.

The Duke of Cumberland was whispering at Ascot all the day, & did not attend to the race. The King desired to see the D. of Devonshire,[1] & I saw him today in the Drawing-room.

Adieu, my dear Ld Holland,

Yours ever sincerely,

S. B.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lord Holland.

Saturday morning, Privy Garden, June 22, 1765.

My dear Ld Holland,—Mr Pitt's having been with the King 3 hours this morning & not being come back yet, raise such a curiosity, that Sir Charles cannot leave London till all is settled one way or another, which perhaps may not be these 2 or 3 days, if the King & Mr Pitt don't agree; as Sr Charles wishes very much to go to you when I do, he will defer my journey for a few days.

It is impossible to know any news, for Miss Wriothesley who has just been here says that the King's manner to all her friends is exactly the same that it has been for this fortnight past, & as nobody can know what passed between the King & Mr Pitt either Wednesday or today, the fidget they are in is not smoke you may immagine. The Bedfords & Grenvilles are out of town, it's reported that you are sent for to town.

I have received a letter from Lady Susan in prodigious spirits & seeming very happy & content; she says that she does not wonder that you should

[1] William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, was born in 1740, and succeeded to the titles in 1764. He married, first, Georgina, daughter of John, Earl Spencer; and, secondly, Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of Frederick, fourth Earl of Bristol. He died in 1811.

hear that she was coming back, as 'tis all she can do there to persuade them that she is not going to leave them. They have a story there that the Queen has given her a pension, & sent for her back, & improbable, strange, & false as it is, she can hardly persuade them 'tis not so. She hopes we shall not credit what we hear here, as even when she is upon the spot & denies it, they will not believe her.

I am very glad to hear from Ld Bateman that your spirits are pretty well; that they may continue so is the sincere wish of yours affecly,

S. Bunbury.

I have this instant received your kind letter, &, as you see, cannot answer for Sr Charles' coming any particular day. I would come without him, but as you have company you cannot want me, & I will stay till he does. I think that next Friday all pollitics must be settled, & I fancy we shall come either that day or Saturday. You are very good to love me even for what common good nature would teach me, even without the love & gratitude I have for my dear Lord Holland. Mr Pitt after leaving the King talk'd to Ld Lincoln & Calcraft; he sent express for Ld Granby & Calcraft to Grantham yesterday.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

June the 22. Privy Garden, 1765.

I am vastly glad to find by your letter of the 26th of April, my dear Netty, that I have wrote you a long letter, for I really have so vile a memory that I do not remember that I have wrote to you time out of mind. I reproach myself with my neglect very often, but I never mend; I believe I

shall go on doing so all my life in all those things where my intollerable indollence is concerned. You cannot conceive how happy I am to see you have recovered your spirits, & that all your letters are now so reasonable, not only because I wish to have you take every thing in a propper light, but because it pleases Ld Holland & all your friends so much. I own that, for a time, I was provoked at your manner of taking everything, & by hearing all your affairs talk'd over so much I worked myself up to be quite out of humour. I am sorry to say it is but too true that the absent are always more in the wrong than they deserve, for I have experienced that since; for upon reflecting upon it, I recollect that I wrote to you in a monstrous passion once. I totaly forget what I said, but I know that I have since changed my oppinion a great deal about many things that then appeared very different to me. I trust however, my dear Netty, that you'll forgive me, for you know me too well not to expect me to be always reasonable, or rather to know that when I am angry I am more absurd than anybody, for I write & say every nonsensical thing that enters my head. But I need not make myself uneasy about it, for I feel I love you too much to make it possible you can doubt it. I am in very low spirits just now, which puts all this in my head; I will not write any more to-day, so adieu till another time.

I don't know if you have heard any pollitical news lately: they have been so very extraordinary that they tempt me even to write, which is very hard to, for nobody knows any thing for certain.

It seems that the King has disliked his Ministers[1] a great while, & upon their affronting his mother in

[1] The Grenville Administration (1763–65).

the Regency Bill, he told them he would dismiss them.[1] Instead of immediately naming their successors, they were not yet thought of, & when he offered the Ministry to such as Charles Townshend & those inferiors of Mr Pitt, they were frightened & refused it. The poor King was then forced to send to Mr Pitt; he made up his quarrels with the Duke,[2] & now Mr Pitt & the K., & the Duke & the King have long confference every day. What they will do no mortal can tell, but it's *supposed* that George G. & Mr Pitt are very well together, as Ld Temple has made it up with him, & therefore that they won't come in to turn out Mr G. & the present Administration. Upon the strength of Mr Pitt's refusing the K., the Duke of Bedford, Ld Sandwich, & G. G. have *insulted* the King. They told him that as he could get no others he must take them, but that they would not come in positively without such & such conditions, one of which was turning out Mr Mackenzie.[3] The poor

[1] In March and April of this year the King had been seriously ill with a disorder on his chest, which it was feared might turn to consumption. On his recovery, therefore, at the end of April, Parliament was requested to provide a Regency Bill. This was moved on April 29 in the House of Lords, but as the King demanded the right of secretly nominating the Regent, who was only to be declared after his death, it occasioned much discussion, especially as to who was eligible for the post. On May 3 Lord Halifax, one of the Secretaries of State, moved to insert the names of those considered to be so, but omitted that of the Princess Dowager, the King's mother. This resolution was passed. When the Bill reached the Commons, her name was reinserted after a long debate, and the whole was thus passed on its return to the Lords. This insult by the Ministry to his mother so infuriated the King, who was already much incensed at their conduct, that on the 18th he dismissed them; but as he had made no previous arrangements as to their successors, and as Pitt on being approached firmly refused to take office, he was forced to again have recourse to his former Ministers.

[2] The Duke of Cumberland.

[3] Lord Bute's brother, and at the head of the affairs in Scotland.

man has been obliged to swallow the pill, but his anger is turned into sulkiness, & he never says a word more than is necessary to them, & sees Mr Pitt & the D. constantly. I think he ought to have been viollent & steddy at first, but since he once submitted he had better not behave like a child now. Everybody must allow that they are great *fools* for behaving so to him; they will repent it, but *I think* they are very *bad*, tho' I say it between ourselves, for the Bedfords have been so good to us in making Ld Weymouth name Sir Charles his Secretary to Ireland,[1] that I really look upon myself as vastly obliged to the Duke of Bedford. I care so little about politicks, that if they had not turned out Ld Holland[2] I should love them vastly, but, as I hate ingratitude, I can't quite forgive them that, tho' I am very much with them. He cares very little about it. He has been much more affected with poor Mrs Young's[3] death; poor woman, is not it shocking? I forgot if I wrote to you from Paris, I was there six weeks, & liked it vastly. Ste. & I are grown viollent friends, Charles is vastly jealous & abuses me for it; but there is no reason, for I must always love him, he is such an

[1] When the Ministers were recalled to power, they displaced Lord Northumberland from his Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland and named Lord Weymouth in his place, with Sir Charles Bunbury as his Secretary. Lord Weymouth being a man of dissipated and extravagant tastes, his appointment was most unpopular in Ireland, and he never went over. He was succeeded by Lord Hertford in July on the final fall of the Ministry.

[2] One of the stipulations of the Ministers on returning was that Lord Holland should be removed from the Pay Office. This the King, unmindful of his promises of eternal gratitude for his services in 1762–63, at once granted; nor did he ever obtain any reparation. He was succeeded by Charles Townshend.

[3] Wife of Edward Young, successively Bishop of Dromore and of Ferns. She was probably a natural daughter of Lord Holland.

aimable good creature. He went over determined to be in love with Madelle Coislin, who is beautifull, but he fell in love with another lady, & do you know the impudent toad made love to both at a time. I told him he was too young for such scheemes & would fail in both, but he trusted to the ladies' caracters, & I believe he may succeed. We were at L'Ile D'Adam, a place of the Prince de Conty's:[1] it's very pretty & an agreable house: Madme Boufflers[2] does the honours there. He is the most agreable man that ever was, he is about 47. He is like my father's picture but handsomer; in short, he is delightful. Louisa & I both doat upon him, for their is no sort of attention that he did not shew us, & indeed he is the same to all his company. If we don't go to Ireland, Sir Charles promises that I shall go to see him again; he goes with me to Paris the end of this year.

There are very few handsome women at Paris: the Dss de la Valliere,[3] who is 52, is the handsomest woman I saw, but indeed she is extraordinary. Her face is now as beautiful as an angel, & really looks only 25; her person is bad, but she hides that with

[1] Louis François, Prince de Conti, born in 1717. He served with distinction in the wars in Bavaria in 1744 and 1745.

[2] Marie Charlotte, Countess de Boufflers-Rouvrel, was a daughter of the Comte de Camper-Saugeon. She is celebrated as the intimate friend of the Prince de Conti, and as one of the acknowledged leaders of French society. Horace Walpole describes her in a letter to Gray, the poet, as follows: "She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible, too, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing, but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer."—H. Walpole's "Correspondence," vol. v. p. 127.

[3] The Duchesse de la Vallière was a daughter of the Duc d'Usez. She died in 1792, at the age of eighty, and preserved her marvellous beauty almost to the last.

a cloak. The Pss of Monaco[1] is reckoned a great beauty there, here she only would be a very pretty woman; her face is round & flat, but her countenance is meek & sweet, her complection very fine, & her figure the most perfect made of any woman in the world, I believe. She is the only lady who don't wear rouge, for all the rest daub themselves so horribly that it's shocking. Madme D'Egmont[2] is the next beauty; she has a pretty Chinese face, is very affected & fashionable, & so is made a beauty. The Pss of Chimay, who is my favourite, is not reckoned a beauty; she is quite unaffected & simple in her manner, her figure is like Ly Mary Fitz-Patrick's but taller, her head is like the Gunnings', her complection good if she did not ruin it, her eyes small & dark, & she has regular, small features. She has a noddle with her head that makes some people reckon her like me, but I don't see it in the least. She is a sweet, sensible little woman, & I have made more aquaintance with her than anybody; she is my cousin, for she is the D. of Fitz-James' daughter.[3]

Barton, July the 12, 1765.

I came from Woburn tother day with Madme Bouffler, & brought her to Newmarket & here: she is just gone. She liked Newt vastly. There was a meeting of 2 days this time of year, to see the sweetest little horse run that ever was; his name is Gimcrack, he is delightful. Ld Rockingham, the

[1] Madame de Monaco, afterwards Princesse de Condé.

[2] Daughter of the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu.

[3] Mareschal Berwick, the Duke of FitzJames' father, was a natural son of James II., while the Richmonds were in like manner descendants of Charles II.

D. of Grafton, & Genl Conway kissed hand the day Gimcrack ran. I must say I was more anxious about the horse than the Ministry,[1] which sounds odd, for Sr Charles loses £4,000 a year by the Secretary's pay, but there was such numberless reasons to object to it that I am quite comforted for it. Now the Bedfords are out I shall be quite for them, for Sr Charles has no kind of connection with the new Ministers except with my brother,[2] whom I fancy will only have a place of honour if any. I will give orders about your flower roots & things very soon. I wish you would not leave it to me to chuse what you'd have, it's the most difficult thing in the world; but if I must, the thing *I* would choose for *myself* would be a very good horse; if the expense of keeping it is not an objection, I think it a very good thing, but pray tell me your choice sincerely.

I have brought you a little French china white cup. I think it very pretty, but if you would like a coloured one better you shall have it, if they come safe thro' the Custom house, & are not all broke. I would have bought you something else, but tea things I know you have, & upon my word china is

[1] Though forced to recall Grenville and his friends to office, the King was continually negotiating through the Duke of Cumberland for a change. He again approached Pitt but unsuccessfully, as he refused to come in without Temple at the head of the Treasury; and this the latter, having been privately reconciled to Grenville, refused to take. The Duke then in despair turned to the other members of the Opposition, and at last succeeded in forming an Administration with Lord Rockingham as First Lord of the Treasury; Duke of Grafton and General Conway, Secretaries of State; Duke of Newcastle, Lord Privy Seal; Lord Winchelsea, President of the Council; Mr Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Lord Egmont, First Lord of the Admiralty.

[2] The Duke of Richmond was sent as Ambassador to Paris, where he showed great tact and firmness in several difficult negotiations that fell to his lot.

so dear, & I spent so much more than I meant before I knew what I was about, that I am absolutely ruined, & now that the *good place* is gone, it's really serious.

Adieu, my dear Netty, my best compts to Mr O'Brien. God bless you.

Believe me yours most affecately,

S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, September 15, 1765.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—Tho' you are angry with me, I cannot help writing to tell you that I have been at Melbury, & that I found all your family very well. Ld Ilchester is in his usual entertaining spirits, and Ly Ilchester is really very well. We had a vast deal of conversation about you; you are too sensible of her goodness to make it necessary to tell you of it, indeed, she has won my heart more by her behaviour to you, than by her goodness to me, which is very great & more than I deserve. Your sisters[1] did not name you, till I began, & then they enquired much after you; I told Ly Ilchester that I had done it & she approved of it.

Ld Stavordale[2] nor his brother[3] said anything, nor did I to them, but I propose to talk to Lord S.

[1] Lady Lucy Fox Strangways, born in 1748; married, in 1771, Hon. Stephen Digby; died in 1787. Lady Harriet Christian, born in 1750; married, in 1770, Colonel Acland, eldest son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart.; died in 1815. Lady Frances Muriel, married, in 1777, Sir Valentine Quin, afterwards first Earl of Dunraven; she died in 1817.

[2] Henry Thomas, eldest son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, born in 1747; he married, first, in 1772, Mary Theresa, daughter of Standish Grady, Esq., of Cappercullen, co. Limerick, who died in 1790; secondly, in 1794, Maria, daughter of Hon. William Digby, Dean of Durham, who died in 1842. He died in 1802.

[3] Hon. Stephen Fox Strangways, Colonel in the army, born in 1751, and died unmarried in 1836.

Allan Ramsay, pinx.

Lady Susan Fox Strangways.

when I get him at Barton, & to know his sentiments about you. Mr Upton, who is indefatigable about your business, told me that he had great hopes of it's succeeding before he left town, but I don't find it's done yet. I could not bear Redlinch where I staid one night only, and even at Melbury you were not free from my thoughts one moment. I do assure you, I spent much of my time in looking at your picture by Ramsay[1] that hung in the closet to the Chintz Room where I was. I cannot think that my dear Netty will long doubt my love to her; what can I do to prove it to you?

Your sweet little brother Charles[2] is the dearest little being upon earth; I really do doat upon him & like him better than any child I ever saw in my life.

How beautiful Melbury is; all the orange trees & mirtles are delightful, & the wood is the sweetest place I ever saw in my life.

I was going to Barton, but have been stoped in town by poor Ophaly,[3] who is very ill; he has got a fever, & is I very much fear in danger of a consumption. God forbid he should, for he is grown the best & most agreeable creature that ever was born; I don't mean that he was otherwise in that, but he is vastly improved in his manner. Adieu, my dear Netty.

Believe me yours ever affectly & sincerely,

S. B.

My best compts to Mr O'Brien. Sir Charles sends his love to you both.

[1] See portrait opposite.

[2] Hon. Charles Fox Strangways, born on April 27, 1761; he married, in 1787, Jane, daughter of Rev. Dr Haines, who died in 1830. He died in 1836.

[3] Lord Offaly, eldest son of James, first Marquis of Kildare, afterwards Duke of Leinster, by Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond. He died in October, 1765.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, October 10, 1765.

MY DEAREST NETTY,—You will hear by this post of the death of sweet, dear Ophaly, & you will, I do not doubt, regret him most sincerely, for 'twas impossible to know him & not to love him. His fever, which lasted 3 weeks, had prepared us all for the event, but indeed it was shocking to see him dying, as I did, for I scarce left him. I was going to Paris with Sr Charles, but I have changed my scheeme to Ireland, for which I set out to-morrow. I shall be back in six weeks, so I hope to find some letters from you, which I am very impatient for, as I long much to know that you forgive

Your ever affecate

SALLY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, January the 9, 1766.

I can conceive the pleasure my letter gave to my sweet little Netty, by what I felt myself when I got your two letters almost at the same time; sure the pleasure one feels at such a time fully makes up for anything one can suffer, & I intirely agree with Mr O'Brien that it is like lovers. Indeed I cannot enough thank you for the eagerness you shew to make it up, & I am very well content never to name it more, as it is very much for my interest that it should not be thought of more. I named it to nobody but Sr Charles, who knows my countenance too well for me to impose upon him, & he could not avoid seeing that I was very unhappy. . . .

I am very glad you told me about the horse, for I am so horse mad that I thought it was impossible

but you must like it, & had got one for you. I allow the chaise is much more usefull & have ordered one, but Mr Buttler does not recolect making any for Wormly, so I am affraid we must trust to chance for it's being right. They are very common here, & almost all the same, so I hope it won't be wrong; you shall receive it at New York as soon as possible with the harness, & the carriage paid for.

I find my sister Holland has sent you the flowers, but indeed I have a thousand pardons to ask you, for I own I had totally forgot them, but if you will write me word if you want the narcissuses & hyacinths, I will take care that you shall have them with the pots for next year.

I was vastly diverted with my *friendship* with Mrs Cary: you know she dined one day at the Pay Office. I saw her at Ranelagh one night this year, & went up to make her a civil speech: & that is our friendship. As to her fashions, I am sorry to say they are but too true among the common run of people here, for such figures as one sees at publick places is not to be described; I am sorry for our English taste, but so it is. However it is, as you may immagine, very *vulgar* to dress so. I think that by degrees the French dress is coming into fashion, tho' 'tis almost impossible to make the ladies understand that heads bigger than one's body are ugly; it is growing the fashion to have the heads *moutoné;* I have cut off my hair, & find it very convenient in the country without powder, because my hair curls naturally, but it's horrid troublesome to have it well curled; if it's big it's frightful. I wear it very often with three rows of curls behind, & the rest smooth with a fruzed *toupé*,

& a cap, that is, *en paresseuse.* There is nobody but Ly Tavistock, who does not dress French, who is at all genteel, for if they are not French they are so very illdressed, it's terrible. Almost everybody powders now, & wear a little hoop; hats are vastly left off; the hair down on the forehead belongs to the short waist, & is equally vulgar with poppons, trimmings, beads, garnets, flying caps, & false hair. To be perfectly genteel you must be dress'd thus. Your hair need not be cut off, for 'tis much too pretty, but it must be powdered, curled in very small curls, & altogether be in the style of Ly Tavistock's, *neat*, but it must be high before & give your head the look of a sugar loaf a little. The roots of the hair must be drawn up straight, & not fruzed at all for half an inch above the root; you must wear no cap, & only *little little* flowers dab'd in on the left side; the only feather permited is a black or white sultane perched up on the left side, & your diamond feather against it. A broad, puff'd ribbon collier with a tippet ruff, or only a little black handkerchief very narrow over the shoulders; your stays very high & pretty tight at bottom; your gown trimmed with the same straight down the robings, & a narrow flounce at bottom to button with a *compère*, & to be loose at the fore part of your robing. The sleeves long and loose, the waist very long, the flounces & ruffles of a decent length, not too long, nor so hideously short as they now wear them. No trimming on the sleeve but a ribbon knot tied to hang on the ruffles. The men's dress is exactly what they used to wear latterly; that is 3 or 4 curls high at the sides. Some people wear it cut short before & comed up *en brosse* very high upon the top of the head, it's called *à la*

greque, & is very pretty when well done. Mr Robinson says that everybody now dresses their hair so well that the old Makaronis must be quite plain to distinguish themselves, & indeed it's true, tho' I think this style much prettier than the hair down at the ears in Sr Charles' style. I have given you a pretty good boar upon dress, but I was provoked at Mrs Cary setting such vulgar fashions. I will now tell you all the chit-chat I know; tho' it seems so stupid to me, I believe you had rather hear it, as it gives you knowledge of more people & things. I told you the word "boar" is a fashionable expression for tiresome people & conversations, & is a very good one & *very* useful, for one may tell anybody (Ld G. Cavendish for example), "I am sure this will be a boar, so I must leave you, Ld George." If it was not the fashion it would be very rude, but I own I encourage the fashion vastly, for it's delightful I think; one need only name a pig or pork, & nobody dares take it ill but hold their tongues directly. To "grub up such a one" is also a new expression, which cannot be better illustrated to you, than by suposing you were talking to Mr Robinson, who diverted you very much, in comes the D. of York or Gloucester, & by sitting down by you "grubbs up" poor Mr Robinson, perhaps for the whole evening. The Dukes will either of them serve for an example of a boar too, also Ld Clanbrassil. When you know what "lending a tascusa" is, you are *au fait* of the *bon ton*. You have lent that puppy Major Walpole many a "tascusa," & indeed I think you have the knack of lending them better than anybody, so when you are *glumpy* & that some puppy comes & talks to you, the snub that they will get from you is exactly a

tascusa in its full force. Take notice the word, tho' it appears Italian, has no meaning of its own; it's like "chiquinno," which is used for any card under a 5 at quinze. By way of new married folks, Ld Newnham & Mr Mackenzie are the only people I think; Ly Newnham was a Miss Vernon, she is not pretty but as Ld. N. makes her wear rouge & dresses her very well, she is very tollerable. Mr Mack. is a very pretty young man, & they seem very happy.

The new importation of this year for young men is Ld Mount-Stuard,[1] Ld Ossory,[2] & Ste., who is come to stay in England. Ld Mount is tall, well made, & very handsome; he is sensible, and 'tis the fashion to cry him up; I think he is very conceited, & seems to me to be very proud & vain, but yet is very well bred, and does vastly well for a beau. Ld Ossory I doat upon, tho' he is not handsome or conceited, but I know him to have so aimable a character from Sr Charles, whose greatest friend he is, that I like every thing he does. I am grown to love Ste. excessively; in my journey to Paris I grew to know him better, & I really love him dearly now. (Charles was very jealous of him). I find he is vastly liked in general. Miss Greville's match with

[1] John, eldest son of Lord Bute. He was born in 1744, and married first, in 1766, Charlotte, daughter of the second Viscount Windsor; secondly, in 1800, Frances, daughter of Thomas Coutts, Esq. He was created Marquis of Bute in 1796, and died in 1814.

[2] John, second Earl of Upper Ossory, whose sister, Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, Stephen Fox married in 1766, succeeded to the titles on the death of his father in 1758. His mother, who was a daughter of John, Earl Gower, and sister to the Duchess of Bedford, after her husband's death married Richard Vernon, Esq., of Hilton, Staffordshire, and Lord Ossory and his sisters lived much with the Bedfords. He married, in 1769, Anne Liddell, daughter of Henry, Lord Ravensworth, who had obtained a divorce from the Duke of Grafton, the preceding year, and died in 1818.

him is quite off, why I don't know; but he never proposed, tho' he liked her. I think he takes to Ly Mary FitzPatrick most; I wish it might succeed, for he will make any woman happy, if his figure can be got over, & I do love my sweet dear little Ly Mary to distraction: how happy I should be to have it in my power to make a stronger friendship with her, for tho' I am very well at B. House, yet as long as she lives with people whose characters I cannot esteem, I cannot have that confidence & openness with her that I should wish. The 1st thing that made me love her was her good nature about you, & I cannot find that she varys the least from the sweet character I had formed to myself from her conversation about you, as well as on other subjects. Ly Harrington[1] wanted to get Ste. for Ly Bell, but it would not do. I own I wonder at it, for 'tis not possible to see any woman more beautiful, tho' many are more regularly handsome & more pleasing. Her face is very expressive & lively, & she has more *éclat* than any woman I ever saw; she seems of an oppen, good-humoured disposition, has a very good understanding, & behaves herself perfectly well. Notwithstanding this, the dislike of her mother is so prevalent that it hurts her, & none of the young men have spirit enough to take her out of her mother's hands. Miss Conway[2] is come about, she is grown very pretty &

[1] Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, married William, second Earl of Harrington; she died in 1784. Her second daughter, Lady Isabella, married Charles, Earl of Sefton, and died in 1819.

[2] Anne, daughter of General Henry Seymour Conway (brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford) and Caroline, Dowager-Countess of Ailesbury. She married John Damer, eldest son of Joseph, Earl of Dorchester.

agreable. A Miss Sophia Finch,[1] a daughter of Ly Charlotte's, is a sweet girl also. Miss Greville is vastly improved & is prettier than ever ; she & her mother go to Munich next spring ; Mr Greville is Envoy there, & goes immediately. I hope she will be married tho', for if once she goes abroad, nobody knows how long she may stay, & if her beauty goes off her money won't get her married. The D. of Beaufort[2] I forgot to name ; he is an admirer of Miss G.'s, but the folks are so stupid now a days, they make such prudent matches that I don't think their is one of them that deserves a very aimable, handsome girl. Mr Crew is a fine catch for any Miss, he is very rich & is a very good kind of man, but he is so prodigiously affraid of being married too that he won't speak to a Miss.

I wonder they don't comfort themselves, as Joseph Andrews did, & take courage to speak. I do not find that it's true that 17 people are to be parted, as the newspapers said, but there has been as many reports to the full ; however I think none is fixed but Ld & Ly Bollingbroke,[3] Mr Finch and Ly Charlotte, & Ld & Ly Fortescue ;[4] the 2 latter are because the husbands are stark staring mad, & have attempted to kill their wives & children. The

[1] Daughter of the Hon. William Finch, second son of Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, by his second wife, Charlotte, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret. She married the Hon. Charles Fielding, second son of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh.

[2] Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, born in 1744 ; he married, in 1766, Elizabeth, daughter of Admiral Hon. E. Boscawen, and died in 1803.

[3] Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, married Frederick, Viscount Bolingbroke, in 1757. Lord Bolingbroke was born in 1734, and died in 1787. She married, secondly, in 1768, the Hon. Topham Beauclerk.

[4] Mathew, second Baron Fortescue, married, in 1752, Anne, daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Cawdor Castle, co. Nairn, and Stackpole Court, Pembrokeshire ; she died in 1812, Lord Fortescue in 1785.

former is because both sides are mad I believe; but seriously speaking I believe Ld B. is much the same as mad when he is drunk, & that he is generally. Ly B.'s reason for parting is that she cannot live with him with safety to her health; Ld B. is very penitent & wants her to come back, but she won't trust him. Her reason is a very good one, but whether she ought to forgive him or not depends on circumstances & tempers, which nobody but themselves can be judge of; he says he is more in love with her than ever, & would marry her now if she was Ly Die Spencer. Everybody that don't love her pities him, but as I heard he had got a woman in the house already I can't say I do, for if he was unhappy at the thoughts of having used her so cruelly as he has done surely a man that had any feeling would not recover his spirits so easily. If he feels that at all, he must feel it very strongly. I own I am partial to her, & have taken a great fancy to her lately: not but I think she may be very much to blame too. She is in great spirits & seems to be very glad that she has got rid of him. I was in town for a week at the meeting of the parliament; Sr Charles goes again next week. I don't propose leaving this sweet place till the end of Febry, for what with my journey to Paris which lasted till June, my visits to Lady Ilchester & my brother, the time of that angel George's [1] illness that I was in town, & my journey to Ireland, I have not rested a moment nor enjoyed Barton in comfort. Mr & Mrs Soame have promised to come; I expect them to-morrow, & hope they will stay here till I go. I divert myself so much here that I have not a minute on my hands, & I long to be here almost alone for

[1] Lord Offaly.

some time. I propose reading a vast deal, I have left off riding a good deal & I have taken to drawing. If I can finish a little drawing I will send you one, tho' 'tis not worth it, for I can only coppy prints, & I have not patience to do more than a head, but it diverts me vastly. Sr Charles has promised to come and see me in Feb. if I don't come to town before, for he fancies I shall grow tired; I certainly will go the moment I am tired, but as I know I may go I fancy I shall not be in a hurry if he will come to me, for I think the winters are too long generally.

Do you know that I feel quite frightened about these rebellions at New York. Sure, my dearest Netty, you won't be such a goose as not to do as you are bid, & run any risk to keep up your character of courage. I don't to this minute understand anything about the cause of it all; I am so far from a pollitician, that I never should have ask'd if you had not been there, & when I did, I was not the wiser for it.[1] You are very good to be anxious about Sr Charles, believe me he & I both thought with pleasure of being of use to you & Mr O'Brien, & I look'd upon it as one of the greatest pleasures of the place; but the time will come perhaps that we may still be of use to you.

I must tell you that I was talking to Charles about Lord Stavordale's neglect of you, & he told me I accused him unjustly, for that he enquired of him perpetually of you, & that he would have wrote, but that *he*, Charles, advised him not at first. I am glad I can justify him from a fault

[1] These were the riots occasioned by the well-known Stamp Act of George Grenville, which occasioned so much ill-feeling and anger against the Mother Country that the Rockingham Ministry took upon themselves to repeal it.

I thought a great one, & at the same time give you great pleasure. As for your father, I cannot recover my astonishment at his perfect ease on your account, and I can attribute it to nothing but his having a great deal of unfeelingness in his character, which, from what I know of him now, I think is very plain. I only wonder you did not know it, that are so plain-sighted. I believe their will be no end of my letter, if I let myself write as much as I would, but I fear I shall miss the packet if this don't go to-night, so adieu, my dearest Netty.

Yours ever affecately & sincerely,

SARAH BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, February 5, 1766.

I am vastly vexed, my sweet Netty, that I have missed writing to you by last Saturday's packet, which it was my full intention to do, but I was very ill the whole week with a fever, which, tho' not dangerous, made me so low that I could not have wrote a word; but I am perfectly recover'd again, & I can write again notwithstanding the unconcionable letter I wrote last, but I am determined to write every month, & tho' my letter is too late for the packet it may go as it can; for if I neglect it once I shall grow careless, & I have repented my negligence about it very often, which I hope will make me mend. I have been here with only Mr and Mrs Soame ever since I wrote last. I was in hopes Sr Charles would have made me a visit, but your nasty American business has kept him in town till now, & he would not come down even now, if the fright of my being ill had not brought him. (Excepting not seing him), I have been as comfortable

as it is possible to be, for Mrs Soame reads to us every evening, & in the morning I am always taken up out of doors, so that my time passes very fast, & I much regret going to town, which I shall in a week or ten days, particularly when Sr Charles is here. I hate the thought of changing a way of life that is perfectly happy and agreable to me. You may well say, "Why do you go then?" To that I answer, "For 2 reasons, the first, because Sr Charles neither can, nor likes to stay here, & that comfortable as I am here, I own I am never quite happy when I am without him, & I flatter myself that is the case with him, which makes him press my going to town. The 2nd reason is that I find Lord Holland is in a very declining way, & I believe I should be of some use to my poor dear sister if he should grow worse; besides, I love him so much, that for my own satisfaction I should wish to see him as much as I can." . . .

I am very much troubled, my love, to find that the right of taxing America is thought so certain that it was not even put to the vote, Mr Pitt, Col. Barré, & a few others only being against it; & the House of Lords was divided 125 against 5, viz., Lds Campden, Shelburne, Cornwallis, Powlet, & Torington, which I *supose* determines the Act being put in execution, & of course will make a riot. I am but a *poor* pollitician, but this is the only thing I have attended to, & it *seems* decided against my wish, which was only that there might be no riots at New York. Pray write to me because I shall be very uneasy & frightened at every thing I see in the papers, if I have it not in your own hand writing that you are very well & *safe*.

The very little politicks I know of is that Mr

Pitt is given up even by his friend the D. of Grafton, who after all the court they paid him, owns that he is totally unpraticable & that 'tis impossible for anybody to deal with him. They say there will be changes, but nobody can guess how it will be. By way of news, Mr Rousseau[1] is all the talk; all I can hear of him is that he wears a pellise & fur cap, that he was at the Play, & desired to be placed so that he might not see the King, which as Mrs Greville says is a "*pauvreté* worthy a philosopher." His dressing particularly I think is very silly, & if, as the papers say, he told Garrick that he made him laugh & cry without understanding a word, in my humble oppinion that was very silly too, for I am sure neither Lusignan or Lord Chalkstone are likely to do that if one don't understand the language. He sees few people, and is to go and live at a farm in Wales, where he shall see nothing but mountains & wild goats. "*Autre pauvreté.*" . . .

I have very little else to say, my dear Netty, for this place affords but 2nd hand news & chat, & very little of that. My creatures are the people of most consequence here, & I have got an Angola cat that is so beautiful that she is the admiration of all the country; I am distractedly fond of her, & she is never from me a moment having one great perfection that endears her to me, & that is, she puts me in mind of you in her looks from morning till night, & has the slyest, pretty look I ever saw in anybody but you & her. I should have called her Netty, if I had not been obliged to call her Laura after the person who gave her to me, & desired me to do so. . . . Oh! by the bye, it seems I have

[1] Jean Jacques Rousseau, the famous French author and philosopher, born at Geneva in 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, in 1778.

mistaken a week, & 'tis time & but just time to dispatch this letter, so adieu. Poor Martini is yawning her jaw out, & wishing you *at Rumford* for being the cause of my sitting up till this late hour, & therefore (not out of civility to Martini), but for want of something to say I wish you a good night, & shall only write what you I hope know, that you are most sincerely loved by your affecate

SALLY.

My best compts to your Netty.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Privy Garden, London, March the 8th, 1766.

MY DEAR NETTY,—I have been in town about a month & am not yet settled, for I have not a moment's time to myself. The hurry of this town is inconceivable, for I declare I have been only once to the Play, Opera, & Orotorio, to very few assemblies, & yet I cannot find a moment's time to myself, indeed I have till lately been constantly at Ld Holland's, who thank God is much better. My sister is not uneasy about him.

Miss Greville is going to be married to Mr Crew.[1] He has taken a great fancy to her, and proposed all within these 6 weeks, & I fancy that as soon as the answer is come from Mr G., who is at Munich, they will be married, & Mrs G. will follow her husband in great joy for so lucky a match for her daughter. I am sure you will be glad, for you liked her I know, & he is a very aimable man, & there is no harm in his having £10,000 a year you know. She is as much prettier this winter than when you saw her, as she was then than other people.

[1] John Crewe, Esq., of Crewe Hall, was born in 1742. He was created Baron Crewe in 1806, and died in 1829.

Your mother is very strict to her resolution of going everywhere with her girls, which I suspected she would grow tired of. Some people admire Ly Lucy, everybody likes Ly Henrietta, I for one think her a charming girl: they are not much known yet. I assure you I am as eager as possible about them, but indeed, my sweet Netty, when Lady H. is by me in a publick place, she has such looks of you, that my heart is so full I can hardly help crying; particularly, as without flattery I cannot but make comparisons that make me regret my dearest soul more & more every day; but I won't talk of what I cannot help, & only beg of you to remember that nothing can ever efface you from my memory, & prevent my indulging myself with your dear idea.

I don't find your sisters have *yet* any husbands laid out, except Mr Crew, who my sister *said must* marry Ly H., but you know her matches don't always succeed.

Lady Harrington is as mad as a dog at Mr Crew, because she *chose* he should marry Ly Bell, who is very handsome still, but not married yet. Ly Car. Mackenzie wears such quantities of white that she is terrible.

The report of this week is that the King has forbid the D. of G.[1] to speak to his pretty widow; the truth is that she is gone out of town, but more 'tis difficult to know. He has given her fine pearl bracelets that cost £500—that's not for nothing surely? The Dss of Grafton is as fine as ever, but it's in a meek way. The Dss of Richmond is come over for 6 weeks; as pretty & English as ever, in

[1] The Duke of Gloucester married Maria, Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, in September, 1766.

her usual good humour, but more agreable. They dined comfortably with me to-day, the Dss is gone to the Opera, my B. is asleep on the couch, & I am writing to you & also to 20 people besides, which will prevent my making this a long letter.

The new play of the "Clandestine Marriage"[1] is a charming acting play. The Epiloge is sad stuff, tho' my dear Mr Garrick wrote it, but so he did Lord Ogilby's character; I don't know how it will read, but the parts are wrote for the actors, & they do act like angels in it. To be sure Mr Holland looks a little stately, but however it does very tollerably, & indeed I must say one thing, and that is that the plays are so infamous of late that it appears better than it can possibly read. Mr Powel, Holland, & Mrs Yates (the suport of our stage), scream at one another like screech owls, & hollow their parts without any feeling or sense. Mrs Cibber is gone; Mrs Pritchard going; Miss Pope grown horrid, ugly, & a bad actress; a devil of a man called Dodd, that dares to act parts that were once so sweetly perform'd; in short, the whole is terrible, & 'tis only this play, where there are no *great* parts & where they all act as well as they can, that is bearable. Mr Garrick had quarrel'd with Lacy, but it's all made up again. I saw him t'other night, he is gone to Bath, & will act only now & then after the benefits. Poor Ste. is come to such an excess of deafness that it is quite melancholy & shocking, I can't bear it, for I do love him so very much that it goes to my heart to see him so. Charles is in town, & is either stupid or melancholly, I don't know which; he says he is just like the King in Tom Thumb, for he is not quite well, and

[1] It was written by Colman the elder and Garrick.

is in love with a Mrs Burrer'd, who he don't know, nor can he get presented to her; poor soul, he is in a piteous taking.

My brother is just awake, & bids me tell you that the repeal of the Act is passed in the House of Commons,[1] and will be a very near thing in the H. of Lds very soon; he is viollent *for it*. Mrs Blake is in town, & is quite frisky this winter; she goes everywhere, & is vastly admired. Adieu, my sweet Netty, my best compts to Mr O'Brien; Sr Charles sends his compts to you both.

I am & always shall be

Your very affecate and sincere friend,

SALLY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Holland House, May the 8, 1766.

MY DEAREST LITTLE NETTY,—I have received both your letters at once, but no squirrels, but to tell you the truth, I have been so much taken up with your letters that I have not thought of them, tho' I have sent to Mr Touchet about them, & if they come you need not fear my loving them, for since they come from you even Sr Charles won't hate them.

Lord Holland is this morning to give his oppinion to Ly Ilchester about your house, but I must have the pleasure to inform you that I believe you will be perfectly satisfied with Ly Ilchester's letter; for I understand she approves of it, & I know Ld H. has made no objection to it. . . . I feel to love Mrs Gage[2] already, I am sure she is one of those few

[1] The repeal of the Stamp Act was passed in the House of Commons by 250 to 122, and in the House of Lords by a majority of over 30.

[2] Margaret, daughter and heiress of Peter Kemble, Esq., President of the Council of New Jersey. She married, in 1758, General Hon. Thomas Gage, second son of Thomas, first Viscount Gage. General

people who one meets with in this world really & truly aimable, sure you are very lucky to have met with such a sweet woman! I know she is beautiful; in short, I have worked myself up to love her monstrously from her partiallity to you. I don't know Ld Gage[1] at all, as for Mr Gage I have always heard of him as the most aimable man in the world. Pray is he like Ld Kildare? For I have always been told there was a great resemblance. I know Mrs Tasborough,[2] sister to Mr Gage; she lives in Suffolk, and tells me news of you very often. Has Mrs Fitz-Roy any near relations at New York, & is there any at all like her? I beg you will (when you are at leisure) write the characters of those you are most intimate with & really love, also write a slight character of your chief aquaintance & their names, & with this send me a journal of the way you spend your time in for a week.

Now for an account of us all. I begin by myself, because I believe you won't dislike that; besides, I have been *sick*, is it not ridiculous? But I am in a *hopefull* way, my illness being caused by too much health, & great fullness of blood, which has at times by over heating myself really made me ill, but now I am very carefull & very well, only grown thin, &, as Lord Holland says, very like "halfpenny ale." I am grown tall too! In short, tho' my phiz remains, my person is quite changed. As to my phiz, it is grown to look older, I have less colour, & my nose is grown long, so you may guess I am not much

Gage was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America at the time of the breaking out of the American War; he died in 1788, and his eldest son succeeded his uncle as third Viscount Gage in 1791.

[1] William, second Viscount Gage, born in 1718, died in 1791.

[2] Theresa, only daughter of Thomas, first Viscount Gage, who married George Tasburgh, Esq., of Norfolk, and died in 1775.

Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A. pinx.. Walker & Cockerell sc.

Stephen, 2nd. Lord Holland.

improved, indeed few people are with growing old; but I flatter myself I have one advantage over many people, & that is, that I tell myself every day, "I am not old, but I am passed the age of a girl, it is time for me to check my vanity, & to remember that if I don't make myself agreable, I have no right to any attention from my aquaintance." You see 'tis still vanity that carries me on. . . . Ste. is at Maddington, till Winterslow is ready to receive them.[1] They write word they have nothing to say, but that they are the happiest of mortals; indeed I believe it, for Ly Mary is so free from all art and affectation that she could not appear so happy if she did not feel it. As for Ste., he is as Ld Holland says a "lucky dog;" indeed you know her figure but not her enough to know that she answers the French expression of *une phisionomie interessante* more than anybody, & that her caracter fully answers the greatest partiallity you may take for her from her manner. There is a *doux, je ne sais quoi,* in her that is charming, her voice goes to one's heart & leaves a sort of tenderness in it, that she can say nothing that is indifferent to one. In short, my dear Netty, 'tis a little blessed angel, & you will love her I know, for one of my greatest pleasures in the thought of this match is that I know my dearest Netty gains a friend by her in this family, who I know will never miss an opportunity of doing a good-natured thing. . . .

Charles is at home; he improves every day, or rather the aimableness of his caracter appears every day, for 'tis all natural to him. You cannot immagine

[1] Stephen Fox, eldest son of Lord Holland, married, in 1766, Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. They lived at Winterslow, near Salisbury, till it was burnt down in 1774.

the comfort he is to both his father & mother, & his constant attention to them is really beyond what I can discribe. They are all settled here now; Ld Ilchester, Mrs Digby, Ly Ilchester, & your sisters are always coming to play at whist, which Ld H. does every evening. I have been here 3 days & Mrs Greville: my sister is in exceeding good spirits, & enjoys herself here prodigiously, so do I, for this sweet place looks heavenly: Tatty is here too. I name Ld Holland last, because I cannot give you any satisfactory account of him, he is rather better because he eats meat now, but he does not gain at all; they begin to think there is some inward decay, tho' there is no appearance of it. If the warm weather does him good they will have great hopes, but as yet we don't find it does do him good. I cannot help being shock'd (when you say I may say more to him than anybody else) at the very great alteration there is since you saw him in his temper & looks; he is so low that you can seldom get him to speak, & so touchy & peevish that the least contradiction hurts him from exerting him so much. Don't say anything of this, my dear, to anybody, for tho' 'tis very natural that sickness should alter people's temper, yet I cannot bear to say it to anybody but you.

I am sorry I can't give you a very satisfactory account of your brother, but he is what you call "a sad wild young chap" just now, which would not signify the least if your father would send him abroad, but he says a 12 month hence is time enough. . . . Ly Lucy & Ly Harriet are going out of town, I don't see any likelyhood of their being married yet, tho' I don't doubt but they will; Ly Harriet is admired, & so is Ly Lucy, but it's

only an old woman or 2 that I heard say so, so that's just nothing at all.

Ly Hervey[1] goes on just the same; Mr Hume[2] is an addition to her circle, but I know but little of it. Ly Mary Fitz-Gerald[3] is reconciled to her, but I have been but little in town, & chiefly spent my morning at Ld Holland's, so don't see much of Ly Hervey. Ly Emily & Ly Car. constantly enquire after you & go on just the same. Ly Car. has been married to Vernon the singer & had 20 intrigues with the whole set of actors, not one of which I believe, tho' I believe she is sly enough, but indeed till I have better proof than the reports of this vile town, I never will believe anything. I am vastly diverted with your *fashionable* people. . . . By this time I hope you have got a pink & green lutestring ready made with all proper *accompanyments* that I sent you. I was so provoked that Mrs Cary should set a fashion that I ordered it all myself, & hope you will accept of it, & dress yourself very smart for the 1st assembly, & then let Mrs Cary & the Governor's wife hold their tongues, & be as genteel if they can. . . . Your chaise is departed, but I have a great many excuses to make about it, for I would have a whim & I have spoilt it. You must know that there is now a rage in London for grey equipages, & Mr Beauclerk came out in the most *fringant*

[1] Mary, daughter of Brigadier-General Lepell (generally known as "Molly Lepell"), was maid of honour to Caroline, Princess of Wales; she married, in 1720, John, Lord Hervey, eldest surviving son of John, first Earl of Bristol, by whom she had four sons (three successively became Earls of Bristol), and four daughters. Lord Hervey died in 1743, Lady Hervey in 1768.

[2] David Hume, the great historian. He was secretary to Lord Hertford when Ambassador in Paris.

[3] Lady Hervey's second daughter, who married George Fitzgerald, Esq., in 1745. Her two youngest sisters, Lady Amelia and Lady Caroline, both died unmarried.

equipage, all grey and silver, that ever was seen; now I was such a niny that I order'd the chaise to be so too, not considering that there is no flat space to make any pattern upon, & that the high varnish was the great beauty of it; so when it came home it was quite different from what I meant, & I was very mad & was going to send it back, but I considered that it was of as much use to you as if it was green, & that I should perhaps make you lose the season for it, so I let it e'en go, & ask you a thousand pardons for my conceit.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, June 7, 1766.

My dearest Netty,—I long to hear of your expedition about the country, for I rekon by this time you are set out, & I fear you won't have conveniency's to write till you come back, for I am just like the vulgars, & fancy everything is savage but at New York.

I am settled at this sweet place, &, *tho' I say it that should not say it*, it does look beautifull; you cannot think how improved it is. I have turned out some silver pheasants, & they come & feed about the door with the peacocks, only think how pretty this is. I intend Barton should grow like Mr—, I forget his name, Lord Weymouth's game-keeper's house, with all manner of creatures about it. You will hear from home that your father has been ill, & is quite well again. Lord Holland mends very much, he lives upon strawberrys, peas, & minced meat; he can't eat sollid meat, but as he eats a great deal I can't think him the worse for that. Ld Kildare (who is come to England to settle about his son's going abroad) says that Ld Holland

is amazingly mended since he came even, so I hope in God that he will be able to go to Naples which is his present intention next October. Ste. & Ly Mary, Charles, William, & Ld Carlisle[1] will be there too; don't you think it is very tempting for us to go too? I own that when I am at Paris where we mean to be in October, I shall hardly be able to resist pursuing my journey if Sr Charles will agree to it, which I fancy he will, for he don't dislike the thoughts of it, & you don't know perhaps that I am rekoned to govern him; I really think it is true, but I use very little art about it, for the moment I want anything I tell him of it, & he is so very good & spoils me so much that he seldom refuses me; so that it comes to the same thing as being "hen-peck'd," as Ld Holland tells him, only that it is *fort flateur* for me, that he should have the same indulgence for me now, as if I was not an old married woman. I have not heard anything of the squirrels yet. Adieu, my dear little Netty.

Yours most sincerely,

SALLY.

This is the 2nd Saturday, & Ld Kildare is waiting for my letter to carry it to town or it will be too late.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, July the 7, 1766.

MY DEAR LITTLE NETTY,—I received your two letters, & the last I fear I shall receive for a great

[1] Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, was born in 1748. He married, in 1770, Margaret Caroline, daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1780 to 1782, and died in 1825.

while. I will not be uneasy, but yet I shall be very impatient to hear from Quebec. Mr Lee is at Constantinople; he was in Poland, so when I shall see him God knows. I long to hear something of your journey. I know you delighted in the thoughts of doing what no other woman ever did or will do. By the bye, you won't get this letter God knows when, so I won't rack my brain to find news for you, but I will write every month to make a lump of letters against your return. At present I have nothing to say, but that I have been here 2 months, that we have had company in the house, viz, Mr Robinson, Ld Carlisle, Ld Bollingbroke, Mr Vernon, & a Mr Sackville,[1] son to Ld John, a charming man, that is a new aquaintance of mine, & that we all are very fond of. I tell you the people that are with us that you may know who we spend our time with. Ste., Charles, Ly Mary, Ld Carlisle, Harry Bunbury,[2] & I &c. &c., are to act 2 plays at Winterslow next month. Ste. acts Ventidias in, "All for love &c.," & Leon in "Rule a wife & have a wife;" Charles, Anthony & the Copper Captain; Ly Mary, Octavia & Margueretta; & I, Cleopatra & Estifanie, which is a part I doat upon; if we succeed I will give you an account of it.

Adieu, my dear Net.

Yours ever effecately,

S. B.

I have named a racehorse of Sr C.'s, Sarpedon.

[1] John Frederick Sackville, only son of Lord John Sackville. He succeeded his uncle in 1769, as third Duke of Dorset.

[2] Henry William, the celebrated artist and caricaturist, second son of Sir William Bunbury. He was born in 1750, and married, in 1771, Catherine, daughter of Kane William Horneck, Esq., by whom he left two sons. He died in 1811.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

September 13, 1766.

I have got Charles[1] into such order, that it's quite ridiculous; he toad eats me beyond all conception, I'm mighty proud of it, I can tell you, & the more so because he don't do so by Ly Mary, & says he really is afraid of me. "Affraid of you?" I think I hear you say. Yes, indeed, but 'tis not from my great dignity I confess, it's from a more pleasing reason, that is, he knows how excessively I do love him, & because I believe he loves me full as well, & he knows I can't bear to think I'm not in favor with him; indeed he is such an aimable creature, 'tis not possible to know him & not adore him. Dickson is exactly the same as he was, you may guess how much we laught; he acted Cacefoge, & was most pleased with calling me a "Whim Wham," "A thing of clouts," &c. &c. Charles would have done the Copper Captain well, if he had known it, what he did know was very well indeed. Sr Charles & I are going to Italy in October to stay abroad till April or May. It seems to me a great journey, you would think it nothing I supose; however I like it vastly. I have been here a week, & find Ld Holland much the same, he is excessively well for 2 or 3 days, & then without the least reason he is low to a degree that I can hardly express; it cannot be all nerves I think. At present he is sillier, & more funny than ever. I shall be glad to write you word that he bears his journey well, & that Naples agrees very well with him.

You know all pollitical news, I should think, full

[1] Charles James Fox.

as well as me, but in case you should not, I tell you that Ld Chatham is suposed to govern everything, & will do so a great while they say.[1] Ld Shelburne is his toad-eater compleatly, tho' they report that they have quarrell'd with one another, but I believe Ld Shelburne knows better things.

Adieu, my dear Netty, my best compts to Mr O'Brien.

Yours most sincerely,

S. B.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, October 9, 1766.

My dear Netty,—I am vastly sorry to find you are so much out of spirits, & yet I can hardly wonder at it now & then, but I hope it's only by fits, for I should be very sorry to think you was often in the melancholy way you was when you wrote to me last. I am sincerely sorry I did not know my brother could have been of use to you whilst he was Secy, for tho' I fear I could not have succeeded, yet nothing could have prevented me speaking to him to try at least, but now I fear 'tis too late.[2]

[1] Early in July the King acquainted Rockingham and the other Ministers that he had sent for Pitt. The latter, on his arrival, signified his intention of forming a Ministry on the same basis as the preceding one, and only including certain few of his own friends. The list of Ministers was finally decided on by the end of the month, and included the Duke of Grafton as First Lord of the Treasury; Conway and Lord Shelburne, Secretaries of State; Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor; Lord Northington, Lord President of the Council; and Pitt himself as Privy Seal, with the title of Earl of Chatham.

[2] The Duke of Richmond became Secretary of State in succession to the Duke of Grafton on his retirement in April, but was dismissed with the rest of the Ministry in July.

Why, my dear Netty, will you lay all the blame upon poor Mr Upton; if every thing don't turn out as he was told & expected it would, is it his fault; can he help it? I never have mentioned this to you before, but sure, Ly Susan, you are very ungrateful to the most obliging & best of men. Why did he take the infinite pains you yourself are witness to, if he did not love you & wish to be of service? What could tempt him but good nature? Has he gained any one advantage from it, or was it likely he should? Has he not often offended Lord Holland by his pressing & sollicitations on your behalf, & did he not speak to Mr Grenville about Mr O'Brien when Ld H. would not? I am sure, my dear Netty, if you will think a little more about this, you will not be angry with him, tho' I confess it is very natural when one is vexed to accuse others of one's distresses. . . .

Ld Holland is set out upon his journey; it agrees so well with him that he is better than ever, so that you have less reason than ever to be in pain with regard to him.

I am not going to Italy, I only go to Paris for 2 months. Louisa is with me, & we are very comfortable here. I fancy some of my letters are lost, for I'm sure I thank'd Mr O'Brien for the skins which I did receive: I'm glad you like the things. Adieu, my dear Netty, forgive what I said about Tatty, but I can't bear to hear you so much in the wrong as you appeared to me to be, & if you was here I should tell you what I thought, & so I write it, but be assured I do not love you the less, & I hope you will not take it ill of your affecate,

SALLY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, Nov. the 6th, 1766.

My dearest Netty,—I am sure you will be glad to hear that Lord Holland is arrived safe at Lyons, & is much the better for his journey already. I had a letter from my sister who was going on to Naples with Ste., Harry, Mr Upton, & Ly Mary; Charles & William (who is gone abroad), went with Lord Holland to Marseilles, & from thence go to Naples by sea.

I forget if I told you in my last letter that I did not go to Italy, & only go to Paris, where I shall be in a fortnight & be back after Christmas. I don't believe Sr Charles will like it much, but he is curious to see it as he never was there. I have not been well, but am quite well again: only think how happy I have been to have Louisa 6 weeks with me here; it really is a pleasure beyond anything I can express, for I never see her hardly, & 'tis generally when in town, or for a few days at a time, & I think one never enjoys the company of those one loves but in the country, for in town agreable acquaintances do just as well. . . .

I am mighty glad you like the gown, pray let me know if you have got the chaise & harness, & whether you are vastly dissapointed at my conceit of the grey insted of green.

I shall send you over my print colour'd; it's the 1st I could get done, I hope you will like it. My 2 brothers & their wives are arrived in town from Paris, where I hear they have behaved very ill, especially the Lennoxs, who shut themselves up, saw no French, kept late hours, & laugh'd at everybody. Oh! I'm ashamed of my *kindred!*

They have brought the poor Duke Buccleugh[1] with them, whose brother died at Paris a little while ago; poor thing, how melancholly it is to have a young aimable man die at that age, it's so little expected & seems so unnatural. His odious mother I supose don't care, for she never loved her children, but the poor Duke, they say, is in vast affliction.

Lord Bristol[2] is at the height of his desires by going to Ireland; his sisters don't go with him. They go on just in the same queer stile, Ly Emily leads her puddling, retired life, & poor Ly Car. gets abused because she goes to the Play constantly; poor soul, I own it seems hard to think she may not have the only amusement she seems to like without scandal, nobody else is abused for going often, why should she? Her brother is always with her & Mrs Hales, who is a woman of very good character, yet there are more stories made of her than anybody; in short, so many that I'm resolved to believe none, for it does seem to me impossible that a woman, who behaves so perfectly well as she always seems to me to do, should deceive one.

[1] Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, born in 1746; he married, in 1767, Elizabeth, daughter of George, Duke of Montagu, and died in 1812. He succeeded his grandfather in the titles and estates in 1751, his father, Lord Dalkeith, having died the preceding year. His mother, Lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John, second Duke of Argyll, married, secondly, Right Hon. Charles Townshend, and died in 1794. She was, in 1767, created Baroness Greenwich in her own right.

The Duke of Buccleuch's brother, whose death is here mentioned, was Campbell Scott, born in 1747, died in 1766.

[2] George William, second Earl of Bristol, and son of John, Lord Hervey, died unmarried in 1775, and was succeeded by his brother. Lord Bristol never reached Ireland, and resigned in 1767, without ever taking upon himself the duties of the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

Only think of Mr Garrick that acts for ever, is not it charming of him? I do propose to attend the Play constantly this winter when he acts, *coute que coute*, for I would not give up the pleasure of seing him act for all the good opinion of this vile, scandalous, ill-natured world. This sounds very viollent, but I'm in a rage just now with the world, for I hear every day such a pack of lies that it provokes me. I hear Mr O'Brien has wrote to Mr Garrick a letter full of nothing but your praises, I don't love him the worse for it, to be sure. Mr Guerchy's daughter is going to be married to a cousin of ours, Marquis Fitz-James; he is in town, & is a very pleasing young man, I think he is too good for her, for she is an ugly little toad enough. I long to hear of your house being begun, I beg you will send me the plan of it, for I must have it; in the 1st place, I long to know the house you live in, 2dly, I love plans of all things in the world, & Louisa & I divert ourselves with drawing some for small houses, villas, or for anybody that wants a house.

Good-bye, my dear Netty, I shall not write much by next post, as I shall be at Paris, where I never have time for anything, my head being turn'd from the moment I get there till I leave it, not from the amusement, but from the hurry I'm in continually. Adieu.

Yours most tenderly,

SALLY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, Nov. the 26, 1766.

I was vastly surprised, my dear Netty, with a letter from Ly Ilchester, in which she tells me that

Elizabeth, 1st Countess of Ilchester.

she fears you are thinking of returning soon to England, & seems very uneasy about it; she says she wishes I would advise you to be quiet where you are.

I had resolved never to say anything more to you by way of advice, because I know from experience how tiresome it grows, & that it ends in one's hating the person that gives it, or in its losing all its weight. The 1st, I do not believe was ever your case, but as to the 2nd, if what I said was ever worth writing, it never was of any use I'm sure & I know has often been very unpleasant to you, for which reason I have resolved not to give way to my eagerness about you which leads me into doing it much offtener than I mean it; but I will run the risk of making my letter unwelcome to you & doing you no good to oblige Ly Ilchester once more, & after this, my dear Netty, I will never plague you again. . . . Mr O'Brien in a very sensible letter to me said, "I hope that when you hear us canvass'd & our behaviour brought into company you will defend your friend, & believe nothing of me that does not intirely correspond with the sentiments of all Ly Susan's friends; I have laid down a rule from which I will never vary, 'To be guided entirely by their inclinations.'" . . .

I wish you would write to me, & tell me why you intend to build if you intend to come away; what you propose to do if you do come; why you can't live upon £400 or £500 a year at New York, & if you think you shall live as you like here, when you do come; & lastly is it Mr O'Brien's scheme or yours? . . . Ld Holland's life is precarious, that is but too certain, & I do not in the least, my dear soul,

wonder at your mellancholy letters, but do, if you can, be as little so as possible; being chearfull is not only one's interest and pleasure, but it's a right thing & one's duty toward God, who never meant to make us miserable; if we make ourselves so, we frustrate His intentions. Compare your life with the greatest part of the world: you lived a perfect, happy, contented life till 20, you then married the man you loved & chose from the rest of mankind, by which you offended your parents & afflicted them very very severely; for which you may call your banishment the punishment, & indeed it is, & a severe one. But have you not a recompence for that punishment? Is not your income equal to what you would have had without the friendship of Ld Holland, & is not that an additional happiness? Have you not friends trying to make your income certain & independant & much greater than you could have expected, & have you not a certain & supreeme happiness in your good luck with regard to Mr O'Brien? You could not *know* his caracter; you trusted to chance; from his youth, spirits, & situation, he was *more* than likely to be inconstant; obliging him to leave his country was almost a certain way to make him grow cross, this you had reason to expect. He has proved to be sensible, good-tempered, aimable, constant, & the best husband in the world (I take it from yourself), is not this luck? Believe me good husbands are not so common, at least I see none like my own & your description of yours, from which I rekon we are the 2 luckiest women breathing, & that we do not deserve it if we are not thankful for such a blessing every day of our lives, & that we can't rekon anything a real misfortune whilst we can

be so happy at home. As for me, I should be a monster of ingratitude if I ever made a single complaint, & did not thank God for making me the happiest of beings. . . . Lord! what a long letter, & I intended to say but very little. I'm very much tempted to burn this, as I have done by many & many a letter that I have written to you & have burnt it when I read it over; but I won't do so now, for to-morrow I set out for London, & in 2 days for Paris, & I shall not find time to write by this post if this don't go, so it shall, & I'll trust to you to forgive it.

I will get some flower roots & the flower pots which you wanted last year when I go to town, & send them to you by this packet, & also my print colloured for you, & not colloured to Mr O'Brien, which I hope he will accept; it's rekon'd a very good print. . . .

I have been ill & confined almost to my room for 6 weeks with a nervous fever, but I'm very well again. I told you Louisa was here, I believe, but she has left me; Lord Kildare is made Duke of Leinster,[1] Dukes abbound now a days. Bye the bye, only think of that wretch Calcraft being made an Irish Peer. I'm afraid it's true. I really can't bear the thought of it. I hope before I seal this to be able to give you an account of Ld Holland's arrival at Naples, he mends very much by his journey already, pray God he may continue so. If I hear any news in town, I will add it to this long letter. Adieu, till then.

[1] Lord Kildare was created Duke of Leinster in November, 1766, at the same time as Lords Northumberland and Cardigan were granted that distinction, in compliance with the King's promise in 1761, that Lord Kildare should be made a duke whenever that title was conferred on any one, not of the Royal family.

Yours, my dear little Netty, most affectionately & sincerely,

SALLY.

P.S.—I enclose your mother's letter, as you will see that 'tis not my fancy.

I can't send the flower roots till another year. The D. of Bedford was coming in, & he & Ld Chatham had a conversation, but it's all off, that's the polliticks of the day. I'm sorry for it, as it's the only chance I can ever have of serving you, & that's very doubtful.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, May the 7, 1767.

It's a great while since I wrote to you, my dearest Netty, & still longer since I heard from you, which makes me hope you are busy with your house & too much taken up to have time to write; if so, I'm quite satisfied, for I heard of you from Ly Ilchester. . . . I had a great deal of conversation with Ly Ilchester about you, just before I left town; I told her, I thought the uncertainty of your situation full reason enough for your low spirits, & that as long as it continued so I had nothing to answer to your reasons for complaining of it: that I wished very much to persuade her to talk to your father about it, & to get a promise at least of continuing your income in case of Ld H.'s death. I urged many reasons for speaking now about it, as it might very probably happen that Ld Ilchester might say, "I will give her something, but it is neither reasonable or just to give her more or the same as my other daughters;" this is an argument that stops one's mouth. But if she would now

desire it, I am in hopes that Ld H.'s joining with her might over persuade Ld Ilchester; in short, my dear Netty, I wished very sincerely for eloquence to persuade what I had so much at heart, but it was in vain. Ly Ilchester seem'd angry with me for saying you might be distressed in case of Ld Holland's death. "Why," said she, "Ly S., will you supose that I, who have never neglected using my utmost power for her interest, should forsake her when she will want it most?" This reproach hurt me very much, as I was shock'd to think I had forgot her good & generous disposition, but not to give up the point I ask'd her how she would or could serve you. She said that she never would agree to your having a *certain* income (from your relations), because that she never would make you independent of *her;* that it was the only power or tie by which she could direct your way of life; that she never would give up that power, because it never should be used but for your interest, & that if you was once free from it she should be always unhappy from the fear of your acting contrary to her oppinion. "But, Madam," sd I, "must she always be dependent?" "Yes," sd she, "upon her mother; *that* is no very great misfortune. She is not the only person in that case, & if she was, if depending on my love for her only is a mellancholly prospect (which I cannot say I think it is), she must expect some uncertainty from her situation: why did she bring it upon herself? Indeed, Lady S., I will not ask Lord I. for anything; if she will not rely wholly upon me, she is very ungrateful. If she will, she may be very well contented." I told her that it was neither by your desire nor your want of confidence that I spoke; that it was only from the

general mellancholy turn of your letters that I had determined to speak to her; that notwithstanding I knew your whole trust was in her, I could very easily comprehend your having frights about it, that were very natural & by no means a mark of ingratitude; in short, after a long time I gather'd this sort of promise, or rather assurance, for I cannot call it promise. I do not know if I ought to tell you, as it was only for my satisfaction she sd she told it me, but I love too much to give you pleasure to resist it; she said that she should *insist* upon Ld Ilchester's giving you the same as Ld H., after his death, that even if that failed she might out of her own money give you what she liked, & that, as her most pleasing hope was seing you well & comfortably settled (*here* I understood her), she should never fail of bringing that about when she pleas'd; but as it entirely depended on yours & Mr O'Brien's merits towards her, she would wish you to be in the uncertainty I complained of. She is very very impatient to get her daughters married, as that seems to be the time she waits for to put her views in execution. . . . I wish I could flatter you with saying either of your sisters was to be married, but to my great surprise I hear nothing of it; it seems very odd, for they are both vastly improved. Ly Kitty[1] is very pretty, & so I *sometimes* think Ly Lucy; I've seen them but very little this winter, as I've hardly been in London. I hope next winter my sister's house will by her great & general acquaintance bring them luck. I am vastly partial to Ly Kitty, for she puts me so much in mind of you that it goes to my very heart. Pray,

[1] Lady Christian Henrietta Fox Strangways, before mentioned as Lady Harriet or Lady Henrietta.

my sweet Netty, send me a large lock of your hair, the whole length of it behind. I have been the most unsettled of all creatures since I wrote to you last, & am likely to continue so. Since I came from Paris in Febry, I have been at Bath, at Goodwood, in town, at Newt, & twice here for 10 days. I'm now going to town, from thence to Kingsgate (as soon as they arrive, which will be about the 20th of May), & from thence I go through Paris to Spa for the whole summer. Sr Charles has a complaint in his stomack that obliges him to go to Bath & Spa both, I hope it will agree with him which will comfort me for my trouble, but I own I am wore to death with routing. My spirits are vastly lower'd since you saw me, I long much to stay here a whole long summer: to be sure, *tho' I say it that should not say it*, this place is very much improved since I came, there is not much alteration neither in the look of the whole, but a great deal in comfort. . . . Sr Charles has been very lucky at Newt & won with all his horses, which delights him as you may guess. Mr & Mrs Soame are here, we are very comfortable & read a great deal. Mrs Soame sends her love to you; she is just the same quiet, peaceable, good soul she was, she is grown fatter tho', & is never in her very low spirits now, so that what little alteration there is is much for the better.

I'm sure you was vastly shock'd at the death of poor Lord Tavistock.[1] The Duke & Dss are much better; the Dss felt more than I expected she would, but her head already runs upon polliticks, so I do

[1] Francis, Lord Tavistock, eldest son of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, died from a fall from his horse. Lady Tavistock never really recovered from the shock, and died in August of the following year.

not fear her very soon recovering herself. Poor Ly T.'s grief will I fear last much longer; she is much better of late, that is she has just been persuaded to stir out of her chair, & does sometimes seem to be on the whole better, so they hope she must be over the 1st horrors of her situation, which must have killed her if it had lasted. There is still great fear that she will not get over her lying in, which is in August; she is in good health at present, but her profound mellancholly will I fear change it. If she once recovers her lying in I shall have great hopes she may have some pleasure in her children, but that is the only thing she seems to live for now, poor soul; that quiet, composed way of her's will make her suffer much longer than almost anybody.

I hear Ly Mary Fox is with child; I'm not sure it's true, I hope it is tho', for it would make Ste. so very happy. I never tell you about matches & deaths, as you see them in the papers. You cannot think how French I'm grown, for I liked being one of the very few English women taken notice of at Paris, it flatters one's vanity, & of course one thinks the people very *sensible* that like one. It's a little troublesome here tho', for I'm obliged to see them more here than I wish, & London abounds in French. You cannot have much worse weather than we have, for it snows in May & is miserably cold.

I hope you liked my painted print. I beg you will not forget to send me word whether you build your house or no, & to give me a plan of it. I wrote you a long letter about it last autumn, but you never sent me any answer, you monkey. By the bye, I have no right to scold, for I wrote to my

sister H. from Calais to say *as how* I was going to sail in very stormy weather, and then forgot to write to her from England, but took it for granted she must be sure I was safe; you may guess how Ld H. *gave it me* for my giddiness. He is really surprisingly well by all accounts, thank God for it. I fancy poor Charles is very sorry to be left in Italy, where he stays till he is of age. Ld Carlisle & Ld Fitz-William[1] are going to him; William also is with him. I think the next importation of young men will be very much improved, for those 4 are all pleasing, & 2 of them very superior to the common run; at least I'm sure they are in comparison to the young men of this age.

Adieu, my dear Netty; compts to Mr O'Brien.

Yours,

SALLY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, October the 23, 1767.

After having long long waited for a letter, my dear Netty, I was more than recompens'd for the delay by the charming, cheerfull, pleasant letter I received a week ago.

I will answer it exactly, my dear Netty, & must therefore begin with those same stories you say you have heard of me. You begin with that, & I must begin with thanking you for your kind, sensible, & gentle way of advising me; I am very concious that the less a woman is talked of the better in general, & in particular upon such subjects. I will not say

[1] William, fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, was born in 1748; he married, in 1770, Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, second daughter of William, second Earl of Bessborough; and secondly, in 1823, Louisa, daughter of third Viscount Molesworth. Lord Fitzwilliam died in 1833.

it is my misfortune to have met with people envious of my happiness, & try to excuse myself by blaming others; no, I will own the truth, I have had the vanity to love general admiration & the folly to own it, which is without doubt reason sufficient for envious & abusive people, if there are such, to lay hold of & to blame me, with reason I confess, & therefore I forgive it them. I am only the more vex'd every time I hear of it, & the more angry with myself, but I have but too often proved that my vanity entirely got the better of all my resolutions. . . . It would be much too long an argument to talk & justify myself (which I can do) of various things I have been blamed for, but be assured, my dear Netty, that my morals are not spoilt by the French; they are so totally different from my caracter & from what I was brought up to think right, that it would be having a very mean oppinion of me indeed if you thought 3 months could undo all that nature & custom had taught me. That I have in every action of my life kept up to the very good education I have had, is, I fear, too much for me to say, nor do I believe it was scarce possible (tho' I have seen an example of it in Louisa, but she is an angel, & I'm a weak, unsteady, thoughtless, vain creature), but still I do assure you it is not possible with a good heart (which I own I pique myself upon) to change so totally, without being a most miserable wretch. It is my first wish to make Sr Charles happy, & in that, if I may believe him, I have succeeded far beyond my hopes; my next is to keep the affection and esteem of my relations & friends. I hope that also is the case still, at least I have not seen it otherwise. The 3d is to be treated with regard in the world; how far I shall

succeed in that, is what I am not a judge of, further than that I do not ever meet with any reason to be mortified among the number of people I live with. I have not at present any guess of what or how you have heard of me. I know what might be the foundation of many stories, but they must have been improved, I fancy, before they could reach so far. I do not desire to hear any more particulars of them, & will end this subject with begging of you not to be uneasy about my faults, which I fear will not mend, but to be content with knowing that I'm happy.

Upon reading over your letter and my own, I feel as if I have return'd your very kind and affectionate advice, (for indeed it is not a scold) with crossness, so must add more about it, to assure you, my dear Netty, that I take it kindly of you, & to prove it I have entered into a sort of a justification of myself, which believe me is now a very uncommon thing with me, & a mark that I love you most sincerely, to get the better of the resolution I had taken never to have any conversation of that kind with anybody. I have been so often put out of humour with myself & my friends & the world by it without finding any profit by it, that I have got a cross peevish way of answering advice, & that may have appeared in my letter, tho' believe me it is not in my heart. I wish you would burn this letter, & love me enough, my dear, to forget all my faults that are not towards you.

Ld H. & my sister are gone to the South of France. I'm going to Ly Mary, who is near lying in; she is frightened at the thoughts of it, poor soul.

Mr. Strangways[1] is gone to Paris to the accademy

[1] Hon. Stephen Fox Strangways, afterwards Colonel in the army,

where Harry is; I'm very glad of it, for I hear great commendations of him, & it will be a great pleasure to both to be together.

I've seen nothing of your familly this summer, having been at Spa. Sr Charles will buy your ticket; he is a vast deal better in his health than he has been, thank God. Did I ever tell you that I carried Miss Blake[1] with me to Spa; you will not wonder when I tell you that we made a very viollent friendship very soon, when I tell you in her figure, voice, manner, & caracter, she puts me in mind of you every day.

Sr Charles has bought you a lottery ticket, but only on the condition that you will accept of it. The number is 58-800.

Adieu, my sweet Netty.

Yours most affecately,

S. B.

P.S.—I have sent the check to Mr. Touchet.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

London, Feb. ye 12th, 1768.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—I wish it was in my power to give you any news that could please you by this post, but I don't find that anything is yet settled about the Surveyor of the woods, which is what Mr Touchet is to ask of the Duke of Grafton in Ld Ilchester's & Ld Holland's name, as Mr Upton, I believe, has informed you of. I hope next post we shall be able to give you a more

second son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester. He was born in 1751, and died in 1836.

[1] Annabella, daughter of Sir Patrick Blake, and Annabella, sister of Sir Charles Bunbury.

satisfactory account of the probabillity of getting anything that will please you both. I have spoke to Ld Hillsborough,[1] who *promises* very fair, I wish he may perform as well. Mr Upton & I agree'd it was not worth asking for anything under £500 a year, as it's throwing away one's interest, but whether it will be possible to get one of 2 or 3 places Mr Touchet talks of, I can't tell; I hope it will. Your mother & sisters are just come to town; I have not yet seen them, but mean to do it as soon as possible. Sr Charles sends his love to you; we did not inform you of your ticket as it came up a blanc, so I thought it time enough to tell you of it. Sr Charles has had the gout, but he is otherwise excessively recover'd both in health & spirits & looks.

God bless you, my dear Ly Susan, I hope you continue to love me as sincerely as you are loved by your most affecate friend.

P.S.—I saw a gentleman that went with you to Quebec, & that gave me a very exact and comfortable account of you. I hear you're very fat, but look very well. I'm sure your pretty little sly face is not alter'd; what would I give to see it.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, March the 20, 1768.

Mrs Fitz-Roy, who is leaving this place, has just told me that Mr Delany is going to New York immediately & will carry this letter to my dear

[1] Willes, Viscount Hillsborough, was Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1768 till 1772, when he resigned; he was re-appointed in 1779. He married, first, in 1747, Margaret, daughter of Robert, nineteenth Earl of Kildare; and secondly, Mary, Baroness Stawell. He was created Marquis of Downshire in 1789, and died in 1793.

Netty, which I'm very glad of, as I was vex'd to death to have mist writing by the last post. . . .

I cannot comprehend by what accident you have either never received or never answered a letter Ly Ilchester wrote to you in summer to propose from Ld H. to give you 2 thousand pounds insted of the annuity of £400; & Ly Ilchester offer'd to give you £200, Ld Ilchester to make up the interest of the £2000, one £100, & with the £100 Mr O'Brien has from his place now, you would only have the addition of £2000. Sure, my dear Netty, you must wish to accept of this, & it seems very odd you have never answer'd it. Pray, my dear, write to me a full account of your scheemes, what opinion you have of the place that we have hopes of getting for you, & pray let me know the names of those places that you think will suit him best, for indeed you are the best judge yourself. They are hurying me to death to take my letter, so adieu, my dearest Netty.

Yours most affectionately,

S. B.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Barton, May the 12, 1768.

My dear Ly Susan, . . . I'm vastly glad to hear you don't know what low spirits are, it's a sign you'r very well, but I hear you are grown very fat; do you know I'm not the least altered since you saw me, neither fatter nor thinner; my *phiz* is grown rather course and older as you may think, & my nose grows longer, as you used to swear you saw it grow; it must be so by this time, you may be sure.

I am going again to Spa this year; it agreed so well with Sr Charles that he tries it again to confirm

his health, which, thank God, is infinitely better, & indeed I think quite well, only I dare not say so, for he loves to be thought ill. You'll think I shall grow quite forreign, but I assure you my frequent journeys have taught me only to prize my dear old Barton and home the more; I think many places as pleasant as London, but none like Barton. Did I ever tell you that Miss Blake lives in the house with me intirely; she is a very sensible girl with a very good heart & loves me very much.

I can't tell you any London news for I have not been there these 2 months, & I never enquire much about it, for I have found by experience that for one truth, I hear ten lies invented by envy & propagated by foolish, chattering people, that it has quite sickened me of asking news. So you must take up with Barton news, that is, that the trees do grow so fast it does one's heart good to see them. Our library is almost finished, & is a charming comfortable room; I hardly ever ride now, but walk or drive about in a cabriolet; we keep wonderful good horses both in town & here, & I've grown so *pert* with it that I'm never nervous now, & am never ill, which, by the by, you perhaps did not know had happen'd to me very often in these last 2 years.

Are you still pollitician enough to be eager about the fuss they make with Mr Wilks?[1] If you are, I

[1] On the dissolution of Parliament, Wilkes, though an outlaw, returned to the country, and stood for the City of London in the new Parliament, but failed to get in. He then stood for the County of Middlesex, and was there elected after much rioting and confusion. On April 20 he surrendered himself as an outlaw to the King's Bench, and when, a month later, his case came up for trial his outlawry was renewed, and he was sentenced to twenty-two months' imprisonment on the old charges of libels in the *North Briton* and the "Essay on Woman." All this time the mob made him a

wish you would write an annonymous letter to His M. to advise him not to sculk in his den like—I don't know what, for I must not say what a *pauvre animal* I think him; but it really provokes me to see him so bullied, but you know *we* always prophesied he would never make a figure when once he ceased being in our good graces, & *we* never were mistaken certainly. Do you know that he has made his brat the proudest little imp you ever saw, just like himself.

God bless you, my dear Netty, write to me soon, & believe me most sincerely yours,

S. BUNBURY.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Holland House, June 11, 1768.

Ld Holland does not desire to vex Ly Susan, & finds he can't write without offending her, & therefore desires Ly Sarah to tell her he has received her letter of March the 12th, & to tell her it was not her expression about the Collectorship of Philadelphia that gave him the least offence. He assures her with truth that he has not the least power; those who have, have given Mr O'Brien a place which I will give you an account of. Ld Holland has writ to Sr Harry Moore to take out the 20,000 acres for him, which he finds will be of no use to you; he says he hopes he shall not live long, & wonders that you have declined his offer; & now he leaves it to me to say anything more that I have a mind to say, & to confirm or contradict as I please whatever he has said. For he is as sure that I shan't offend you, as he is, that if he writ,

popular hero, with the result that constant riots took place, which the Ministers seemed powerless to stop.

he *should.* I understand that Mr Touchet writes to you by this post, & can let the place Mr O'Brien has for £200 a year. I hear that Ld Hillsborough wanted Ly Ilchester to stay till he could get a better place, but she very wisely chose to take this now.

I never can write to you without wondering, my dear Ly Susan, that you don't seem to think that Ld H. has been not only *good to you* but most astonishingly kind & generous; pray let me once more remind you of what he has done, & do not say I love to show you how dependant you are, for indeed it is not illnature in me, but that I cannot comprehend why you should not be *proud of your obligation.* In your case I never could look upon it as a misfortune to be dependant upon such friends as yours. If you expected Ld H. to put you at once in a state of affluence, it would be very natural for you to complain of being forgot, for everything is by comparison; but if you understood that Ld H. meant to provide for you during his lifetime in a frugal way, which was certainly his intention at first, you will have no reason to complain.

He would never have thought of giving you so much as £400 a year if he had not immagined part of it was to go to the lands, because he wanted you to set out upon a very private & frugal plan of life. The lands did not turn out well, he left you the £400, he got you a place of a hundred a year; you did not even thank him for it or name it, yet he did not retrench the sum. He knows Ly Ilchester has given you near £200 a year, he did not give you the less for it, though he always said it was only to be given you till you had it by some other means. You complained of the uncertainty of what you got,

he offer'd you £2000 in lieu of it; it's so good a thing that there is no Jew in the city that would not be happy to get it. He expected you to save money, because it is *very certain* that it is possible to live even in England, the dearest of all places, under £400 a year; there are people that do it here indeed, & you have lately had above £600 with what your mother gives you & the place. Yet you say, "You wonder how he could expect you to save anything with *such* an income as you have." When he came to that part of your letter he made some remarks that were but too just, & said he would say no more about it, . . . & you will hear no more about it.

I have ask'd Ld H., if I could persuade you to take the £2000, whether he would still give it; he said, "Yes, if he was not dead," which I am sorry to hear him wish so often, & which may or may not be these few years, but it is but too probable I fear, & I must, Ly Susan, beg & intreat of you not to be so mad as to refuse it; let me ask it, pray do. You will make me so happy, I cannot express it.

You know the offer Ly Ilchester made you of making up your income to £400 now. It's now easier than ever, your 2 places are £300 & I give you my word you will have the other hundred from Ly Ilchester, if not more. What can possess you to refuse it?

I have never nam'd you'r mentioning being in debt to anyone, for I don't see the good of it, if it will make them angry. I wish you may get out of debt soon. You might if you would; there is nothing that may not be done by a good wish.

My sister sends her love to you, & joins with me in wishing you would take yr £2000. Adieu, pray

answer me soon, & do not write in a passion with me, for it only vexes me & don't alter my opinion.

Yours very affectly,

S. BUNBURY.

The patent is just come for the place; it is called, I think, Secretary-Marshall-General of the Island of Bermudas. Adieu, once more, my dear Netty, don't be angry with me, & be assured I love you.[1]

The letters now cease during a period of seven years, for Lady Susan preserved none written between June, 1768, and June, 1775.

In February, 1769, Lady Sarah left Sir Charles Bunbury's house in Privy Gardens, taking with her Louisa Bunbury, her infant daughter, then two months old, and joined Lord William Gordon,[2] to whom she was devotedly attached.

They first went to Redbridge, not far from Southampton, and thence to Carolside, near Erlstone, in Berwickshire, where a walk along the banks of the Leader, which they named "The Lovers' Walk," is still so called to this day. Two thorn trees, planted by them near the house, as years went on intertwined their stems and branches.

They left Carolside, however, after about three months, as, owing to the continued and forcible representations of her family, she did not remain long under Lord William's protection, and returned to her brother and sister-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, at Goodwood, where she was when the sad tidings

[1] No doubt much kindness has been shown *me*, & more intended. But 4 years' incessant proposals & expectation of impossibilities is enough to excuse impatience. I'm sure Mr O'B. has shown less than any other man in his situation.—S. O'Brien.

[2] Lord William Gordon, born in 1745, second son of Cosmo George, third Duke of Gordon, and Catherine, daughter of William, Earl of Aberdeen. Lord William married, in 1781, Frances, daughter of Charles, ninth Viscount Irvine, and died in 1823, leaving one daughter, Frances, who never married, and died in 1831.

reached her in November of the death of her youngest sister, Cecilia, from consumption. She died in Paris, where she was with Lady Holland, who was taking her by slow stages to the South of France, hoping thereby to benefit her health.

Lady Sarah continued to live at Goodwood for several years in complete retirement, entirely occupied with her child. The duke built her Halnaker, a small house situated in Goodwood Park, from her own plans, and here she lived, leading a most solitary existence, until her second marriage in 1781, with the Hon. George Napier, second son of Francis, fifth Baron Napier. Her divorce from Sir Charles Bunbury took place unopposed in 1776, after which she resumed her maiden name.

Mr and Lady Susan O'Brien returned from America in 1770, and after a few months went to live at Winterslow, in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, near the home of Mr and Lady Mary Fox, who showed them much kindness. In 1774, however, Winterslow House, where the Foxes lived, was burnt, and Mr and Lady Susan O'Brien removed to Stinsford House, near Dorchester, an old manor-house belonging to Lady Ilchester.

On her arrival in England, Lady Susan was much disappointed at not being as warmly welcomed as she expected by the different members of her family, who had hardly yet become reconciled to her marriage, which however had turned out most happily for her. She was deeply mortified at what she considered their neglect of her during her first few months in London, and various misunderstandings arose in consequence, as her nature was proud, sensitive, and easy to take offence.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown,[1] Ireland, June the 23rd, 1775.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I do not think I should make you any excuses for not writing before, as my letters are certainly not worth sending, but

[1] The country seat of Mr and Lady Louisa Conolly, near Dublin.

as they prove to you my affection, & in that light it is very necessary for me to clear myself of negligence towards you, which I can do by assuring you that I have thought of you, talk'd of you, nay even wrote to you, a great deal lately; so that your not hearing from me was not owing to your being out of my mind, but to my fear of disobliging you, if I entered upon a subject very interesting to you. This has made me burn many letters I have actually wrote you, & perhaps it will be the fate of this, as I own I cannot resist speaking to you of a thing I think so essential to your happiness: in short, till you are thoroughly reconciled to all your family, & they to you, I'm sure your mind will not be at ease.

Will you forgive me if I attempt to persuade you to take such steps as seem to me to be most probable to lead to it, for consider, dearest Ly Susan, that I can have no other motive in it but your happiness. The quarrell, or rather disunion there is among you is only the result of strong prejudices, which unfortunately will lead you all into giving up entirely the pleasure, comfort, & satisfaction arrising from the affection of brothers & sisters; a happiness so great, that I, who have reap'd such surprising advantage from it, must ever look upon it as almost our first duty to cultivate so natural an affection as that between brothers & sisters. I do not think there needs any excuse to wish to have sisters love each other, but my medling in this affair requires my informing you how I came to take such a resolution.

Lord & Ly Stavordale[1] made Louisa[2] a visit.

[1] Henry Thomas, Lord Stavordale, eldest son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, born in 1747; married, first, in 1772, Mary Theresa

I did not intend to force my company on either Ly Stavordale or Ly Harriet,[3] who came the next day, but Ly Stavordale enquired about me in so obliging a manner for herself & Ly Harriet, that I could not refuse myself the pleasure of seing them, the first, from having heard so much about her merit, the 2d, from old acquaintance, for tho' I own I was vastly prejudiced against her for her unkind usage of you, yet I have a sort of interested feel about every part of your family that makes me feel as if they belong'd to me. One reason also for my seing them was that I had no other house to go to, & as they staid a few days, I could not well confine myself to one room. I hope Ld & Ly Ilchester will not disaprove of my acquaintance with these ladies, for I have too many obligations both to your father & mother not to be hurt at the thoughts of having displeas'd them, but I think if they know the pleasure I have had, in seing so very extraordinary a character & so very amiable & beautifull a creature as Ly Stavordale, they would not be sorry I had so much satisfaction. You will wonder perhaps at my sudden fancy about her; no, indeed you cannot wonder, for her face & manner are absolutely bewitching, & I defy any person of taste & feeling to pass a day with her & not feel charmed with her, except it is some of the *fine people*, whose taste is spoilt *pour la belle*

O'Grady, daughter of Standish O'Grady, Esq., of Cappercullen, co. Limerick; she died in 1790, leaving one son and five daughters. Lord Stavordale married, secondly, in 1794, his cousin Maria, daughter of Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham; he died in 1802. See Appendix C.

[2] Lady Louisa Conolly.

[3] Lady Harriet Fox Strangways, third daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1770, Colonel Acland, eldest son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart.; she died in 1815.

nature, & they indeed may accuse her of the horrible fault of not powdering her beautifull hair, & differing in every respect from *une petite maitresse* for she seems not to have a guess that she is the prettiest of creatures. . . .

In consequence of the conversation I had with Ly Stavordale, I determined in my own mind to attempt to persuade you to act your part, at least towards being reconciled to your sister; for tho' that is alone a thing of great consequence, it also is the cause of that coolness that you told me of in all your relations, & your making it up with her will put them all into good humour. . . . I never saw either of the letters, you know, that passed between Ly Harriet & you, but I remember that at the time I understood that she had wrote a very improper, unkind, & cruel letter to you without the least provocation on your side, which had provoked you so much as to make you write a most viollent, abusive letter, in which I believe you abused some of your relations, & in that (or afterwards) abused Mrs. Digby viollently; in short, that you was in a passion.

I do not in the least wonder at your being angry; the intentional slight with which Ly Harriet meant to treat Mr. O'Brien was the very best cause you could have for your anger, for you never offended her by your marriage, & it did in no way concern her, further than giving her a reason to be very civil to a man who had behaved perfectly well to her sister, & towards all the family. But just as your resentment was, my dear Ly Susan, did it not carry you too far? Have you not since reflected on the hasty manner in which you offended your whole family? Ly Harriet's letter was provoking,

but she is your sister, & she has (according to Ly Stavordale's account of her) a thousand good quallities. . . . I speak of Ly Harriet as the first person in the affair, because I find she is at least the *ostensible* person, but in my own mind I cannot believe that had she been left to herself she would have acted as she has. I will not supose she was ordered to do it by Mr Acland, as it is too ungenerous a thing to supose that a man should *exiger* of his wife to appear guilty of his faults, but I can account for it in a much more natural way. Sr Thomas Acland[1] is old, proud, & *herrissé de préjugés;* tho' a very worthy man, his son has probably found it necessary to give in to all his ideas, & perhaps has some of them himself, & Ly Harriet might insensibly gain the opinions and prejudices of her husband, without in fact at all deviating from the natural goodness of her heart. . . . Your brothers & sisters, I believe, were all shock'd at your viollent letter; allow for them too as well as for Ly Harriet; you know you have seen but little of them, & they have the worldly & unconquerable prejudice of being hurt at your situation. They therefore (very unreasonably) expect more meekness from you than belongs to your character, & they meet with a hauteur that would be condemnable in the Empress of the world (for it never becomes a woman to be proud), & you abuse their sister and their aunt Mrs. Digby, whom they all are so fond of; in short, you offend them all by your manner, & then you wonder they are so cool. Consider, dear Ly Susan, that you have never taken any steps to

[1] Sir Thomas Acland, seventh Baronet, married Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Dyke, Esq., of Tetton, Somersetshire, and died in 1785.

bring their love back. . . . I must here repeat what I fear I shall not persuade you of, that to be *high-minded* is the most troublesome of all *good* or *bad* quallities (for I don't know which to call it); it never gives the owner any satisfaction, it always makes quarrells & never mends them. . . . Whether it holds good *dans le grand monde* I will not argue, for I'm no judge, but I'm quite entirely certain it don't hold good *en famille*, & there is where I want you to drop it.

I must tell you what Ly Stavordale said in her own words talking of the letters, which I said I had not seen, & she had only seen yours. I told her I imagined Ly Harriet's was very very improper indeed, for that my sister Louisa said she did not think it possible one sister could write such an unkind letter to another. . . . That as Louisa was *justice* itself, *her* opinion, I am sure, was as moderate as it was possible to be, and her judgment always too impartial. To which, Ly S. said, "It does not now signify disputing about it; the letter is unfortunately wrote, & it *is* as unfortunately answered, that is done and cannot be helped. The only thing is to consider now that they are sisters, that in consequence of their quarrell the rest of the family treat Ly Susan with a coolness that is dreadful to see; for my own part it distresses me beyond measure, I pity her to the greatest degree to find herself so like a stranger among them, & I'm in constant fear of her seing it, but luckily she seems not to perceive it." I told her she was very much mistaken, that you saw & felt it very much, but I suposed would not show your feeling about it. She said she was very sorry to hear it; that it would make her still more unhappy about you;

that her own situation was very distressing, for that her wish was to be of use to you, but that she had not the power, & that having the will & the desire without it made her suffer when you was there, first upon your account, then upon her own, for fear you should think ill of her for not doing more about it; that nobody could conceive the pains she had taken to set all right, that sometimes she flatter'd herself she was near succeeding, when (because she had not the power of desiring you to contribute your share towards it) it all was at an end again, & quite disheartened her. I desired her to tell me very fairly a thing I was in doubt about, viz, whether Lord Stavordale cared for you or not. . . . Her answer was that she was sure he had loved you most affectionately, that as a proof of it, he was so hurt at your letter to Ly Harriet, & your abuse to Mrs Digby, in the manner one is affected by the faults of those one loves, that he was in a passion, & with the same eagerness he had in his anger he would have forgiven you, had you shown the least sign of sorrow for it; but that your manner in general had almost convinced him that you did not love him, or care for his approbation or disapprobation, which by degrees had made him grow so cool to you. . . . Supose, my dear Ly Susan, you were to write Lady Harriet a letter to this effect; that you did not mean to enter into an argument about the subject of your quarrell, as explanations were always dangerous & liable to renew anger, but that as your only object was to live as sisters ought, you would confine yourself to two things. First, to tell her that, as she had been very kind to you previous to her marriage, you attributed the unkind letter she wrote to you, to the

influence Mr Acland & his family had over her conduct; that you was cool enough now to refflect on the motive that might influence her, & was therefore determined not to believe she continued in her heart unkind to you; that you would entirely forget & forgive the harsh treatment you had met with, & supose it prejudice or hastiness or submission to the opinion of her family. If in return she would give you the same indulgence, & consider that your affection for your husband might lead you to errors as well as it had her, your warmth led you to say more than you think it right ever to have said, & therefore that you hope that, laying by all past offences to each other & all annimosities, she will give you back the affection as a sister she owes you; assure her it will be your studdy to return it sincerely. Desire her not to immagine you mean by this to *solicit the appearance of a worldly civility*, for that you do not desire what does not come from the heart, that you do not desire to visit or go anywhere with her, (making quite a separate thing of your affections for her as a sister, & the appearance of the world). All you require of her is to return your friendship and affection with the same warmth & affection as you feel for her; . . . that nothing but her being your sister could make you forgive, & make the first advance to be reconciled, which you do with pleasure in the hopes of gaining her affection. . . .

I make no doubt it is quite unnecessary to name Lord & Ly Ilchester among those who require your attentions, for you can never have too much for them, & you must feel such allacrity in the pleasure of obliging your kind & affectionate mother; pray give her my most affectionate respects if she

will accept of them, for indeed I never can forget my obligations to her.

My best compts to Mr O'Brien.

Adieu, dear Lady Sue.

Yours,

S. BUNBURY.

Lady Susan O'Brien to Lady Sarah Bunbury.

July, 1775.

I have just recd yr very kind letter, my dear Ly Sarah, & am excessively oblig'd to you for it. [Indeed you have a sad idea of my *hauteur* to think I shd not most willingly receive & most willingly follow yr advice].[1] I am very glad you have had the conversation you mention with Ly Stavordale, but I am afraid it is not so much in my power as she says to regain my bro.'s affection. I have whenever I have seen him, which is but very seldom, done all in my power towards it, without any seeming effect. In regard to H., I am very willing to do anything that is thought reasonable to make up my quarrell with her, & have said so more than once to Lucy & many others, but cd never get the least word of encouragement, . . . or the least intelligence of any of their sentiments concerning me, or on the subject of a reconciliation from any one but my mother, who in Burlington Street[2] one day told H. I was in the house, & willing to come down & see her if she wish'd it; her answer was, she cd not say she did. . . . I was in hopes if it had been my bro.'s or Ly S.'s wish to make it up, that they would have taken

[1] The reason why certain paragraphs in this letter are enclosed in square brackets will be found in Lady Sarah's letter of Aug. 21, 1775, p. 243.

[2] 31 Old Burlington Street, Lord Ilchester's house.

some steps towards it last winter, when we were all in town, & living opposite in B. St. I even wrote Ly S. to say I cd not come & see her so often as I wish'd because my spirits were so low, that I found myself too much affected at meeting my sister on the very uncomfortable footing we were, but this produced not the least hint or encouragement from any of them. [It therefore appear'd to me to be rather their inclination to keep up the difference between us, under wch pretence they cd continue their coldness & neglect of me with more decency than if they had no pretence whatever; in this light I own the whole has appear'd to me, & I am not *yet* convinced of my mistake]. Notwithstanding wch I will, when Ly S. comes over, wch is to be soon, if she will give me the least opportunity, offer her to write or do something else that may be expected in regard to H. . . . I have met Sir Thos Acland at Melbury, & seen Mr Acland two or three times, & both were very civil to me, the former most particularly so; how therefore can I attribute to them the illtreatment of my sister, but as Ly S. says, 'tis no matter how it began, the matter is to end it, & I assure you I will do every thing I can towards it that can be done with the least propriety. I still fear they may think it interested motives alone that makes me try to be well with a rich sister, after finding how ill my quarrelling with her has succeeded; yet I think they may know me not to be of a very asking nature, for tho' Lucy[1] & I have never had any kind of dispute, yet I never ask'd her to go to any place with me,

[1] Lady Lucy Digby, second daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, born in 1748; she married, in 1771, her cousin Hon. Stephen Digby, and died in 1787.

nor did she ever show the least disposition towards showing me the least publick civillity, tho' 'twas plain enough in my situation how desirable it wd have been to me, [but has always done just what H. offer'd to do, call on me now & then when she thought nobody was with me]. But it is impossible not to see & feel all this treatment, tho' I have used every effort not to show it, & hope I have succeeded.

Adieu, my dear Ly Sarah; believe me most extremely oblig'd to you for the interest you take in my affairs, wch I hope may terminate better than I expect, if there is any disposition in other people towards a reconciliation, as I assure you there is a very sincere one in me. . . . [My brors & sisters are very unlike yours. I wish there was a Ly Louisa among us to keep us from *freezing* as we do when together; Ly S. is the most likely to do so, but she is so intirely swallow'd up by the opposites that I can hardly hope an uninfluenced judgement in her]. I wrote to you last week to tell you of my new habitation,[1] wch I like most extremely, so does Mr O'Brien.

Ever yours affly,
SUSAN O'BRIEN.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, July 6th, 1775.

MY DEAR LY SUE,—I was just going to write to you when I received your letter, & therefore will begin by thanking you for it, & I wish you would tell me all the American news, tho' I allow of my *incapability* in polliticks, but I'm very anxious about them now partly from a horror of civil war, & chiefly

[1] Stinsford, near Dorchester.

on account of Genl Howe,[1] for whose welfare I am very much concern'd, & who I hope will not be employ'd long in so vile and fruitless a service, where he may be killed & cannot get any honour. I am a daily eye witness of the wretched situation of his poor wife, who really suffers to such an excess, that if she remains long in her state of doubt & anxiety, I am sure she will fall into a very bad state of health. . . .

I supose you are viollent for your American friends. I hope they are good sort of people, but I don't love Presbetiryans & I love the English soldiers, so that I at present have a horror of those who use them ill beyond the laws of war, which *scalping* certainly is, & I don't believe a word of the soldiers doing more than they ought; you know one is always unreasonable when one's prejudiced. As you are so near your father & mother, I do hope you will proffit as much as possible of the neighbourhood. I do very well remember that Mrs Kingston, a good-humoured, jolly woman; she is just one of the people whom by showing attention

[1] General Sir William Howe, third son of Emanuel Scrope, second Viscount Howe, married Frances, fourth daughter of Right Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, Ireland, Speaker of House of Commons in Ireland in 1715. General Howe took part in the war with America, and was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces after General Gage's return in 1776, till 1778.

General Howe reached America towards the end of May, 1775, and was at once sent to reinforce the garrison of Boston, who were blockaded by a large force of Americans. He took part in the battle of Bunker's Hill, and at one moment was in the greatest danger, as nearly all those around him were either killed or wounded.

The fighting had commenced about two months before by a skirmish at Lexington, from which place a force of about 1800 men, who had been sent to destroy certain military stores at Concord, in New England, retreated with much difficulty to Boston, losing nearly 300 men killed and wounded. Encouraged by this success American corps were formed throughout the province.

to, you may *par bricole* please your mother, & why not do it? Your mother loves cards; you should make it a point to have a party for her, & whoever she likes are those to choose. . . . I long to hear how you go on, for I rekon this autumn will be a great trial for you; you will be so much among all your relations, that if you exert yourself you will I'm certain overcome all difficulties. . . .

I have not seen Ly Stavordale since I wrote to you, but I fancy she is soon going to your part of the world; I saw her likeness to my girl, & am both sorry & glad of it, the first because it strikes people, & of course is a sad disadvantage to Louisa, as an ugly likeness of a pretty woman is terrible, but yet I like to see it myself, because I admire Ly S. so very very much that I like anything that is like her; what would I give that my girl might ever be like her in everything! but I am sorry to think there is not wherewithal in her character to make so perfect a creature, nor have I the least chance of resembling Mrs O'Grady in her method of education & example, for I hear there never was such a charming woman, & Ly S.'s greatest admirers say, she could not help being charming when brought up by such a woman as her mother. Since you desire to have an account of me, I shall tell you that I pass my time very pleasantly: I live almost all the day long with my sister; Mr Conolly seems to like my being here, & shows me so much kindness that I hope it is not disagreeable to him, & I'm sure it makes Louisa happy, for she scarce passes a day without telling me that having me with her is one of the greatest pleasures she has; there is something so pleasant in being so sincerely loved & welcome, that it is not wonderfull I should be

Walker & Cockerell, sc.

Lady Sarah Bunbury
as "The Mourning Bride"

perfectly content & happy here. We have a good deal of company. . . . They come in a very pleasant way, dropping in at dinner time & going away soon after, so that they never interfere with any employment we have. . . . Some of my old acquaintance among the ladies have been more than civil to me, quite kind indeed, & some of Louisa's acquaintance have been very civil, but great part of both sorts have taken no notice of me. *Je m'en console* for this reason, I don't want company because I've society which is better, & as I always take the civilities I meet with from ladies as a *favor*, I am not ambitious of being obliged to people I don't care about, & yet when they do it from a good natured motive I am always doved with it, & like them vastly. The only person whose countenance I *regret* is Ly Dowr Kildare's,[1] & it does vex me she won't take notice of me, but I can easily comprehend her prejudice against it, tho' she is a remarkable good & sensible woman, & vastly above all the low prejudices of old age ; but this I supose strikes her *countenancing a fault*, & she can't bring herself to it, & indeed I don't wonder at her, tho' I intend to try all I can to persuade her to it, and I don't despair of it in time. I can't give you a *positive* account of my *good behaviour*, for I'm a partial judge you know; I hope the proof of it will be that I shall not be abused, & as I've heard nothing against myself yet, I hope I am very *grave* & *dignified*. . . .

I am vastly pleased with this place & with Carton,[2] & with about 4 or 5 places along the side of the

[1] Mary, eldest daughter of William O'Brien, third Earl of Inchiquin, married, in 1709, Robert, nineteenth Earl of Kildare.

[2] The Duke of Leinster's country seat.

Liffey towards Dublin; rocky ground, a river, trees, & some taste in gardening must make them pretty. There are also a chain of mountains to bound the prospect which is very pretty, but these beauties reign in all the places, & after them *tout est dit.* The country is ugly, poor, neglected, bare of trees; the roads are between mudd walls, no fields to ride in, & desperate hedges & ditches to cross if one goes out of the road, so that riding seems to me impossible for a woman, walking out of the grounds still worse, & hunting, coursing, & following shooters quite impracticable. . . . What I admire in Sussex is that a house & 3 or 4 acres of land is all I should want, & I could amuse myself with the beauties of the country and the amusements of it, without depending on the neighbourhood or my friends or anybody. . . .

I enquired of Mrs Howe about Mr & Mrs John Pitt,[1] who I know are sometimes in your neighbourhood, & I find that tho' she likes them vastly as being undoubtedly very worthy & agreable people, it is a little Mrs Pitt's way to be uncertain, & Mrs Howe in a little meek way said; "I dare say she don't mean it, but it's a little distressing, for some times she is very fond of us, & sometimes takes no notice of us a whole winter." Upon this Louisa said it had happened to her too to be treated the same, & had made her fear they did not like her, but afterwards she found it was her way, & upon Dean Marley's desiring her to go to Mrs Pitt's, & assuring Louisa that it was not meant, she went & found her very civil and pleasing. . . .

[1] John Pitt, Esq., fourth son of George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, and Lora, only daughter and heiress of Audley Grey, Esq., of Kingston, co. Dorset; he married Marcia, daughter of Marcus Morgan, Esq., and died in 1787.

I do not supose Ly Holland likes Tunbridge much, but anything does for a summer. What do you mean by the Winterslow furniture being sold? Does not she mean to live there?[1]

Henry, first Lord Holland, died at Holland House in June, 1774, and Lady Holland, having suffered severely from cancer for some months, only survived him twenty-three days.

Stephen Fox succeeded his father as second Lord Holland, but he only lived three months after his father's death, and expired at Holland House in September, 1774, leaving one daughter, Caroline, aged six, and one son, Henry Richard, aged ten months, to the guardianship of their mother, Mary, Lady Holland.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, July 29th, 1775.

My dearest Ly Susan,—It is with the greatest satisfaction that I have read your letter relative to your family, & I could never praise you enough for the propriety of it, if the d——l (I believe) had not tempted you to put in some of your commical expressions, & so it was impossible for me to *shew* your letter to Ly Stavordale, if I had had an opportunity, which indeed (barring those few expressions) would I think do you more good than anything upon earth. . . . I could have vapour'd finely about your *reasonableness* & your illtreatment; but I was stopped by this difficulty, for was I to show Ld Stavordale & Ly H. & Mr Acland, "that they are not like my family, & that they want a Louisa to keep them from freezing," I fancy I should not much advance *the peace*, also I thought the words, "they had no other excuse to keep up their coldness

[1] Letter unfinished.

to me with any decency," was as well left out, for an elder brother of a family is *commonly* rekon'd to be looked upon with respect merely because he is the head of the young part of the family; & tho' he may treat his brothers and sisters with unkindness & deserve great blame, yet he seldom is looked upon as "obliged in decency" to take any notice of any of his family more than common civility, if he don't like them.

Since we are on that subject, I can give you an *example* that I'm sure you will allow is to be attended to, & that's my sister Leinster,[1] whose good sense is enough known to make her conduct be of some consequence. You know that being a widdow is of itself a reason for making her her own mistress, if her age did not; you know too, that when, by Lady Bellamont's impertinence, she was forced to take *un parti*, she told her son, her mother-in-law, & her sister, that she thought it very possible she should marry Mr Ogilvie. They all agreed in the same thing for answer, that they could not *wish it*, but if she was happy, it was all they wished; & that she could not chuse a person they had a better opinion of & had more regard for. With such a sanction, you would perhaps think there was nothing for her to do, but to inform her brother of her marriage *tout simplement*, but I wish you had seen the affectionate, the reasonable manner in which she wrote to my brother, & indeed to all her friends. One of her expressions to him is, "I am content that you should call me a fool, &

[1] Emily, Duchess of Leinster, two years after the death of the Duke in 1773, married William Ogilvy, Esq., a Scotchman, related to Lord Findlater and Seafield. He had for many years been an intimate friend of the Duke's, and had assisted in the education of his sons.

an *old fool*, that you should blame me, & say you did not think me capable of such a folly; talk me over, say what you please, but remember that all I ask of you is your affection & tenderness." My brother says there is no resisting her owning herself in the wrong & begging so hard to be loved, so you see the good effects of meekness; I assure you my sister *gains* friends insted of loosing any by her manner.

But to return to you, I must inform you I wrote to Ly Stavordale, & told her that as I knew she was desirous of bringing about a reconciliation, I could assure her you were willing to do your part, but that you gave me such good reasons for your doubts of the success, that I thought it right to trouble her with a copy of that part of your letter relating to that subject, that she might judge & see that this quarrell was, like many others, increased by misunderstanding & prejudices, which created each other by turns. . . . I will tell you fairly, that as far as I can judge it is not upon the old score that they are shy of you, but upon finding that you give yourself what seems to them *airs*, & I know of *old* that nobody but a very very few unprejudiced persons indeed can put up with that . . . You know too that, as I have said, your manner is apt to set people against you; you toss up your head, a *great crime* in many people's eyes, for it denotes contempt, & you have a directing way. . . .

Ly Stavordale let drop a hint that made me say your manner was naturally so, & that poor old Ld Holland had increased it greatly by admiring it in you, so that I believed you did it without knowing it now from custom.

"Why!" says Ly Stavordale, "Does she do so to

you?" "Oh yes!" I said, "to everybody, it's her manner of speaking: she has no thought of governing, no more than you have, but it's her *way*, in short." "Well, I'm glad to hear that," said Ly S., "for I know it's one of the things they are most angry with her for; they say she wants to govern me. Now I really attributed that manner to her knowing that I was very young in the world, & that she thought it right to direct me a little; I did not wonder at her, I thought it not the least unreasonable, only I did not think it very pleasant, but as her intention I knew could only be what she thought for my good, I never took it in the least ill, but I'm affraid it displeased them a good deal." . . . I long much to hear the success of your meeting this autumn, for I have now no more to do with it. Adieu, give my best respects to Lord & Lady Ilchester, & assure them of the sincere regard & gratitude I have for them.

Yours, my dearest Lady Sue,
S. BUNBURY.

Tell Ly Ilchester that I admire her sweet little granddaughter Eliza[1] of all things, & think her very like Ld Stavordale, a little like Ly Ilchester, & the immage of little Ld Holland; in short, altogether she is a dear, little, fair, fat child, & I take for granted will be a viollent favourite; *elle a la phisionomie remplie d'esprit.*

Since I began this I've heard the news of the action near Boston. Oh Lord! how it makes one's blood run cold to think of *any action*, much more

[1] Elizabeth Theresa, Lord and Lady Stavordale's eldest daughter. She married first, in 1796, William Talbot, Esq., of Lacock Abbey, Wilts; and secondly, in 1804, Captain Fielding, R.N. She died in 1840.

such a bloody one as that, & among one's own people almost. Thank God our friends are safe; General Howe was so good in the midst of his hurry to name dear Harry Fox [1] to his wife, & says, though in the midst of the hottest part of the action, he remained unhurt & is quite safe; poor little Mrs Howe fainted away with only the shock of the word *action*, and could not for a long time believe her husband was alive till luckily his letter came.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Castletown, August the 21st, 1775.

My dear Ly Susan, — I have this moment received your letter & immediately answer it. The best account I can give you of what I said in *your name* to Lady Stavordale is to return you your letter, which I copied all except those parts mark'd thus, [——]; all within those hooks I left out, & that part about Ly Lucy I altered a *little* in the expressions, just not to make it appear like a *reproach*, but merely a fact that you told. . . .

I must have misrepresented what Lady Stavordale said, if from my words you immagine she dislikes you, for on the contrary she spoke of your agreableness, your sense, & cleverness in the terms everybody who knows you does, but she observed every word & manner in your family & you with a critical eye, in the light only of wishing to soften & reconcile all prejudices on both sides. . . .

I find Ld Cornwallis [2] intends going to Boston in

[1] Hon. Henry Fox, third son of Henry, first Lord Holland.

[2] Charles, second Earl Cornwallis, was born in 1738. He entered the military profession, and became Major-General in 1775. In 1777 he arrived in America, and gained many successes. In 1781, however, his campaign in Virginia failed, and he and his army were forced to surrender at Yorktown. In 1786 he was sent out to India as

spring as voluntier, & very possibly the same (I may call it) absurd rage may seize Mr Ackland, & if so poor Ly Harriet will be in very great distress, & I pity her most exceedingly. I have not heard of the Regt Ld Stavordale is in being ordered, & I hope in God it won't; pray let me know if there is any talk of it; poor Lady Stavordale, how melancholy a breaking up it would be of her favourite scheeme of spending almost this whole year so happily at her own house, with her husband, her father, mother, child, & sisters. She talked of it in such raptures that it would be a real dissapointment to her, besides the real misfortune of his going, or her going too, which makes it better, but bad enough at the best. Mrs Howe is vastly better since the General was made Commander-in-Chief, for he is at least safe for a *time*, & safe from *bush fighting*, which seemed the most to be dreaded as being more frequent than a regular action; besides she flatters herself his advice will be a little attended to, & she knows he wishes to have a peace that is creditable to both. I don't know if their avoiding him is true or not, but it's very moving if it is. . . .

You ask me what I say to my cousin Lee?[1] Why,

Governor-General, and he was in command of the British forces in 1790–92, in which year he took Seringapatam, and reduced Tippoo to subjection. For this he was created Marquis, and in 1798 was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which post he held till 1801. In 1804 he was again sent out to India as Governor-General, but died the following year of fever.

[1] Major-General Charles Lee, youngest son of John Lee, of Dernhall, co. Cheshire, by Isabella, second daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, served with distinction in the wars in America and Portugal, but ruined his chances of advancement in his profession by his zeal in the cause of liberty in America. He travelled in all parts of the globe, and in 1774 reached America, where he was the following year offered a commission in the American Army on account of the able way in which he took their part against the British Government, and was made Major-General. He was probably one of the first to suggest

Mary Theresa, 2nd Countess of Ilchester and children.

I say it is the element for *boiling water*, and, as I daresay he persuades himself he is acting right, I don't pity him for falling in a cause he thinks glorious, as I fear he will e'er long. I shall be very sorry for him, for he has many good and great quallities to make up for his turbulent spirit and vanity, which, to be sure, are his weak side, but everybody has their faults, & I fear he will pay too dear for his, by seing the many lives he may be the means of losing, and he has too much worth not to regret and reproach himself with it, when he comes cooly to consider that he has used his talents, to the destruction of mankind insted of their comfort, and that much too great a degree of vanity led him to try to be talk'd of in a cause that, however good the motives of liberty may be, should not be hurried on, nor *fought* at the expense of so many innocent lives, when it could be obtained without fighting, as I hear it said it might. I think His Majesty and poor Mr Lee are much upon a par ; they are both vain and obstinate, the King has a bad cause, and Mr Lee a good one, for the King wants to have it in his power to oppress, and my cousin Lee to put it out of his power, but, in my mind, both their intentions will come at last to the same thing as far as concerns the Americans, for, if the King *can* oppress, I don't think it at all clear he will do it, and, if he does, his son may be a better man, and if he is not, it's still time for them to fight. Now if they free themselves from one King, they will only

that the States should proclaim their independence. He grew very jealous of Washington's power, and in consequence of his behaviour at the battle of Monmouth in 1778, was deprived of his military commands and honours. He retired into private life, and died in 1782. His Memoirs, together with many of his letters and essays, were published by Edward Langworthy in 1792.

fall by the ears together and quarrell among themselves, and be just as unhappy as if they were under the despotick government of a King who is not a tyrant, and tho' I certainly am no admirer of the King's character, you know I don't believe he is a bit more, nor so great a tyrant as my cousin Lee would be were he king himself, for he loves his own way as well as anybody; in short, I think there is no deciding who is precisely wrong and who is precisely right. Only 2 things, I think, won't bear dispute; 1st, that those who cause most lives to be lost are the worst people; 2ndly, that the Bostonians, being chiefly Presbiterians, & from the north of Ireland, are daily proved to be very very bad people, being quarrelsome, discontented, hipocritical, enthusiastical, lying people. Tho' they have money, lands, and employment sufficient for them, they are discontented and rebellious, and whoever has such bad principles for the foundation of their character are not likely to make a good set of people in general; and yet I hate the King should conquer too, because he sits there at his ease at Windsor, and fancies he has nothing to do but to *order* to conquer such a place as America; he will grow so insolent about it that it will provoke me beyond all patience, and were it not for the blood, every drop of which I think of full as much consequence as the King's (of some, of a great deal more), I should wish him to have a compleat mortification in having Ireland whisk'd away from him, whilst his troops are sailing, and so have him obliged to give up America, and look like a fool without Ireland; he uses poor dear Ireland so ill already that he don't deserve to keep it. Louisa is trembling for fear of an invasion, upon which she concludes they will cut

down all the wood here, and so ruin the beauty of Castletown.

To leave off my polliticks & talk of things more suited to me, I am very glad you like your neighbours the Pitts. The Genl of the name & his wife are here, & we like them most excessively indeed; what other neighbours have you? Pray give both Louisa's & my best compts to Mrs Melliar,[1] & assure her that we never can forget that we owe her such obligations as are better felt than expressed. I'm very sorry to hear you think her circumstances are bad. Louisa says there never was a *legacy*, but poor dear Ste., knowing it was once in my poor sister's head, intended to give her something as a sort of present, & Louisa advised it should be in money insted of any fine thing, & understood it would be about £100, but I've never heard of it since; pray find out if you can for a certainty, what her circumstances are.

Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, April 10th, 1776.

Many thanks to you, my dear Ly Susan, for your kind concern about me; I do not wonder that any report should come to you even in your desert, for I never yet saw the place that was free from them in England, & I supose other countries are the same only we don't know it. I do not know what you may have heard about me, but I supose of a divorce taking place now, which was begun long ago.[2] This piece of news *is true*, & I am not sorry

[1] Miss Cheeke lived much at Melbury as companion to Lady Ilchester, and also at Holland House with Lady Holland, before her marriage to Mr Melliar, of Castle Carey, Somersetshire.

[2] The divorce was granted on May 14, 1776. Lady Sarah did not

for it, since Sir Charles has so positively affirmed that he *never did intend* nor *ever will* let me live with him again, which I flattered myself he would much longer than I ought to have done, if I had considered that his indifference towards me must grow stronger & stronger every day. I cannot but feel extremely sensible to the unpleasant renewal of this affair, & altho' I take care the newspapers shall not offend *me* by *never* looking at them, yet I supose others do. I am very eager to go anywhere out of the way, & my brother has been so good as to hurry his intended journey abroad, & to take me with him, that I may be gone before this begins; he talks of going to Paris, Geneva, & Aubigni, where his chief business is to let his farms, the leases being out. I have some hopes too of seing my sister Leinster, who is coming to Aubigni; we have tried to persuade my sister Louisa to be of the party, but Mr Conolly's business interferes, and she won't go without him.

As to the report of my being to be married, I do assure you it is not true; if ever I do marry I hope your remark, that it is most probable I shall be happy, will turn out true, for most undoubtedly nothing can possibly tempt any man or me to do so very imprudent a thing, but a great deal of affection indeed, which ought to be a security for happiness. My spirits are not so low as they are worried & perplex'd; I long to be gone, as being *quite* alone is not pleasant, & yet I hate to see anybody, even the servants, whom I know studdy the newspapers, & I supose make their remarks upon me as I sit at dinner.

go abroad with the Duke, being prevented by illness at the last moment from accompanying him.

I am very glad you like your place, & I heartily wish you had money enough to be comfortable in it, for the money spent in making one's home pleasant, seems to me the most sensibly & usefully laid out of any other, for it attaches one to home, amuses one, & does good to those about one, & particularly gives one a cheerfulness & content which no other kind of amusement does so well. I supose it is partly owing to it's keeping one in health, & to it's doing no mortal any harm, but right as this sort of expense seems, still, *le necessaire* must be first attended to, & I greatly fear you have not much overplus; but I hope you have at least your due, & do not lose by this business with America. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Believe me yours very sincerely,
S. B.

P.S.—My compts to Mr O'Brien. I am glad to hear pretty Ly Stavordale is so happy.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stoke, Sept. 19th, 1776.

My dear Ly Susan,—I am glad to hear you have turned farmer, & heartily join with you in wishing you had a farm, & that it was near me. *En attendant*, you divert yourself in the immaginary pleasures of it, & divert me with your refflections, for to do you justice you never let the want of any advantage deprive you of your fun. I am sorry Ly Holland does not settle at Winterslow, for I fancy as you do she will be drawn into expenses, which would be better spent at Winterslow than anywhere else; but after all if she likes it best,

tout est dit. I saw Ly Pembroke[1] t'other day here, & she said Winterslow would not do for Ly Holland, for it was so much out of the way of all her friends; yes, thinks I, it is out of the way of those *friends* who can never find time to shew friendship out of a publick place, which is really the case, & nothing provokes me like the *friendship* of people in London. Why is Ly Holland out of the way of her friends at Winterslow? It is not further from town than Chatsworth, & yet the finest ladies can find time to go there. Ly Pembroke you know lives near it, so she is out of the question, but she gets the London ideas of friendship, I think, when she talks so, & I am sorry for it, for I admire her of all things. Was not you surprised at poor Mr Damer's[2] death? I had no idea he was *maddish* even, & in my mind he has proved he was *quite mad*, for I cannot account for his death & the manner of it any other way. I am provoked at Ld Milton, for I was throwing away my pity upon him, & behold! not even the death of his son has soften'd him about his family in general, or taught him generosity. He has been very shabby about Lionel Damer, very unkind to George Damer, & quite brutal to Mrs Damer, who, by the by, behaves with all the propriety in the world; when one commends a widow for behaving well, it is allowing that love was out of the question, which is to be sure her case. I think one has no

[1] Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, married, in 1756, Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, and died in 1831.

[2] Hon. John Damer, son of Joseph Damer, Esq., first Baron Milton, and Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of Lionel, first Duke of Dorset. He married, in 1767, Anne, only child of Right Hon. Henry Conway, and died in 1776. Lord Milton, his father, was created Earl of Dorchester in 1792, and died in 1798 at Milton Abbey, Dorset.

right to blame *her* more than *him;* he had no more business to marry a girl he did not like, than she had to accept of a man she was totally indifferent to, & he was as much to blame in giving her the example of *never* being at home, as she was to make all her way of life opposite to his. In short, I cannot think it fair to blame one more than t'other, but as it's evident love was out of the question I must give her credit for her present conduct. Lord Milton has taken her diamonds, furniture, carriages, & *everything* away to pay the debts with, & he abused her for staying in *another man's house*, (for she stay'd a few days there before she went to the country, & the house is another's, being seiz'd). Upon hearing this she left it, & chose to go in a hackney coach, taking only her inkstand, a few books, her dog, & her maid with her, out of that fine house. I think it was spirited & noble in her; she had but three guineas in her pocket, which was to last her till Michaelmas, for Lord Milton did not offer her any assistance. Her sister, as you may immagine, attended her & gave her money, & she went to Mr Conway's house; she is to live with him for a year in order to save one year's income (£2,500), which she gives towards the payment of Mr Damer's just debts, which cannot be quite paid by the sale of everything even. The poor servants are ow'd 14 months' wages, which I think is one of the most melancholy refflections, for you see that they are in absolute *want of bread*, if they are unlucky in not getting a place immediately. She paid (out of the Dss' money) those servants who were in immediate want, the rest were too generous to take any, & absolutely refused to take more than would serve

them for immediate use; they are all very fond of her, & cried bitterly at her leaving the home in such a way too, but the Dss tells me she walk'd through the house amidst them all, into her hackney coach with a firmness, that is quite heroic, for though she may be accused of not loving her husband, she cannot be accused of not loving her house & all her grandeur.

I am sure you will be glad to hear my health is so much better than it was, that I am quite a different creature. I am not a philosopher, for I am frighten'd at being sick & fancy I shall never recover, & now I am well I do a thousand foolish things, and think I never can be ill; & *so* I have got the tooth-ache & a viollent cold, with sitting out in the dew with my aunt Albemarle,[1] because I would fancy that at 32, one can do as one does at 73, but I find it's a mistake; I am not young enough for anybody, I think, for I really feel myself growing old in a thousand things. I supose you are as anxious as everybody must be to hear news from America. I own I feel most excessively so; I lately have seen & heard of officers who came from thence, who all speak with such high econiums of Genl Howe, that it gives one some comfort to think that so *vile* a war is at least as well conducted as it is in the General's power to do. . . .

I find that Harry Fox is much liked & commended by those who know him, which I rejoice at; he is an aimable boy, & it is a very right as well as a wise thing for any man who takes up a proffession, to make it his first object, as I hear he does.

[1] Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of Charles, first Duke of Richmond, was born in 1703; she married, in 1723, William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle.

You never gave an account of your neighbours at Stinsford; have you met with any that are pleasant? How does Mr O'Brien like a country life, for I take it you lead a much more country life now than you did at Winterslow, which I always look'd upon as a sort of a publick place.

I have always forgot to tell you how much Mrs Soame always enquires after you; I had lately a letter from her, in which she always mentions you. She is mighty low spirited, poor soul, about her sister,[1] whom I do pity most excessively, poor woman; I know her enough to know she has neither health, spirits, resolution, or steadiness enough to bear the consequences of the step she has taken with any degree of chearfulness: she will be a most miserable creature I am sure. Mrs. Soame has taken the eldest girl to live with her, which is very kind of her, but I know not what will become of the 2 others, for the Lord help anything left to the mercy of the *Blake* family, they are such *têtes*.

Adieu, my dear Susan.

Most affectionately yours,

S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stoke, October 5th, 1776.

My dear Ly Susan,—I long much to hear from you since the loss[2] you have lately had; I conclude you are with your mother, but do not know where

[1] Annabella Bunbury, sister of Sir Charles Bunbury; married to Sir Patrick Blake. She left her home in 1776, and married, secondly, George Boscawen, Esq., of the Isle of Thanet.

[2] Lord Ilchester died on September 29, 1776.

she is, so I direct to your own house to be sure you may get my letter. I hope to hear a good account of Ly Ilchester from you, for I believe you know how sincere I am in my proffessions of the greatest esteem & affection for her, which if her own merit did not require of me, I should feel for her goodness to you; to myself too, for I have reason to have the greatest gratitude towards her.

I hope you will write me some account of your finances, for I flatter myself they will be somewhat better. I have been in town for a few days with the Dss of Richmond, who took me to have something done to my teeth, which have been in a woefull way lately. I hope I shall be able to guard against being plagued with a continual toothache during the winter, which is generally my fate.

I saw not a creature in town, nor indeed did I wish to see anybody, as Ly Holland or you were not there; there was nobody that I wish'd to see, for I don't believe Mrs Greville is return'd from Ireland yet, & Mrs Soames is in the country, so that all *my world* was not in town. I am return'd here, & very comfortably settled with my old aunt Albemarle, who is here, & I am to take care of her whilst my brother & Ly Louisa are going to Windsor, where the King reviews the 25th Regt, the 12th. I have been drawing patterns for the epaulettes, & I am in hopes, if His Majesty admires it, Lady Louisa will say, "The pattern was drawn by an old acquaintance of yours!"

As I was coming from town t'other day, & going under the bridge at Pains Hill I recollected, how very much diverted you & I were some *few* years ago there, when the King died. Don't you remember it? Adieu, my dear Ly Susan; when you

are at leisure don't forget to write to me. My compts to Mr O'Brien.

Ever yours most affecately,

S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stoke, Nov. 5th, 1776.

My dear Ly Susan,—I was grumbling a little at not hearing from you, when your letter came & gave me the satisfaction of knowing poor Ly Ilchester was better; I beg my best respects to her, & assure her how sincerely I wish her every pleasure & comfort this world can afford, & how much I feel interested in her distress. I hope, my dear Ly Susan, you will live a great deal with her. I wish I had heard from you some account of your finances a little more satisfactory, for tho' I have not the least doubt of your mother's kindness, yet I wished to have heard of something settled on you besides; pray tell me if you have *had* your fortune before or *now*, & what does it consist of, is it equal to your sisters? I was vastly struck with the accounts you give of your feels about the war being in the very spot of ground you lived in; I understand your horror perfectly well, & feel all *goose skin* with the very idea of it, it makes me creep all over. Only think of the horrible attempt of burning the town, think of the poor sick in it! My God! what a horrible thing it is alltogether! You talk of the time when we used to *fancy great things;* I am sure I can thank God very sincerely I am not Queen, for in the first place, I should have quarrell'd with His Majesty long before this, & my head would have been off probably. But if I had loved & liked him, & not had interest enough to prevent this war, I

should certainly go mad, to think a person I loved was the cause of such a shameful war. I wish as much as you, my dear Ly Susan, that we were within reach; but I fancy you have forgot your geography, when you talk of our going to bathe near you, for we are surrounded with bathing places within 6 or 7 miles all along the coast, & my brother is to build a house merely for sea bathing. He is going to fit up a house for me just by Goodwood, which I flatter myself will be done next year, & then whenever you are in London you must come & make me a little visit *chez moi.*

I desire my compts to Mr O'Brien, & tell him he could not apply to a better person than me in the *dog way*, for in the first place, I shall be delighted to give him a dog, & 2dly, I pique myself on understanding them; but in order to suit him exactly I must ask several questions which I have enclosed. My brother has a very pretty breed, but it's of the old Holland House Ranger breed, & inherrit all his crossness & pomp, which some people don't like; now I do. There is another breed which is all good temper & gentleness. My brothers have also famous pointers which I can get some of. I have some very pretty spaniels, but till I know exactly what he wants I can't tell if mine are the best sort for Mr O'Brien. I am mighty glad he takes to some country sport. Have you a horse that is pleasant, for you used to like it vastly formerly. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Ever very truly & sincerely yours,

S. LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

20th Nov., 1777.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I wish you joy of your sister's marriage,[1] which I hope is to the satisfaction of you all, particularly your mother; if you are generous enough to write to me I hope you will tell me how Ly Ilchester's spirits are, & how she is in health, for I fear she is not so well as I could wish, by her not being able to be at her daughter's wedding. How does young Ly Ilchester do? I heard about her lately, & find that when she *is* in town she has made so very few acquaintance that I immagine she is not amused the little time she is there. I think that a pity, for so charming as she is, she need only try to make herself known to be sure of being liked & *recherchée*.

Pray also tell me how poor Ly Harriet[2] does, & in

[1] Lady Frances Strangways to Sir Valentine Quin (afterwards Lord Adair).—S. O'Brien.

[2] Lady Harriet Acland, second daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester. "This amiable lady accompanied her husband to Canada in the year 1776, & during two campaigns underwent such fatigue & distress as female fortitude was thought incapable of supporting, and once she narrowly escaped with life from her tent which was set on fire in the night. The event here commemorated deserves to be recorded in history. In the unfortunate action between G. Burgoyne & G. Gates, Octr 7, 1777, Major Ackland was wounded & made prisoner. When his lady received the news, she formed the heroic resolution of delivering herself into the hands of the enemy that she might attend him during his captivity. For this purpose, with a letter from G. Burgoyne to G. Gates, accompanied by the Rev. Mr Brudenell who carried a flag of truce, one female servant, & her husband's valet, she rowed down Hudson's River in an open boat towards the American camp, but night coming on before she reached their outposts the guards on duty refused to receive her, & threatened to fire upon her if she moved till morning. In this dreadful situation for 7 or 8 dark & cold hours, she was compelled to wait on the water half dead with anxiety & terror. The morning put an end to her distress, she was received by Gen. Gates, & restored to her husband with that politeness & humanity, her sex, quality, &

what part of the world she is; I heard last year of her spirit & resolution, which put me so much in mind of yours, that I should have known her to be *de votre sang* by the account. I am very sorry for her sake Mr Ackland should have the slightest wound, but I own I was glad he got a slight one, & a hard campaign in the bargain, to teach him to turn soldier *after* he was married, & to be so viollent against the poor Americans. You may guess how impatient I am to hear about this same poor America, surely by this time some news are arrived? Was there ever such a brute as Genl Burgoyne,[1] who could find time to compose his bombast nonsense, describing his rapid motions of 18 miles in a fortnight, & his tumbrel, & all his nonsense, & neglected sending a return of the

virtue so justly merited."—Account taken from an old engraving. (The matter is drawn from the summary of evidence of General Burgoyne's statement before the House of Commons.)

[1] In June of this year an expedition was despatched from Canada under General Burgoyne, with the intention of passing down Lakes George and Champlain and co-operating with General Clinton, who was to advance up the Hudson from New York. He had with him a mixed force of Germans, English, Canadians, and Indians, but of the latter many soon deserted him because he would not recognize and allow the many cruelties which were included in their style of fighting. The expected reinforcements failed to reach him, and after many disasters he was hemmed in near Saratoga, and forced to surrender on October 17, with his whole force, to General Gates. The official news of this disaster did not reach England till early in December.

It is only fair to state that the Indians were first employed by the Americans as early as 1775, and it was only to counteract this that negotiations were entered into with them by the British. Cruelty is inseparable from Indian warfare, and this was made the most of by the Americans and those who opposed the policy of the Government. It is, however, certain that Burgoyne did all in his power to lessen these atrocities, and even offered rewards for prisoners brought in alive and unhurt. He returned to meet a storm of disapprobation in England, and almost entirely retired from public life and devoted himself to play-writing. It was in one of his best pieces, "The Heiress," written at Knowsley, that Miss Farren (who afterwards married Lord Derby, his wife's nephew) first made her name. He died in 1792.

killed & wounded. Only think too of the horrors of employing the Indians, & allowing them to fight their own way! I am not much pleased with my friend Sr Wm Howe neither, for tho' a most humane man himself he has not contrived to keep strict discipline in his army, & I hear of horrible crueltys among them, from too good authority to doubt it. Oh! what a dreadful thing it is! It makes one's blood run cold to think of it. I had some hopes that Harry Fox would come over with the next news, but I'm afraid he won't by what some military people tell me; I hear the greatest commendations of him from every quarter. I have another nephew there, Charles Fitzgerald,[1] who is a seaman; I wish they were both home & safe again. In what part of America is Captain Strangways? . . .

I would wish to ask you a thousand questions, my dear Ly Susan, about Stinsford, your way of life, your neighbours, & your occupations, but it requires more answer than I deserve from you. I have no news to tell you & am therefore reduced to tell you only my own family affairs; the chief of which is that my brother has built me a house,[2] part of which is actually covered in, the rest will be built in the summer, & next summer 12 months I hope to inhabbit it, & enjoy the comforts of a *home*, a *pretty* home, & one given to me by the best of brothers, built by his own plan, & owes all its beauties to his plantations, so that 'tis entirely created by him, which adds most excessively to its merit with me. It is in his park just a mile from

[1] Lord Charles Fitzgerald, second son of James, first Duke of Leinster. He was created Baron Lecale in 1800, and died in 1810.

[2] Halnaker House in Goodwood Park.

Goodwood in a valley open to the south, with a *little* prospect, & all the hills round it planted, which make fine, sheltered, & dry walks & rides, & from them there is a noble prospect; in short, it is *exactly what I like*, & you know that a paradise can't please one more than *just what one likes*. Till it is finished I lead a vagabond life, sometimes at Stoke, at Goodwood, & sometimes at a little pudling bathing place of my brother's by the sea, where I have spent almost all the summer. It agrees with my daughter & me too. I shall therefore pursue it all next summer & take my leave of it when I go home, for I doubt that when once settled, it will not be a trifle that will force me from my *shell*.

My brother & the Dss go to Paris next spring, not for my brother to turn Catholick & sit in the French Parlt, as I hear is reported, but to return the civilities he met with.

There is a fine lady there too, whom I hear the French say "qu'il aime avec passion," & he don't deny it, but tells us all he must go & see her again; I knew her & think her very pleasing, & quite a *proper* age for him, for I did not at all approve of his flirtation here with a little dab of a miss 20 years younger than himself, & he allows it was very ridiculous, & this is quite proper *dans toutes les formes*. My sister Leinster is to be at Paris too after Christmas, & I believe my sister Louisa will go & make her a visit; I don't see why, when I have Goodwood House to myself, you should not come & make me a little visit there; I have some hopes of persuading Ly Holland to do so, & I think you might come together. I hear she likes her house at Windsor vastly: she leads a very retired life, but she is in good spirits & chearful,

vastly occupied with her children, & enjoying the society of a few friends. I don't much wonder at her avoiding the life of the fine ladies, for it's totally inconsistent with quiet, which she loves. I won't affect the old woman so much as to say they did not do so in *our time*, for they certainly did much the same in every respect, but the racketting their health so entirely away, as they find they do now. The pretty Dss of Devonshire,[1] who by all accounts has no fault but delicate health in my mind, dines at 7, summer as well as winter, goes to bed at 3, & lies in bed till 4: she has hysteric fits in a morning, & dances in the evening: she bathes, rides, dances for ten days, & lies in bed the next ten; indeed, I can't forgive her, or rather her husband, the fault of ruining her health, tho' I think she may wear ten thousand figaries in her dress without the smallest blame. I hear much of Ly Melbourne,[2] who is a great friend of the Dss of Richmond, & comes to Goodwood every year; I find she is liked by everybody high & low & of all denominations, which I don't wonder at, for she is pleasing, sensible, & desirous of pleasing, I hear, which must secure admiration. . . .

Mrs Damer is improved, I think; she is vastly less of a fine lady, & appears to have more sensibility

[1] Georgina, daughter of John, second Earl Spencer, married, in 1774, William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. She was a woman of great intellect, and exercised an extraordinary influence over her friends, not so much by her great personal charms as by her irresistible manners and grace. She was always violently opposed to the Court party, and numbered among her especial friends, Fox, Sheridan, and Selwyn. Throughout her life she was very intimate with many of the literary world, and herself showed no mean ability in writing verses. She died in 1810.

[2] Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Halnaby; she married, in 1769, Sir Peniston Lamb, first Lord Melbourne, and died in 1818.

than I ever saw in her manner before. She has behaved very properly in every respect as a widow; she did everything in regard to his servants that show'd respect & regard for his memory, for she paid all she could. . . . She now acts sensibly on her own account, for she has taken a small house, & lives with propriety without affecting splendour, & says that having shown she knew how to live well when she *thought* she had money, she is resolved to shew she knows how to live prudently now she has it not; for tho' her income is good, it will not do for shew & the comforts of life too, without outrunning it, & she prefers the comforts & not being in debt to shew. She also means to travel, I believe. I have been running on about these people as if you cared about them, which I dare say you do not, for whenever one is put but an inch out of the great circle one becomes a looker-on, & in doing so one acquires an excess of indifference about it all, which one can as easily lose the moment one returns among them again. Pray give my best compts to Mr O'Brien, & tell him I *hope* he has not wanted his dogs this year, for it is not my fault I did not send them as they were not *born;* but I beg to know if he still wishes to have a pointer & 2 spaniels, because in spring I can send them to London for him just before you go out of town, as I wish them to be under your protection when they arrive, & not be neglected by servants.

It is now full time to finish this letter, & to assure you, my dearest Ly Susan, how sincerely & affecly I am yours most sincerely,

S. LENNOX.

P.S.—I wish that, if by chance you know

anything of poor Ly Blake,[1] who I am told is at Tinmouth, in Devonshire, you would let me know what you hear of her, for I am very desirous to know her situation very particularly, & you are the person the nearest to Devonshire of anybody I know.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Stoke, Dec. 30th, 1777.

Your very kind long letter has given me double pleasure, my dearest Ly Susan, for I was just going to write to you to enquire about your brother & sister, for whom I am sure you have been very anxious; I wish you joy most sincerely of your good fortune, which I must call it, to have your friends escape in so general a calamity. Indeed, my dear Ly Susan, I quite agree with you in all your political ideas, & cannot but admire your *prévoyance* when I recollect how many years ago you foresaw this war; do you remember all your *rebellious* letters to me from America 10 years ago? I see your spirit is not lessened on that subject, nor can I wonder at it, for without having any partiallity for America, I grow a greater rebel every day upon principle, & cannot therefore wonder at your being so, who have so much excuse for partiallity. . . .

I do pity Ly Harriet most truly, & yet I am convinced the *spirit* you all possess so strongly makes her a compleat heroine & above female distresses. I am so glad for *her* sake Mr Ackland has been so slightly wounded, otherwise I confess I am wicked enough to wish that he might smart a little for his

[1] Sir Charles Bunbury and Mrs Soame's sister.—S. O'Brien.

ill-judged valour, *car tu l'as voulu, George Dandin, tu l'as voulu.* However, as I said, for her sake I rejoice he is only prisoner, & rather amuse myself with the hope that he will receive many civilities from the Americans on account of his brother-in-law Mr O'Brien, whose friends in America may sometimes put the great Mr Ackland in mind that a good character is a full equivalent to a rich country gentleman, & cure him of some of those prejudices his folly gave him.[1] For, to be sure, *ne vous en deplaise, Monsieur votre honoré beau frère n'est qu'un sot;* how does poor Ly Harriet's health bear all this fatigue, & how is her child or children? . . .

You told me nothing of Ly Frances Quin, are you all satisfied with her match? So young Ly Ilchester means to be *sur un certain pied? Tant mieux;* I thought she had too much sense not to make a proper figure if she undertook to make any at all. To tell you the truth what I heard was a little circumstance that made me see more than ever the absurdity of prejudice among *fine* people, & on the other hand of attending a *little* to it if one lives among them; I heard that Ly Ilchester appeared at the Opera without powder, dressed in a poking, queer way, with Ly Sefton,[2] & caused great speculation to know who that queer but pretty, little, vulgar woman could be that Ly Sefton brought with her. Now, to be sure, it requires nothing but a short examination to find out that the genteel Ly Sefton is in *nature* a most compleat vulgar; to my certain knowledge her gentility never went further

[1] Very unreasonable prejudice against Mr Acland, who was never the cause of *our* quarrel, nor what she calls him.—S. O'Brien.

[2] Isabella, second daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, married, in 1768, Charles William, first Earl of Sefton, and died in 1819.

than her dress, & the "*pretty, vulgar, little woman*" has more true real gentility about her than most people I know, for her understanding is enlarged, & her mind very far above the common rate. But such is the world that a little powder & gauze properly disposed secures a proper respect, & the neglect of it gives a *mauvais ton*, which 'tis sometimes a little troublesome to overcome. But I fancy a good house & good suppers will soon recover the *faux pas* of going to the Opera *sans poudre*, which, by the bye, is Lord Ilchester's fault, for she does not like to be particular. I think, my dear Ly Susan, I have almost tired you with all my nonsense, & will therefore finish with my best compts to Mr O'Brien, & assuring you how truly I am most sincerely yours,

S. LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, July 12th, 1778.

I think it very possible, my dear Ly Susan, that nobody has given you a satisfactory account of Ly Holland, & I wish it was in my power to give you a better, but what *I know* you shall know. She has certainly been in a bad way a long time, but yet this last fever seems rather too violent to belong to a consumptive case, & I am also told a surgeon who bled her says it's impossible her lungs should be affected, with the sort of blood her's is. She is recover'd of her fever, & is vastly better. That's all the good news I have to tell you, for I am by no means satisfied with her health altogether. . . .

Mr FitzPatrick[1] never leaves her for a moment,

[1] General the Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, second son of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory; born in 1748.

so thank God, she is in the *best* of hands, & most to her own satisfaction, & I feel so far at ease as to *know* that all care that *can* be taken will be taken of her, & this is what I should by no means have depended on with regard to the rest of her family. This account came from Ly Louisa FitzPatrick[1] to the Dss of Richmond, so I hope it's authentick.

Ever yours,

S. LENNOX.

I'll write again in a few days.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, July 30th, 1778.

MY DEAREST LADY SUSAN,—Mr Crawford writes me word that Sir John Elliot writes him word he has received very favourable accounts from Windsor of Ly Holland, but as the doctor don't name the particulars, Mr Crawford cannot.

She has at last consented to take nourishment, and of course there is great hopes she will bear the dreadful trial she has had of strength.

I hear nothing ever equall'd Mr FitzPatrick's attention, indeed the poor soul is never easy without him; I thank God he was in England and at liberty to attend her. Charles[2] too, I hear, has been a great deal there, but she don't like to see any body but her brother Richard. I could not trust to Charles' regularity in writing, so I got my news from Mr Crawford and Mr *Man*, who don't attend her, but gets intelligence, and being of the profession, his

[1] Lady Holland's sister, being second daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory. She married, in 1779, William, second Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne.

[2] Charles James Fox.

Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A. pinx. Walker & Cockerill, ph. sc.

Mary, 2nd Lady Holland.

accounts are sensible; I must own his last letter struck me a little; he says, "*I am sorry the illness affects her Ladyship's mind so much.*" . . .

I saw a letter this morning from the Dss of Gloucester to Ly Albemarle, to tell her that last April the D. of G. proposed to the King to let him go voluntier with the King of Prussia before *immediate* danger came on here, as he was not permitted to serve *on account of his inexperience;* he got shuffling answers & was put off till *now*, when the King *sent him his leave to go voluntier with the K. of P.* Accordingly the Duke has dispatch'd a messenger to offer himself, & sent off part of his baggage, & will follow it directly.

My dear Ly Susan, your old friend and *protégé*[1] (for you used to insist on his sense) has lost the little he ever had; for if it's jealousy of his brother, he sends him to the best school towards preserving a superiority over him as far as military knowledge goes; & if it is not jealousy but hatred to him, he makes friends to *the Duke* by this step, for who would not be shocked at a first Prince of the blood being sent *away* at this critical juncture? I pity the Dss, but she comforts herself for the moment by her *rage*, which, to be sure, she expresses in very strong terms, & as passion always hurts the *owner*, & her's can't punish the King, it's a pity she does not hide it better.

The two fleets were in sight of each other the 24th, & Admiral Keppell[2] got between the French

[1] The King.

[2] The Hon. Augustus Keppel, second son of William, second Earl of Albemarle; born in 1725. He was created, in 1782, Viscount Keppel, and held the post of First Lord of the Admiralty from 1782 to 1784. He died unmarried in 1786.

His next brother, William, became a Lieut.-General, and died in 1782.

& Brest, so that if they wanted to retire on account of the bad weather he would stop them, & if not they must have had an engagement before now, so you may guess the anxiety we are all in for news, poor dear Ly Albemarle in particular, whose age & spirits sink sadly now.[1] I saw her this morning, she told me that Governor Johnston, one of the Commissioners, had collar'd Mr Eden for concealing his knowledge of some surer orders he had, unknown to the rest. Genl Keppell went by here to-day to view all our coast himself. He *advised* it last spring, was laughed at, & now they have thought better of it, & bid him do it; he sent for a Col. commanding at Chichester, & gave him the King's orders for

[1] A short sketch of the circumstances will, perhaps, be interesting, in view of the subsequent trial which arose out of this naval engagement, and the conflict of party feeling it excited. In March, 1778, when fears were entertained of a rupture with France being imminent, the command of the Grand Fleet was given to Admiral Keppel. In June, when cruising in the Channel with a fleet consisting of twenty sail-of-the-line and a few frigates, he found two French frigates reconnoitring his fleet, and, though war was not declared, on account of their hostile attitude he gave orders to chase and detain them, and, on their showing fight, made both prizes of war. He then discovered, from papers on board, that the French fleet amounted to thirty-two ships of the line and a large number of frigates; whereupon, in consideration of the inferiority of his fleet, he retired to Portsmouth. General indignation was excited, and the public papers were full of his so-called disgraceful retreat. Having collected ten more ships of the line, he again set sail on July 9, and soon fell in with the French fleet, under Count D'Orvilliers, off Ushant. As the French had obtained the weather gage, and obstinately refused to come to close quarters, four days were spent in fruitless manœuvring; but at last they were forced to give battle. The engagement lasted three hours, but was indecisive, owing to the roughness of the sea and to the fleets being on different tacks; the French losing heavily in men, while the English suffered terribly in their rigging, at which the French batteries were principally aimed. After drawing off for repairs, Keppel did all in his power to renew the engagement, but was unable to collect sufficient ships to make it possible, and darkness put an end to the action. During the night the French fleet slipped away and retired to Brest, and when daylight came were almost out of sight.

what he was to do, & the poor man said, "*But, Sr*, I have Genl Moncton's orders (who commands at Winchester) to do just the contrary." Is it not a fine time for confusion & mistakes? The Genl saw my brother's Militia, which has now been embodied just 3 weeks, as he passed by, & he tells everybody that what they *do do* (which is only *necessary evolutions*) they do as well as regulars. You may guess we are not a little proud of this; but I think their merit too dearly bought, for my dear brother has made himself excessively ill by his hard working & *talking* to the men, which has strained his stomach & done him a great deal of harm, but he is better, thank God!

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan, tell me how you do yourself.

Ever yours,
S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

August 4th, 1778.

My dear Lady Susan,—I have had a long account of our poor dear Lady Holland from Mr Man, but it is so hopeless I fear we must make up our minds, to expect to lose the most amiable woman that ever was.

I hope & believe all things are for the best, & nothing proves our shortsightedness more than this, for it would be difficult for us to see why the best mother, the kindest friend, the most perfect example of merit, should be taken from those to whom she is so usefull! But so I fear it will be . . . Mr Man's account is that she was taken ill of a hectick complaint last March twelvemonth, she had oppressions, & all sorts of consumptive symptoms; that she

followed the directions given her very strictly, & continually grew worse & worse . . . Her poor head is certainly affected by the delirium, for it seems they find the sight of her friends hurt her. I begin to comfort myself for the dissappointment it was to me not to go to her as my inclination led me, for I see I could not possibly have been of the smallest service to her. Good God! what an ending to all that once happy family! How it tears one's heart to think of it. What will become of poor dear Caroline?[1] Think of being *reduced* to *wish* the Dss of Bedford should take her, & yet I do, for with all her faults she shines in education, & Ly Louisa FitzPatrick's protection will make it bearable to the poor little soul! But she will feel, most severely feel the change! As for the boy he is too young to feel it, & will I daresay lose no more than all children do by the loss of a good mother. I cannot bear the thought of Ly Ossory's[2] having Caroline; I do not mean on account of her conduct, for I hope it don't follow that one's own errors make one less carefull to preserve others from them, but because she is not good tempered, which is an essential fault towards children. If I hear better news I will write to you, if not I shall not have the courage, so prepare yourself for the worst; it makes me so miserable that I cannot write about it, & I cannot think either of anything else.

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan; pray tell me how you do. The loss of one friend makes me tremble

[1] Caroline Fox, Lady Holland's daughter, born in 1767. The Duchess of Bedford was her great-aunt. She died unmarried at Little Holland House in 1845.

[2] Anne Liddell, daughter of Henry, Lord Ravensworth. She married Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, in 1756. She divorced him in 1769, and married John, second Earl of Upper Ossory. She died in 1804.

for all! It is the only fault I find in growing old, but it brings us too near a view of the loss of what we love!

God bless & keep you well & happy!

Yours,
S. L.

P.S.—In this instant seen a letter from Mr Stephens of the Admiralty, that tells Ly A. that the fight lasted 2 hours, 133 killed, 373 wounded, & the French retired to Brest.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

August 9th, 1778.

My dear Ly Susan,—The accounts of poor Ly Holland are so much better that I must tell them to you, tho' I've no hopes. I saw a letter from her apothecary to Mr Crawford, in which he says she is vastly more easy in her mind, takes the propper medicines & nourishment, & thinks she soon will be restored to the state she was in when she was first taken ill; but, alas, what is that state! Ulcerated lungs, with the additional weakness brought on by this terrible long illness! It is absurd to hope, & yet 'tis not possible to help it in some degree.

Mr FitzPatrick has never left her till they would not let him see her, & for 2 or 3 days he went to Tunbridge, but is now returned to her; it tells much in his favour, for he has been an absolute nurse, keeper, for near 6 weeks, which very few young men of this age would be for anybody. I am sorry to find that Admiral Keppell's action has not been more *brilliant*, but I dare say he did what was best, & there is as much honour to be got in *saving an almost ruined nation* by *prudence*, as to

make shewy conquests. Have you been with your mother this year, how does she do? I hear Ly Frances Quin's[1] is the most comfortable *ménage* that ever was, which I heartily rejoice at. How does pretty Ly Ilchester go on, I hear she went to lie in in the country. Where is Ly Harriet Ackland? I fancy she must enjoy herself at home most excessively after all her fatigues. I am by the sea side bathing my daughter, who is a poor *skinny Miss*, & recovers her looks prodigiously with the sea air & bathing; she is the awkwardest girl I ever saw, which provokes me, for she is one of those people whom all the teaching upon earth will never make gracefull, so I have given up her having a pleasing manner, for I will not be like Ld Chesterfield, fretting & wishing for what is not *in the nature of the beast*. I therefore content myself with her being good-natured, good-humour'd, obliging, & sensible, & if I can moderate her excessive giddiness, & make her apply enough to learn all necessary things for her to amuse herself with a country life, I shall be satisfied, for I have not the tallent of education, nor she the disposition to learn anything with any degree of perseverance, so she never will be a *prodigy*. Luckily I am no admirer of prodigys, so it's no serious misfortune to me & only mortifys my vanity a little, but if it don't hurt her happiness I have nothing to care for beyond that, & I believe a very moderate share of *tallents* make people to the full as happy as others.

I have been forced to send your dogs to a game-keeper, they were so *very naughty*, but he keeps

[1] Lady Frances Muriel Fox Strangways, fourth daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, married, in 1777, Sir Valentine Quin, afterwards Lord Adair and first Earl of Dunraven. She died in 1817.

them in a house so they won't get mangy, & I hope will behave themselves prettily when they arrive, which shall be some time in the winter, by which time they will have learnt how to behave themselves, & a basket shall go with them.[1] You cannot immagine how pretty my house is, I hope to get into it next summer, & have laid out occupation for myself for many years, as I am determined to furnish it by slow degrees, for the sake of my pocket as well as my amusement; my brother puts chimney pieces & ceilings &c. for me, & I shall live very comfortably in it for a year or two with bare plastered walls, & do the bed-chambers neat & comfortable first, & so on till it's all done. My house consists of a large staircase of 20 by 16, a house-keeper's room on one side, a pantry on the other with a passage to the offices, which are out of the house; & then to the front, I have a drawing-room of 28 by 18, & a dining room 18 square. Above stairs are 2 bedchambers of 18 square & a little dressing-room, & 2 smaller bedchambers at the back for servants. You see that nothing can be more compact. Besides this there is a little green-house by way of pavillion to answer the offices, & a little colonade of 4 columns of each side to join them to the house, so that it's both pretty & convenient. I am only afraid I shall ruin myself in furnishing it, for nothing *ugly* should be put into so pretty a house, & to split the difference I mean to have everything *plain*, which is never *ugly* nor *dear*. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan, my best compts to Mr O'Brien; I am ever yours most affectly.

S. L.

[1] Poor dear Fop! he lived twelve years.—S. O'Brien.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

August 17, 1778.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I cannot give you any comfort, & yet I write because I know one's anxiety is such, the hearing nothing is terrible. I had a letter from Sir John Eliot with all the particulars of poor Ly Holland's case; the fever & the delirium are gone, but the lungs are *gone* too! . . .

I never knew you, my dear Ly Susan, *reason ill* before, but surely you have forgot your usual sagacity in respect to Ly Ossory! Her obligations to Ly Holland will neither change her temper, or make her kinder to dear Caroline. This is so certain that even Lord Ossory is conscious of it, & he has intimated a desire that my sister Louisa should be applied to about it; but this is a private negotiation, & is to be concerted so as to offend nobody, so don't mention it, but be satisfied that the sweet girl will be in good hands. My brother Richmond says that if they offer it to him he will jump at it, for it would make him very happy; he is excessively fond of children & of education, likes Caroline, & likes to do a good-natured thing, so I've taken care to inform them of his readiness to take her, & they may take their choice, which I supose will end in her being with Louisa, but certainly not with her own *aunts*, so my mind is easy about her. My brother is as earnest to have the boy, but I supose they won't trust him to a *rebellious* man.

Don't say a word of this, for fear it should exasperate the *aunts*, & make a fracas before it's settled. I am very glad to hear you have seen so much of your mother this year. Many

thanks to you for your invitation to the West, but when I go there it shall be to see *you* not for *fear*, for I'm not the least inclined to be *drove* away by the French, on the contrary I would wish to stay & plead for my poor neigbours, who can't talk French. My brother is just gone to Brighthelmston (from whence he came for a few days rest) in his little boat at the risk of the French privateers, so don't be surprised if he is taken prisoner.

We expect every hour to hear of another action. What do you say to the answers of the Congress, with their, "Or withdraw the armies?"[1] What a pity 'tis they did not take them at their word & send them home to thrash the French, & make peace with America; I pity poor Mr Penn, as I do every *good* American, who must suffer so dreadfully in these times.

Ever yours.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

August 29.

My dearest Ly Susan,—I last night received the enclosed letter & have some pleasure in sending it to you, as altho' I fear it would be wrong to flatter oneself, at least she is much *easier*, & that is all one can hope for.

I hope neither you or your friend Mr Penn have lost any American friends in the last action, & I hope too they won't destroy our poor fleet & army, for tho' an American in my heart as to the *cause*, I

[1] Commissioners were sent out early in April with copies of Lord North's conciliatory bills, by which everything they wanted was to be granted to the Americans, with the exception of independence. Congress was, however, inexorable, and refused to treat, unless their independence was recognized, or the armies and fleets were at once withdrawn.

cannot bear my poor country men should suffer, who are to the full as innocent as the Americans! I hope & trust Harry Fox is well by not being named. I have sent you the two dogs, which I hope will arrive safe to you & that you will like them, but pray tell Mr O'Brien he must be very careful how they first walk out after they have recovered their shyness, for if he don't from the beginning keep them within bounds & make them obedient to every call, they will hunt sheep like little devils, so that all their good conduct depends on their first method of training, which requires constant attention at first. The tail of the red & white one is very long; I don't dislike it so, if they are pert dogs & look *grand* like the old Ranger, but if they drop it & look sneaking, it is too long. However if you have it cut, I advise that the operator may not be a person that the dog is expected to love, for he has a great deal too much sense to forgive such a person at his age. They are both very different characters, just like their father & mother. The red & white is waxing good humoured & likes everybody, the black & white is sulky, attached, & obstinate; I hope they will turn out good spaniels, for they are of a remarkable good breed. My compts to Mr O'Brien.

Ever your, my dearest Ly Susan,

S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

September.

You cannot think, my dearest Ly Susan, how happy I am at your account of your interview with your sister,[1] because I am apt to give some credit

[1] Lady Harriet Acland.

to one of La Rochefoucault's maxims, "*Que les querelles ne dureroient pas longtems, si les torts n'etoient que d'un coté,*" & I could not bear that there should be the least *tort* on your part, which till you had forgiven the offences of *a sister*, there certainly was. . . . If in consequence of this first opening the acquaintance between you keeps on a *cool* footing, let it *pass off* without making the least impression on you either of pleasure or displeasure, for it never can be the former not to be intimate with one's sister, nor the latter to be deprived of the society of a family, the master of which does not suit one's *taste* as I fancy he does not yours. Poor man, I am sorry he is ill tho', & still more sorry for Ly Harriet, whom you must know I have a great disposition to respect as a very uncommon & great character. I'm glad she enjoys her home, & I quite agree with you in thinking it no harm to have known the uncomforts of life enough to enjoy its comforts. What can you mean by Mr A. having been illused? Do you mean in the military way? For surely he has no right to complain in *that way*. If you mean that seing *truth* with his own eyes will make him an American next winter in Parlt, it's another story. . . .

What part of Ireland is Ly Fanny in? If in Dublin I should supose my sister has seen her, as she has been more in Dublin this year than ever, but perhaps nothing happened to bring them much acquainted, & unless they did, Louisa does not *seek* enlarging her acquaintance, for she has so many more than she can manage (leading a country life) that she could not do it all, but for the footing which her *peculiar* character has established, & which nobody but herself could venture at; &

indeed I believe it is because she *aims* at nothing, that so great an allowance is *given her*, for do you know that she scarce visits anybody, nor does she receive visits dropping in at any odd times; but she now & then goes to town to see the world, & there she says with such a civil, good-natured face that she is to blame, and tells the people it will be so good-natured of them to shew forgiveness by coming and dining with her such a day, that they come; they see that she has ten thousand occupations & enjoys her home, so they go away pleased with their reception, & bid her never think of a formal visit. She takes them at their word upon condition that they will come every now & then to dinner of a Sunday, when she is always at home, so that she has contrived to pay *no visits*, be *liked*, be *civil*, & to *have no trouble*, for she escapes cards on the excuse of Sunday, & in summer she diverts them as well as a fine house, pretty place, variety of company, & a hearty wellcome will do; in winter, they have always about a month's round of different parties towards Christmas, & several *fêtes* in the course of the year. You ask *me* about Ly Bellamont,[1] who have never seen her since she was 11 years old, & whom she would not now *deign* to speak to, for she sent me the most formal, distant message of thanks for congratulating her on her marriage, which I did only by a third person. Poor thing, I wish it was the only unfeelingness she has *appeared* to have, for I cannot but love her most affectionately; she was my favourite among all her brothers & sisters, & I was hers, so that you can

[1] Lady Emilia Fitzgerald, eldest daughter of James, first Duke of Leinster, married Charles, Earl of Bellamont, of Bellamont Forest, co. Cavan, who died in 1800, when the title became extinct. She died in 1818.

easily understand that sort of affection is never to be erradicated but by very repeated injuries. I have received none from her, & as her mother has forgiven her her conduct to her, which I own did provoke me, I cannot now but look upon her in any other light than as a most aimable character thrown away upon a strange man, whose influence over her mind is such, that if he told her black was white she would believe it; but as long as the infatuation lasts I hope & believe it makes her happy, so that all her friends give up all *comfort* in her, & hope she will remain blind to the strangeness of his character as long as he lives. She lives but little in town, just sees her relations, *wonders* at all the things she was formerly the first to do, seems like a fish out of water, & is very reserved. How she will behave to her mother I don't know, but they cannot be much together, for I hope my sister will never be *weak* enough to permit him to come to her house, *c'est un mauvais gamin*, & unless Ly Bellamont wished & desired it, there is no occasion for it. She has children, which she is very fond of, so that her situation may be better perhaps than it appears. Pray give my best love to Mrs Melliar, & tell her I take her remembrance of me most kindly, for it is always pleasing to be remembered by those one loves, respects, & have obligations to, & there is none of our family who do not think themselves bound by the strongest ties of it to Mrs Melliar for her goodness to my sister! I wish I could add to your hopes about Ly Holland, but I fancy she will last just as long as the fine weather does; the first bad weather must finish her poor destroyed lungs. In the meantime, she gathers a little strength, her head is quite

right again, but her fever is constant at night: no constitution can hold out against bad lungs & fever too! This degree of recovery has of course stopped the transactions about Caroline, but I fancy it cannot fail of taking place. . . .

I was as ignorant as you about the form of consecrating colours, but I knew they were looked upon as *sacred* in all good Regts, & a good soldier will not forsake them to the ennemy while he has life. They are never *lain down* if it's possible to help it, & rather than *stoop* them to go out of a door they are handed *in form* through the window, & the greatest compliment that can be made a lady is to let her deliver them. The Dss gave them to *Ensign Lennox*, who had the *honour* to be the first ensign that held them, & I flatter myself that as long as his *strength* holds out he would suffer a good deal before he lets them go, when he is entrusted with them. Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Ever yours,

S. L.

Lady Holland died of consumption in October, 1778, at Holland House, leaving one daughter, Caroline, aged ten, and a son, Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, aged four.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

October 26.

You will be surprised, my dearest Ly Susan, at my writing to you from town, but I am here for some days about my own & my daughter's teeth, & I can now give you a much more particular account of all relative to our dear Ly Holland's children & will than I could otherwise have done.

Sir J. Reynolds P.R.A. pinx.

Walker & Cockerell, ph. sc

The Hon. Caroline Fox.

Lord Ossory takes Henry, who, thank God, is very healthy & likely to live; he is a delightfull child, the immage of poor Ste., & yet so pleasing one could almost say he is handsome. . . . He is bathed every day, & looks vastly well, & grows strong. . . . Lord Ossory has determined to give Caroline to the care of Ly Warwick,[1] which is a sad dissappointment to us all, who wished so much to have her in our family: but at least it's a comfort that since she is to be with their's, they have pitched on the most like her mother of the whole set, for I hear she is gentleness itself; I only hope she will have spirit enough not to let Ly Ossory govern her.

Caroline is in my mind a sweet girl. . . . It grieves me sadly to think I shall see so little of her. I agree with you in being very sorry poor Ly H. should have done one wrong thing, as she has done in her will, but yet the *excuse* I am told she makes for it in her will is, "That she did not mean it unkind to Charles or Harry,[2] but that it's the only return in her power to make for the kindness of her brothers." Now the motive is so gratefull & so natural that one must love her for it, tho' it's not a *just* or fair thing by any means; she made it the day but one before she was seized with the fever. Mr More, who made it, told it Charles, who said, "It was hard." Mr More then told it & Charles' remark to Ld Ossory, whose answer was, "It certainly is hard & wrong, & I wish you would tell Ly Holland of it, & represent to her the case in its true light, that it was a trust reposed in her

[1] Henrietta, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq., by Evelyn, daughter of John, Earl Gower, whose first husband was John, first Earl of Ossory. Miss Vernon was the second wife of George, second Earl of Warwick, and married him in 1776.

[2] Charles and Henry Fox, her brothers-in-law.

& meant to return to the family." [1] Mr More accordingly did so, & she said it was very true, but she was determined. . . . I make no doubt but that if Charles had shewn her that attention he *ought* to have had, her affection for him would have remained as great as ever, but can one expect any mortal to excuse his intollerable negligence? I don't love him a bit the less for it because I know it's *the nature of the beast*, as my poor sister used to say, & I know him to be as capable of friendship & to have as good a heart as it's possible, but I can never wonder at anybody who is angry with him. Is it not an odd thing that she should express so little anxiety about her children as never to mention who they were to be with? For it seems that she has for this 12 months talk'd of her dying.

The children are at present in London; Mr Fitz-Patrick lives in the house with them, which prevents my going to them, so they come to me. The Dss of Bedford is in town, & they visit her every day, otherwise they seem at their own disposal, so I took the opportunity while I could of getting them to come very often. They are going to Ampthill for some time. That odious Ly Ossory has somehow contrived to make herself very disagreable to poor Ly H., for she would not see her all the time she was ill; I cannot express how it grieves me I could not be with her, but you know I could not in my situation go & live in her house when Mr FitzPatrick lived there too, without running the certain risk of being abused by the Dss of B. & Ly Ossory, whose *mauvais langues* would not have let me escape them. Ly Louisa scarce ever went to her, is not that strange?

[1] Lady Holland left the Ampthill estate to Lord Ossory.

Poor Ly Thannet[1] is dead; she is a sad loss to her family. Ld Thannet has sold his house in town, & gives it up now till his daughters are of an age to want it; he has desired the Dss of Richmond to take one of them, which she has done. Ly Albemarle, who is in town, saw the Dss of Bedford this morning; she speaks very *pathetically* about her nieces but seems to regret Lady Thannet the most; she is turn'd Opposition mad I hear, & says Ly Waldegrave[2] & Mr Rigby talk such nonsense, that as she won't quarell with them, she won't answer them; but she says that we are ruined, that the King's ——, I won't say what, because if they open my letter at the post office they may be very angry. Her Grace has not the propper respect for His Majesty, but as I am not affraid of His Majesty's displeasure I should make very little scruple of telling him to his face how thoroughly I dispise him for not having one single quality that denotes even a gentleman, much less a king.[3]

I am much obliged to Ly Ilchester & to Mrs Melliar for their kind remembrances of me, I beg you will assure them of my most gratefull thanks; you abuse poor Abotsbury[4] for being dull, & I've a notion I should delight in it, for a retired place close to the open sea is what I should admire beyond all things. . . . The card playing which you

[1] Mary, daughter of Lord John Sackville, married, in 1767, Sackville Tufton, eighth Earl of Thanet, who died in 1786.

[2] Elizabeth, fifth daughter of John, Earl Gower, married John, third Earl Waldegrave, in 1751. She died in 1784.

[3] See the violent effects of party. Her opinion was very different both before and since this period.—S. O'Brien.

[4] Abbotsbury, Lord Ilchester's country house near Weymouth, in Dorset. A wild swannery of about a thousand swans has been in existence there since the ninth century.

like would *kill* me. I believe I should have the vapours all day if I played an hour at cards; my aversion to them is insurmountable, but my daughter makes up for it, for she will play for ever if I was to let her, it seems to me an odd taste for a child. Ld March [1] is Duke of Queensbury, & poor Mr Douglas gets nothing by the late Duke's will, who left all to Lord March, except a thousand pound & a house near town to Lady Jane Scott. Ld March *proposes* to marry, at least he has signified his intentions to the Dss of Bedford. I'm affraid he won't marry Miss Pelham or the Dss of Bedford, either of which would do very well. Mr. Selwyn has been in Italy, & is returning, having obtained his "*Dear Mimi*," who is *given* to him at last. There is a son of Ld Drumlanarig's (*soi disant* a son) who is come forth, & puts Ld March a little in the fidgets. Genl Howe *intends* to speak at the meeting of Parlt so we shall hear the *truth* at least, for he is an honest man, & I hope will be stout & not wheedled out of defending himself as he ought to do.

Ly Dowager Lothian is dying of a paralytick complaint: poor Ly Louisa Lennox is in town with her & vastly miserable.

I think I have told you a great deal of news for a country body like me, who have never stired out the door since I came, but my good Aunt Albemarle supplys me with news.

Adieu, my dearest Ly Susan.

Ever yours,

S. L.

[1] William, third Earl of March, grandson of Lord William Douglas, second son of William, first Duke of Queensberry. He became a well-known figure on the Turf and in society, and succeeded in 1778 as fourth Duke. He died unmarried in 1810.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, 23rd Nov., 1778.

It grieves me much, my dear Ly Susan, to have a letter of condolence to write to you upon *any* subject, but as the loss of Mr. Ackland[1] only affects you from the interest you take in the concerns of your poor sister, I write to you more to enquire about her than anything else; I also pity his father most excessively & wish to hear that both he & Ly Harriet bear the shock tollerably; I am very glad he did not lose his life in a duel, for it is a shocking additional circumstance when it happens.

Perhaps you were at Bath, & have heard all about Monsr de Barré's death; what an unlucky thing it is that of the few beautiful French women who happen to love their husbands very much, this poor woman should be one. I pity her sadly, for her match was a sort of ruin to her. She is of the Prince of Soubise's family, & was sacrificed to this man by way of obtaining *royal favor* for her family (who are poor & great) by means of Madame de Barré; the King's death put an end to it, & her family *now* won't take notice of her, because this same poor dead man had no merit of *his own;* so the poor young woman comforted herself by loving & liking her husband. Indeed it is a cruel fate, only that perhaps he might have made her more miserable hereafter, at least his keeping an *open pharo table at Bath* did not intimate a probability of his being a *family man,* & likely to make her happy. I don't mean to supose a gambler void of all goodness, but one who has so little regard to propriety

[1] Colonel Acland died in 1778 from the consequences of his wounds received in the American War.

as to keep a gaming table among sharpers, is out of the line of common gamblers. These deaths put me in mind of Mr Damer and his wife, about whom you asked me; she does not live with her mother, but in a house she has hired. She set off upon the most perfect intentions of prudence; she was not ashamed of saying, "She had been rich & was now poor," & therefore should not attempt any expense beyond her income, which is very good for all the comforts of life, tho' not for magnificence, & she piqued herself upon showing that she could give up her former expectations of grandeur with philosophy. She likes travelling, books, & a comfortable home, both in town & (for a *little* while, in the) country, & these she prefers to fine clothes, fine equipages, & finery of all kinds. How long these wise resolutions will last I can't tell, for she is vain & likes to be at the head of the great world, & is easily led into that style of life. Upon the whole, I think she is a sensible woman without sensibility, a pretty one without pleasing, a prudent one without conduct, & I believe nobody will have a *right* to tax her with any fault, & yet she will be abused, which I take to be owing to a want of sweetness in her disposition; she is too *strictly right* ever to be beloved. As for the *abuse* she has met with, I must put such nonsense out of the question, and in everything else her conduct is very proper.

You surprise me by saying you don't know what Sir Wm Howe can be accused of; why, don't you know that it's the fashion to say he saved the Americans? Can there be a greater crime in these days? 'Tis true they say he did it to prolong the war, & put money in his pocket, so they don't even allow him the merit of being a little humane, & on

the *other* side, the Opposition tax him with permitting cruelty towards the Americans to keep up his popularity. I hope & believe he will clear himself of *every* fault but that *one* of undertaking an unjust & an absurd war; which I wish he had never done for his own sake, poor man.[1]

You also ask me about Ly Bellamont; I *hear* she is near London now, but I know nothing of her from herself. *My Lord* is *too virtuous* to permit her to acknowledge me as a relation, *et je m'en console*. . . .

You ask what Ly Ossory could do to offend Ly Holland. I don't know she ever did any particular thing, but in general her manners were so opposite to Ly Holland's, that nothing but a wish of liking her brother's wife ever reconciled her to her company, & when people are ill they are less complaisant, so she tried to see but little of her. I have no right to judge of one I don't know, but by everything I've heard of Ly Ossory at different times of her life, her love for Ld Ossory is the least of her faults, & she is an uncomfortable, tiresome woman to live with besides.

Adieu, my dear Ly Susan, pray write me word how poor Ly Harriet does, for I feel vastly interested about her; how does your mother's spirits bear so sudden a shock?

Ever yours most sincerely,

S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

February, 1779.

I am sure, my dear Ly Susan, you know enough of human nature not to be surprised that a little

[1] So do I, too, for everybody's sake.—S. O'Brien.

flattery always takes effect, & therefore I may as well confess that, hearing my letters can in any degree contribute to your amusement encourages me to sit down & write the moment I have received yours. But yet I am not so vain as to undertake a letter visibly design'd to entertain, without some more subjects than my own ideas afford, & the court-martial quite seems calculated for the purpose, as it interests the feelings, as well as astonishes & amuses the publick.[1] I must, however, prefface that the *Genl Advertiser's* account by express is very accurate (except for the first day or two of the trial), so that it will tell you more than I can; my brother attends the trial & will be at home to-night, so I can tell you the freshest news perhaps. *En attendant*, what do you think of Sir Hugh's complaining to the court that Mr Keppell laugh'd? *His* answer was, "I assure you I don't *put on* a laugh, it's quite natural to me, & I can't help it."

You will find by Saturday's account they have fallen into their own netts at every step. It is generally believed that the first villany about Captain Hood's logbook coming out so early in the tryal, & meeting with such general detestation, has silenced all the roguery that was fabricating against the Admiral, who owes the glorious result of this tryal

[1] The court-martial on Admiral Keppel commenced on January 7, 1779, and lasted thirty-two days. Mutual recriminations had taken place between the Admiral and Sir Hugh Palliser, his second-in-command, as to their respective conduct in the action, and as the former was as hostile to the ministers as the latter was in favour with them, it became a party question, and the matter was brought up in the House of Commons during the debate on the King's speech. Both in their turn demanded court-martials, and Admiral Keppel was fully and honourably acquitted, and his conduct praised by the Court. Public opinion ran high in his favour, and London was illuminated for two nights in his honour. Palliser also was acquitted, but not so completely as his superior had been.

to the 4 pleasantest of all reasons; first, to truth, 2ndly, to the uprightness of his judges; 3rdly, to the general high esteem & respect of all sea officers; & 4thly, to the fears of guilty wretches who are daunted by his plain dealing. What a satisfied conscience must a man have whose character is thus raised by his enemies. *Don't* you doat upon Adl Montague ?[1]

Your anxiety about poor Ly Albemarle is very kind & just, for she has indeed suffered a great deal, not from fear of her son's *demerit*, but from fear of vilany; however, she now begins to recover her spirits which were terribly hurt, & now she will I hope fill up all the *chinks* of fear with anger, a much better companion for the dear old soul, who is more affectionate, more delightfull to all her relations than it's possible to describe; indeed, they all deserve it of her except me, who have no other title to her goodness but my love for her. However she makes no difference but treats me just as she does the rest. I must give you an instance of it. My brother was so ill that I went up to town *de mon chef* with my girl, & fearing my sudden appearance should startle him, I debarqued at 11 o'clock at night in Ly Albemarle's house: she was out, so I established myself there, & at 12 she arrived, & stopped all my speeches with, "Child, hold your tongue, what's an old aunt fit for in this world but to make those she loves comfortable ? You have obliged me beyond immagination, for now I know you are convinced you are welcome." She show'd me every attention & kindness it is possible, & now I leave you (who know the regularity of old ladies & the great fuss they make with little things) to judge if she is

[1] Admiral John Montagu was President of the Court-martial.

not a most delightful old lady. But to return to her son, he is in very good health, which is a most happy circumstance; I'm told his behaviour is the most gentlemanlike, proper manner in the world, & the very opposite of his enemys. Mr Jackson the Advocate is a dirty fellow, who takes every little mean advantage of his own ignorance of sea terms, & the Adl *set him right* with a patience & goodhumour that is amusing.

It is very true that poor unfortunate Captain Hood is generally shunned, *he is sent to Coventry* by all the officers; I pity him because he *was* an honest man, tho' he has so far gone from the road of honesty. I even pity Sir Hugh, because I cannot persuade myself he won't be tried & shot, & yet if anything can blunt the feelings of humanity, it is his unparrallel'd badness of heart. Most of the sea officers of character have held a very high language in the publick coffee houses at Portsmouth, declaring they would throw up their commissions if the least harm happened to Mr Keppel, & *abusing* others at such a rate, that unless his success softens their tempers a little, many duels are likely to ensue.

Now if I was not afraid of running into the spirit of scandal, I would tell you all the chitchat that comes round to me, but I have a constant monitor that tells me for ever, "Would you like to have all your faults the topick of conversation?" & this same whisper checks me. However, it is no scandal to tell you it is immagined the D. of Dorset[1] will marry Lady Derby, who is now in the country

[1] John Frederick Sackville, third Duke of Dorset, who succeeded to the titles in 1769, and married, in 1790, Arabella, daughter of Sir Charles Cope, of Brewerne; he died in 1799.

keeping quiet & out of the way. There is a sort of party in town of who is to visit her & who is not, which creates great squabbles, as if the curse or blessing of the poor woman depended on a few tickets more or less; I don't know her enough to guess how far this important point concerns her, but I'm told she has been & is still most thoroughly attached to the D. of Dorset, & if so I should supose she will be very happy, if the lessening of her visiting list is her only misfortune, & what with giving up her children, sorrow for a fault, dread of not preserving his affection, I think she is much to be pitied. This subject leads me to one I wish to tell you of in case you should hear of it, & be surprised at my making a secret of it to you, which is not my intention, as I hope you won't laugh at me for the wish I have long had to see Sir Charles[1] again. I hope my dear Ly Susan knows me enough to comprehend that I never could return all the goodness of Sir Charles to me by the least grain of dislike; I was *indifferent*, & that has always been the cause of my ingratitude, which never proceeded from anger or dislike; with this same indifference as to love, I have always had an interest in everything that concerned him, & I never felt satisfied not to have received his pardon. When I was in town last he was there too, & wrote to ask to see me; I was delighted at the offer, & accepted it. The first day I saw him, I was too much overcome to have the least conversation with him, but his extreme delicacy in avoiding to give the least hint about my conduct, & the ingenious manner in which he contrived to give me comfort by talking

[1] Sir Charles Bunbury.

of Ly Derby's conduct just as I would wish him to talk about mine, did at last restore my spirits in some degree, & when he came the next day to see me I had a very long conversation with him, during which without naming my faults or the word forgiveness, he contrived to convince me he looked upon me as his friend & one whose friendship he was pleased with. I cannot describe to you how light my heart has felt since this meeting, & *that* will fully convince you that all love is out of the question, for I don't know what effect it may have on others, but love has ever given me a heavy heart. The very friendly manner in which he treated me gives me the most *comfortable* feel, & to add to my satisfaction he has shewn all sorts of kindness to my dear little Louisa, whom he told me he liked vastly, & has invited her to come to him whenever she is in town. I am sure the pleasure this has given me will give you some for my sake. I had the very great satisfaction of seing him look in remarkable good health & spirits, which latter he carried so far as to laugh at me for being ashamed to see him, even before the servants. He said he saw no sort of reason why he might not see me just when he pleased, nor why it was to put me out of countenance. I could not *argue* that point with him, but I told him how glad I was that he could see me with such goodhumour, to which he answered, "Why should not I? You know I'm not apt to bear malice!" This set me into such a fit of crying again that he told me I *drove* him from me, & that if his earnest wish to see me happy & comfortable only made me reproach myself he would keep away; & so we parted the best of friends in the

world, but it is very true that every mark of his forgiveness is like a dagger to my heart.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, March 9th, 1779.

I was very sorry, my dear Ly Susan, to see by the papers of a terrible fire that has happened at Sir Thomas Acland's; for besides the unpleasant loss of a good house, I fear that in the low way that poor Ly Harriet is in, everything of that kind must hurt her very much, particularly if she was there & was frightened by it. I do pity her, poor soul, most excessively, & often think of her with greatest compassion. Altho' her situation is not in *reason* the most melancholy, but griefs for losses are generally to be judged by the passions of those who feel them. There is a poor widow whose situation seems to me upon speculation as the most lamentable I know, & that is poor Mrs Garrick, whom I cannot think of without the most true concern.[1] In the first place, I believe that if it is possible to give the name of love to an attachment at the end of above 30 years, she was in love with her husband, but this I am sure of, he was the whole & sole occupation & business of her life. To nurse him when he was sick, & admire him when well, has been her employment so long, that she must now feel the most forlorn & helpless of all creatures. She has no children to occupy her mind, no relation that she is attached to, & scarce a real friend, tho' she has numerous acquaintances; she has led a life of company & business, the *spirit* of her society is lost, & business she cannot have,

[1] David Garrick died on January 20, 1779. His wife was Eva Marie Violetti, the reputed daughter of a Viennese citizen named Veigel.

for both her houses in town & country are so compleat she has not a chair or table to amuse herself with altering; half or 3 parts of her income are appropriated to keep up the houses, so she has nothing upon earth to do but to *vegetate* without any views, any enlivening hope, without any motive of exertion of mind. In my eyes her loss is one of the very greatest a human creature can feel. My own concern for Mr Garrick makes me easily comprehend that those who lived with him must be very miserable, for I am one of those, who, in spight of envious abuse of the world, looked upon him in a much higher light than the first genius in his line of life; for I looked upon him as a generous, humane man, whose failings were wonderfully slight when compared to the temptations he has to fail. I can't help also being sorry for the rising generation who will never know what real good acting is, & look upon it as a piece of great good luck I was born in his time.

If you had any doubts about the truth of the accounts of the tryal of Admiral Keppell, I supose you will hardly credit the enthusiasm that has seized England & Ireland about him; & yet nothing is more true than the general & wild joy that has annimated all ranks of people; what a flattering thing it is to obtain much more than a Roman triumph *merely* for being an honest man, an able & judicious commander, a firm & resolute character, & a just, brave, & humane officer, whose conduct has won him the hearts of a whole fleet, of a whole kingdom. How much more glorious is such a triumph than the *pomp* of war & all its melancholly honours. It is impossible not to envy him.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, April 21st, 1779.

I am sure, my dearest Ly Susan, to please you with my account of dear Harry Fox, who has spent a week here; he is a *good portly* figure, but not a bit too fat to be active, stirring, an excellent walker, &, in short, it's nothing more than that he is inclined to fat. He breathes short like poor Ste., which vexes one for fear of it's being from the same cause of inward fat, but his looks, his manner are all delightfull; he has the more true *good* military air, the most noble ways, in short, he is delightfull. His face is like my sister Louisa with Charles' look in his eyes, *ce qui fait une très belle phisionnomie*, & yet he is not handsome by way of beauty. He seems quite delighted to find a house where he is *fêté* & admired, so that it makes him not feel so *forlorn* as he owns he did at first, poor soul; he has all his 2 brothers' pleasant ways of ease, good humour, fun, & quickness of remarks, without having wit & brillancy. All his accounts of the service are told with such modesty & propriety that it's charming; as to his opinions, I dare not venture to give them for fear I should misquote his ideas by any mistakes, but this I'm certain of, he adores the Howes, he thinks America *cannot* be conquered, & laughs at the folly of suposing it; he says the Americans never plunder without leave, he *don't* say so of the English; he is tired of that sort of war, but longs to pursue all sorts, for tho' he don't say it I fancy his ambition is to be a general as soon as is *proper*. I think I can't give you a better account of a young officer.

I can't tell you anything of Sir Hugh's tryal

better than the *Genl Advertiser*, only that the *amiable Captain Digby* chose to ask Adl Keppell questions in a very rude way with his hat on when others took it off. *Le pauvre esprit!* Harry is so provoked at him that he would not answer him one single question he ask'd him about America, till the captain gave him up for a *reprobate* I supose, & left him. Harry talks of returning to America in July. Don't you pity that poor devil Ld Sandwich just now, & the poor girl[1] too, & I think the poor man too; tho' I think it quite right he should be hanged, I pity him monstrously. My brother's Militia are ordered to Exceter towards the middle of summer, so perhaps you will see them & give me your oppinion of it, for we are *mighty* proud of it in Sussex, & think it may be matched with any Militia in England. I wish you had seen the Dss when she was told she was to go to Exceter. "Well," said she, "if I must I must, now let me see what's the good I can find in it? First of all, thank God, the Bishop of Exceter, my good cousin, is in Heaven, & won't plague us with dignity nor his tiresome wit; then I can see Mount Edgecomb which I never should have seen otherwise, & I shall have my own friends for society, & when I'm tired of them I'll read a thousand books I can't find time to read at home."

So saying she has packed up her mind to it, &

[1] Miss Reay, a girl who had been brought up and educated by Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbroke, his country place, near Huntingdon, had become acquainted with the Rev. E. Hackman, who was residing in the neighbourhood. He became much attached to her, but after two years of close intimacy, Miss Reay, realising how much she owed to Lord Sandwich, wished to sever the connection. Mr. Hackman's reason became affected, and in a violent fit of jealousy he shot her dead one evening as she was leaving the Opera-house in London. He was tried for murder, and hanged.

they go with the Regt: it is at present innoculating here, so it can't go yet.

Don't you admire the prodigious practical philosophy of the Dss.

My sister Leinster & Mr Ogilvy are just arrived from Paris in London & are coming here; I long to see her. I *have* seen him & think him a very good sort of man, most sincerely attached to her, which is all *my* business in the affair, for as to the rest she is *old* enough to know her own mind much better than others could direct her, but she certainly did not marry him *pour l'amour de ses beaux yeux*, for he is very ugly & has a disagreable manner, but as she says very truly I believe, he had known her so many years he could not possibly, not know *his mind*, & his mind was to love her to adoration, & that's very captivating,—& after all I don't think a husband can well have a *greater* mind than loving his wife from taste, from reflection, from esteem, &, in short, from everything that can constitute real happiness.

My brother & his wife have taken my daughter to town with them for a month to learn to dance, etc.; the very kind manner they did it in makes the offer so pleasant that it comforts me for her absence, which I confess I very ill support, but as it's for her good I cannot repine.

Pray have you read the new weekly paper called, *The Englishman?* It is excessively clever & true, & has the merit of plainess & no spite but at Lords North, Sandwich, & Germaine, & one may without scruple give them up I think, & call the paper a fair one.

There are two fleets now at Spithead, one with troops for America, the other with old Mother

Hardy,[1] as it's the fashion among the young seamen to call him. I am mighty busy just at present, having the command of a flying camp of 3 tents with about 40 soldiers, who are all at work moving a great lump of ground that stood in the way of *my edifice*, & which the dear old stupid labourers would have pretended to have removed in about 4 years I supose, but this detachment of Militia is quite a godsend to me, for it enlivens work most excessively; my house don't go on quite so fast, but the ground would not have been done & now it will, whereas of course the house would go on.

You never told me what sort of a house yours is. I've an idea of it's being something a little like Milden Hall in Suffolk. I believe you were there with me: that is a comfortable enough from the rooms being large. I long to hear my little friends behave this autumn. My best compts to Mr O.

Yours, my dear Ly Susan,

S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, July 4th, 1779.

MY DEAR LY SUSAN,—I hope you have seen Harry Fox by this time as he went from hence to Salisbury, meant to go to Redlinch & Melbury, & hoped to see you somehow or other in the course of his expedition; I told him how much you long'd to see him, & he expressed that affection & regard for you, which he seems to have the art of keeping

[1] Admiral Sir Charles Hardy. He entered the navy in 1730, and saw much service. He was made Rear-Admiral in 1756. In 1779 he was drawn from retirement to succeed Keppel in the command of the Channel Fleet, as no one else would take the post, but died of apoplexy the following year.

up in regard to his old friends with more warmth than most people do in such long absence; he wants to see all & every friend he ever had, but yet his time is so short I fear you may be dissappointed of seing him. He is forced *to borrow from the colour of the times*, & to be uncertain what he is to do, but if we are not beat at sea, invaded, attack'd in Ireland, Gibraltar, etc. etc., he suposes that he has nothing better to do than to join his Regt at Rhode Island, where he means to go by the first ships, & immagines that will be the victuallers from Ireland.

I can't tell you any news, except that Ld John Ca·endish says the Ministers looked in a great fright last week, but that like undone people they grow used to ruin, & now they don't mind it at all. It cannot be long probably before they will be *made to mind* like naughty children with a good rod from the Spanish & French fleets.[1]

Our Militia march tomorrow morning, & will in about 10 days pass your door; I hope you will go down to your pales to look at them, & I recommend to your notice the captain of grenadiers & one of his lieuts, who are both very handsome men, for the credit of poor Sussex. I told the Dss of your kind & obliging invitation; as to my brother, I have not *seen* him scarce, quicksilver is easier to stop than him, but the Dss begs her compts to Mr O'Brien & you, & assures you she will not pass your door without thanking you for your invitation if she can't accept of it, but *that* depends on circumstances which she can't answer for. I fancy they won't go for some time, for my brother thinks it as well to

[1] The Spanish Ambassador, on June 14, presented a hostile manifesto from his Government to the Secretary of State, and signified his intention of at once quitting the kingdom.

wait to see if the French are coming before he sets off.

Dowager Ly Albemarle is here; she is 10 years the younger for the Admiral's honourable tryal, & he is 20 years the younger for it she says; besides, all the fine ladies, Ly Betty Compton, & the Dss of Rutland, wear his hair in lockets, so that he *must* grow young.

My best compts to Mr O'Brien.

Ever yours most sincerely,

SARAH LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, Aug. 27th, 1779.

MY DEAREST LY SUSAN,—My brother & the Dss beg their compts to you & many thanks for your kind invitation, but the business of these times don't permit them to accept of it in their road to Exceter. The last division of the Regt is gone, & were to be at Blandford on Sunday, 29th; I hope you saw them pass, & saw Charles Lennox[1] with them, who is what I think you would approve of.

My br. & the Dss mean to overtake them at Blandford if they can, but there is such a million of things to do when one *leaves one's home fit to be taken*, that they cannot go quite so soon. They talk of dining with Mr Sturt[2] if they can, who was here t'other day & gave me a very good account of you, your place, & society, which gave me great pleasure; he is a queer, odd man, but I think very

[1] Charles Lennox, eldest son of Lord George Lennox, succeeded his uncle in 1806 as fourth Duke of Richmond. He died in 1819, at the age of fifty-five.

[2] Humphrey Sturt, Esq., of Horton, Member of Parliament for the County of Dorset from 1754 till 1786, in which year he died. He lived at Crichel, near Wimborne, the present seat of the Sturt family.

entertaining because he knows so much of everything. My brother has a great opinion of his understanding & his heart & honesty, & that prejudices me much in his favor.

What times these are! I hope all I most interest myself about may escape danger, & then I'm sure I shall be too happy, for the callamities that surround this poor country are dreadfull; pray write me word how you mean to do, in case the French land, & let me hear from you if you remove.[1] I will do the same by you.

Yours, etc.,
S. L.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, March 5th, 1780.

As I have no sort of excuse, my dear Lady Susan, for my long silence, I had best at once set about writing such a letter as may make up for it.

How splendid was our great & glorious success in Spain.[2] There is a report here we have paid the French the same compliment & thresh'd them too; we shall grow complete Bobadils & mill all we meet. But seriously speaking 'tis a delightful thing, & I am glad Adl Rodney had the good luck of being able to show his merit, for he is a great friend of our dear Admiral's, & therefore has merit; indeed he is much loved by all who know him. Are you

[1] Dismal Opposition prophecies.—S. O'Brien.

[2] Admiral Rodney, who was despatched to relieve Gibraltar, encountered the Spanish fleet under Langara, off Cape St. Vincent, on January 16, and defeated them, destroying and capturing seven of their ships. He was thus able to attain his object, after which he set sail for the West Indies.

not much diverted at the hurry in which the Ministers proposed giving him thanks, for fear Opposition should rob them of the honour; you see they do *some* good at least since they force the Ministers to do right. If they can but drive them to give him the Marines, which it seems are being kept *in peto* for Sr Hugh, it will be doing 2 right things at once. I see much talk about Mr Burke's bill & the petitions in the papers,[1] but I don't know anything about them from good authority; however, thus much I think is plain, the papers, *some* minority people, & your good Ladyship too I will say, are too much given to violence in my humble opinion. I think the best causes are hurt by giving too much scope to prejudice; for example, I don't think it fair in the papers to give their *own* sense of Ld North's speeches, because he may then fairly deny the facts, whereas by being true & candid, the facts speak for themselves. I accuse you of violence in what you said of Charles Fox's duel,[2] for I really think that

[1] This was Burke's great bill for economic reform, which he introduced on February 6 to the House of Commons in one of his very best speeches. Twenty-four counties and many large towns had sent up petitions to Parliament asking for reform, and the feeling was so strong throughout the country that Lord North was unable to oppose the Bill, which passed, almost unanimously, into Committee. There, however, it was strenuously opposed, and, when taken in detail, was destroyed.

[2] "Mr Fox has fought a duel yesterday morning, & to put you out of all pain, is perfectly well, tho' he was wounded: it is the most unheard of and infamous attack that ever was made upon any man. A Mr Adam, a Scotchman, who is protected particularly by Ld Mansfield, got up the first day & made a most absurd impudent speech, wch Chas took notice of, & in his usual way exposed the futility of his argumts. On the Saturday (I suppose after the Cabal had laid their heads together) he called on Mr F., and desir'd to know from him whether the account of what pass'd in debate was inserted by his knowledge in the papers. Chas sd certainly not. A. sd it was put in in a manner very offensive to him, & he must insist that Mr F. should make a declaration that he knew nothing of it. Charles told

the word assassination is not just, & does Charles harm; that Mr Adams is a fool, a weak, unsteady man, who knew not what his honour required or did not require is certain, & surely Charles' generous treatment of him would lose much of its merit if one looks on the man as an assassin, or that Charles' friends call him so, for the generosity ceases if he gives him his life & takes away his character.

him that wth regard to what he had said in the debate he was very ready to give him & his friends every satisfaction that he did not mean to be personal to him. Adam reply'd it was not his speech, but the paragraph in the paper concerning it, that offended him. Chas, on that, told him *he* had a right to be offended at being supposed capable of knowing a sort of thing he held in the highest contempt & detestation, & sd so much on that score as was sufficient to satisfy the nicest and the sorest of men, & certainly Adam could say no more, & went away seemingly convinced & at ease. The next day he wrote to Chas that having consider'd the affair he cd not be at ease, & that he must insist on Chas signing a paragraph he dictated to insert in the papers, declaring he had no knowledge of what had offended Mr Adam; this Chas answer'd & said he cd not possibly think of, on wch he sent him a challenge on Sunday about 4 o'clock, in consequence of wch they went out Monday morning early. Adam desir'd him to fire, wch he refus'd, saying, "You think yourself injur'd, fire;" wch he did, & wounded Chas slightly slantwise in the right side of his belly just above his waistband, pretty well aim'd you will say. Chas then fir'd & miss'd, on wch Fitzpatrick step'd in & ask'd Adam if he was not satisfied, who sd "No, unless Mr Fox wd sign the paper he had propos'd to him." Chas sd that was impossible for him to think of before, if it had not been, it much more now. Adam going to reply, Chas sd then was not a time for discussions, if he was not satisfied he must proceed, on which Mr A. with the utmost care & deliberation level'd, fired, & thank God miss'd him. Chas then firing his pistol in the air, the affair ended. It is by every body & ought to be consider'd as a determin'd plan'd assasination to get rid of an adversary they can't answer, and who they look on as their perdition. The whole town is in the greatest uproar,—every body runing to see him. I heard of it by accident abt one o'clock at Almon's, & was quite overpower'd with it; I ran away to him, & found him lying on the couch surrounded by stars, dukes, &c., the room as full as it cd stick; he shook me very heartily by the hand, and told me he was very well and only there to be quiet, because the surgeon bid him he must be confined, however, a day or two for fear of inflammation, though thank heaven it was the slightest thing in the world."—Extract from a letter of W. O'Brien, Esq., to his wife, Lady Susan O'Brien, dated London, Nov. 29, 1779.

However, I forgive you in favour of your natural spirit & of your anger for dear Charles' sake, which I fully share with you, for the terror & horror it gave me made me much less reasonable at first than I am now, when his safety & his universally admired conduct puts me into better humour. I am in the greatest anxiety for his success in the Westminster election;[1] I know the influence of the spirit of freedom, but yet I own I fear the still greater influence of the Crown, & you may be sure they would lose twenty elections rather than not dissappoint him of a seat. You will say perhaps that he is sure of one, but I own I think, as he does himself, that a security would be no bad thing, for that among all the seats that he is suposed to have at his command he may fall to the ground.

You ask me what sort of girls the Lennoxs' are. All my good advice to you about family quarrels has not been able to shield me from suffering by them; so that I am not able to give you so good an account of that part of my family as I could wish; but this much I can tell you. Ly Louisa led a very retired life for some years, & I think was a little obstinate about keeping her daughters as children too long; my brother George gave in to the same prejudice with as little reason, for I really

[1] Charles James Fox was a candidate for Westminster at the General Election in September of this year. On the 7th, at a numerous meeting in the portico of Covent Garden Church, Lord Lincoln, Sir G. Brydges Rodney, and Hon. Charles Fox were nominated as candidates, and as the majority of hands were in favour of the two former a poll was demanded for Fox, which was appointed to close on the 22nd. On that day the numbers were declared as follows:—

Sir G. Rodney	5,298
Hon. C. Fox	4,878
Lord Lincoln	4,157

upon which the two former were duly returned.

never could see any they had for it, but that it gave them too much trouble to change their way of life, which the taking the girls out must have done. However within this year & half a great change has taken place, which as I don't live with them I can't exactly account for, *mais tant il y a* that Ly Louisa dresses her daughters as much as anybody, sends them out as much as the country permits of, & lets the eldest go to London: all which both she & my brother George used to exclaim against most violently. Ld Lothian,[1] who used to neglect his sister very much, has also changed & taken to her prodigiously: she has a warm heart & is easily tempted to love those who shew her kindness. He now is *everything* with her, & I supose he has led her into this, which is very right in itself but being so *new* surprises me; the only thing wanting is her going herself to town with her daughters, as surely it is most proper for all mothers to do. I find she has almost conquered her aversion to it, & means to go this spring.

I hope you will hear of the merits of her daughters by more impartial people than me, for I'm affraid the just commendation I must give them looks like prejudice. The eldest, Louisa,[2] is middle sized, elegant to the greatest degree in her form, & rather plump; she has a true Lennox complexion, *rough* & shewy, her hair is fair, her eyes little & lively, her nose is like her mother's, which is pretty, & her mouth & countenance like my sister Leinster's, full of ten thousand graces; her teeth good, but not superlatively fine. Her sense quick, strong, & steady; her character is reserved &

[1] See *ante*, p. 28, as Lord Newbattle.
[2] Louisa Lennox died, unmarried, in 1843.

prudent, but so very complaisant that it's hard to discover she has a choice, & yet she has her prejudices & is firm in them. She likes the world as one does a play, for the amusement of the moment, but her turn is a jolly country life with society, where walking, working, & a flower garden are her chief amusements; she don't love reading, calls everybody *wise* or affected that is in the least learned; she is herself free from the least tincture of affectation or of vanity, not seeming to know how pretty she is. She is femenine to the greatest degree, laughs most heartily at a *dirty* joke, but never makes one. Louisa is as you know 19. The next, whose name is Emily,[1] is 17, & the next, Georgina, 15.[2] Their characters are all 3 as different as it is in nature to be. Emily is a fine, tall, large woman with a Lennox complexion, but *red* or *auburn* hair; her features course, her mouth ugly, & yet her teeth excessive white; her countenance very pleasing and all goodness like her character, which is more like my sister Louisa's than anybody's I know, but for want of the same cultivation it will not be so useful perhaps. Her taste for amusements is very great, but her adoration of her sister, and the same complaisance of temper makes their appear but little difference in their manners; for what Louisa does is a law to Emily. Georgina is rather little & strong made; her countenance is reckon'd very like mine, for she has little eyes, no eyebrows, a long nose, even teeth, & the merriest of faces; but all her livelyness comes from her

[1] Emily Lennox married, in 1784, Sir G. Cranfield Berkeley, G.C.B., and died in 1832.

[2] Georgina Lennox married, in 1789, Henry, third Earl Bathurst, and died in 1841.

mother's side. She has all her witt, all her power of satyre, & all her goodnature too, so that if she is not led to give way to the tempting vanity of displaying it she will be delightful, but you know by experience the dangers attending on witt, & dear little Georgina I fear will experience them. Her manners are of course more lively or rather less prudent than her sisters', but the same goodhumour & complaisance reigns among them all; which considering the variety of characters is something extraordinary. I am astonished that Ly Louisa is not dying with impatience to produce girls she has so much reason to be proud of, for she is excessively fond of them, & they live like sisters with her.

My Louisa was at Ly Holdernesse's for some time & with the Dss & with Ly Lothian, so that she has been *vue* & *approvée dans toutes les cours;* however charming she may be you must be tired of her by this time, so I shall spare you now, & only desire your opinion of her merits from the accounts of others. As I cannot possibly talk to you of anything but what comes into my circle of ideas, & that what relates to oneself is generally uppermost, you see you have had a dose of my relations, & must now submit to have one of my own house which I hope to inhabit in a few months. Did I ever describe it to you, for if I did not you must tell me, as it's absolutely necessary you should have a proper idea of where I am or you cannot converse with me in comfort if I'm all abroad & you don't know where to look for me; I am now up to the ears in blankets, beds, curtains, grates, fenders, chairs, tables, etc. etc., & I wonder I did not inform you that the price of blankets is fallen because of the American War,

which I never approved of till now that I got my blankets cheaper for it; of course I think it quite right to continue it, & as I am poorer than Mr Rigby or the contractors I think I am very excusable, don't you?

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

1780.

Lord Egremont[1] has long professed to like Ly Maria,[2] but never could bring himself to propose in form. During this time the Duchess of Gloucester abused him continually in the most publick manner, which did not encourage him to have any dealings with her, but however *love*, or whatever you please to call it, got the better, & he did propose; he wanted to be married in a moment, but Ly Maria being a ward of Chancery it was impossible to marry on articles. During the courtship all his family show'd the greatest joy and attention to the Waldgraves; the Dss of G. was pleased with all but the *man*, whom she had taken in aversion, & went so far as to say she would show her dislike to him by quarrelling with him the moment he was married.

There goes a story that she required £6,000 a year jointure for Ly Maria, but I fancy that is not so, & if she did it was only to put off the match.

Now whether it is her behaviour that is the cause,

[1] George Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, succeeded to the properties on the death of his father in 1763, and died, unmarried, in 1837.

[2] Lady Maria Waldegrave, second daughter of Maria, Lady Waldegrave, who, after Lord Waldegrave's death, married the Duke of Gloucester; she married, in 1784, George Henry, Earl of Euston, afterwards fourth Duke of Grafton.

or that other people have got round him & persuaded him to break it off, or whether it is *really & truly* (as he says) only his *dread of not making a good husband*, I leave you to determine, but so great is the influence that this cause has upon him that he took the resolution of going to Ly Maria & telling her, "that he was *certain he should be miserable to be married, because he felt himself unequal to making her happy, but that if she chose it he would marry her.*" She very properly resign'd all claim to his word, & did it "*like an angel, & without a reproach*;" this is his own words. He accuses himself of being mad, says he has used her cruelly, but that it's less cruel to leave her *free* than to neglect her happiness when she is his wife. *He speaks of her in the highest terms*, this he did to my brother, so I can vouch for the truth of it, & I am glad I can, for it takes off a *little* of the shamefullness of his conduct. . . . You may depend upon it he will marry her at last, & it will be much happier than if they had married now, for she will be *broke into his strange ways;* & he will be grown ashamed of them, & tired of them too, I supose.

You may guess the riot this event has created of rage & joy in different parties; I pity the poor girl most sincerely. I forgot to say that all the *forms* of *Royalty* so terrified Ld Egremont as soon as he was looked upon as *of the family*, that some say *they* drove him to be off. . . .

Your answer to me about Sir Charles made me laugh, indeed I would give you leave to laugh if I was to marry him again, but that will never be I assure you; first, because Sir Charles, who never liked the life of a married man enjoys his liberty too much to resign it without *some temptation*, &

secondly, because I hope I shall never be idiot enough to marry *avec toutes mes années et tous mes défauts;* but if ever I do, you may certainly consider me as *mad*, & that I've met with a man as mad as myself. Now as Sir Charles *n'est rien moins que fou*, we shall, I hope, be *friends* & no more as long as we live. I see by the papers he has been very active in trying to bring in a Bill about the gaols & the convicts on board the hulks. I do not think he can undertake a better cause, or one more suited to his disposition. You know, my dear Ly Susan, I have little or no news to tell you from a country where you know nobody, nor where indeed there is any thing stiring, for Sussex is famously dull; it is a corner of the world & no thoroughfair. There is no trade but smuggling, so that it gives a general dullness to the place, & the inhabbitants of the towns have no earthly thing to do but to gossip. Portsmouth *lies* & *news* furnish a little materials now & then, & in summer the fine ladies at Brighthelmston agitate the sails for a little while, but otherwise we fall into our dull home gossip. I say, we, because I daresay I am as bad as others tho' I don't mean to be so, & I can't accuse myself much of entering into their's, for I seldom see them. I have no carriage, which is a charming excuse for going seldom, & as few of them have any, I see but few . . . . I never had the art of managing my time, nor the gift of rising early, so now as I've to teach myself all that I want to teach my daughter, as I love reading, writing, walking, planting, and sometimes working, I never find time enough to do half what I like, nor a quarter of what I ought. . . .

I am here at present with my Aunt Albemarle,

who is most wonderfully recovered from last year's severe attack, so well indeed & so cheerful that I never saw her better; it is a very great satisfaction to me to see her in this country once more after the fears I had of never seing her again. You ask me how I came to quarrel with my br. George, who am so complaisant, & you hope I am not in the wrong. To the first part, I answer I have not quarrelled with them, but they with me; to the 2nd, that I *am clear* of not having wanted complaisance or having willfully offended them; & to the 3rd, that I certainly was in the wrong in some degree, or I could not have given any pretence to them to be very unkind to me, nor could my ennemies have had the least plausible excuse to do me mischief with them, but according to the dictates *de l'amour propre* I think them more to blame than myself, & never having felt the least sensation in my heart that was contrary to my affection for them, I can never comprehend their arguments which lead them to act by me as I am sure I would not by them.

You have heard I supose of the conduct of the 2 Dss's about their husbands' reconciliation with the King. The Dss of Cumberland[1] sent her husband to Court, & said that she would be no hindrance to his going, "That her house was her palace, & her husband her guard, & she wanted no others." *Voyez un peu comme elle s'y prend bien pour arriver à sa fin.* The Duke of Gloucester goes only in private, but yet the King is so fond of him, he seems to approve of everything he does, so that it's

[1] Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of Simon, Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Christopher Horton, Esq., of Catton Hall, Derby, married Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, in 1771. She died in 1803.

hard to tell who is in the right, but I would bet my money on the head of a Lutterell being in the right road to preferment, & it's no bad sign of it when a Lutterell adopts *les beaux sentiments* & is scrupulous of family duties among relations, for it is not in that line they have hitherto shone. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Ever most affecly yours.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, 24th July, 1780.

The volunteer letter is charming, my dear Ly Susan, & vastly better than an answer to mine, the contents of which I have totally forgot, as I always do in so great a degree that it grows quite absurd, for no sooner is a letter sealed than my memory is enclosed with it, & I often wonder when I receive the answers what they can mean. This want of memory in me has grown so bad that I look upon it as *old age; vu que je m'en aperçoit de mille manières differentes.* It is very true that 35 & past is not *young*, *il s'en faut beaucoup*, but one need not be quite old at that age as I am, both in looks & health, unless one has bad health, which I have not; but so it is, & there being no remedy for this disease, I will only take care if possible not to let it be attended with its usual companions of crossness & discontent.

You ask me if I am frightened out of my senses about the riots;[1] I will own to you I was *affected*

[1] In October, 1778, it was proposed in Parliament to extend to Scotland the toleration which had lately been granted to Roman Catholics in England. This was taken up by certain enthusiasts, who stirred up riots in Edinburgh and other towns in Scotland. The movement soon spread to England. Lord George Gordon, third son of Cosmo, third Duke of Gordon, a wild fanatic commonly looked on

by them most sensibly; but if fright means an uneasiness from foreseeing bad consequences to oneself or in general, I had none. I was perfectly safe & out of the way, & had no doubt but a mob without either a leader, an object, or even a plausible cause, could not subsist long; but my brother's Regt happening to be on their march very near London at that moment, it was probable it would be sent to London; my brother had made himself remarkable for his abhorrence of the mob's proceedings, & was for having them severely punished; in the violence of madness of riots I knew not but his person might become an object of rage and revenge to them, and as Govt are not *famous* for their skill in the military line I thought he might get into some scrapes by their stupidity, & not be relieved from it by their *zeal for his safety* so well as those officers, who being their friends probably are more precious to them. Besides this little agitation of mind, which, thank God, was soon removed by his Regt being encamped at Dorking, in Surry, was added the most uncomfortable feeling, by the perpetual talk, abuse,

as half mad, and holding the most unsettled religious principles, was put forward as the prime mover, and was made president of the Protestant associations which were formed throughout the country. A petition against toleration from the inhabitants of London was presented to the Commons by a mob of sixty thousand persons, who held all the approaches, insulted and injured many of the members, and finally invaded even the sacred precincts of the House. For four days London was in the hands of these lawless agitators, and the utmost confusion prevailed. The houses of the Roman Catholics, and even many belonging to those who were known to favour toleration, were plundered and burnt. The ministers remained inactive and unable to decide on any course, until Wedderburn proposed that a military force should be used. By this means the uproar was at once quelled, and order restored. Lord George was tried for high treason, but was acquitted. He died in 1793, having in the meantime become a Jew.

& abhorrence that rang in my ears of a name I never can hear with indifference, & so great is the power of one's feelings over one's reason, that although when alone I could condemn the rash conduct of that poor deluded Ld George & deplore the consequences of it, when others abased him it was with the utmost difficulty I could command my temper & not defend an indefensible cause. I never saw him, & I believe he has not behaved well to his brother, but no matter for that, he is *his* brother & therefore has a claim to my anxiety for his fate, which, as it must most severely afflict his brother, gives me very great concern. I am very anxious to hear what will be his fate. I hear he is wonderfully clever but wrong-headed, & I supose is carried away by immagination beyond all bounds of reason; if he lives, he cannot be a happy man, for the dreadful consequences of his conduct will for ever pursue his mind, poor soul.

I am excessively shock'd at your account of Ly Ilchester's illness, she will indeed be such a loss to all that belong to her as makes me shudder to think of it. When I see such superior characters taken away from the world early in life, I can account for it no way but by suposing that the world is grown too bad to be indulged with such pleasing examples of goodness, for otherwise how can one comprehend why they are not left among us for the good of thousands?

How does Ly Harriet Ackland do? I am glad Ly Frances Quin is so happily married, I am sure that you & she will be of use to your mother's spirits, which I understand are far from good in general; pray tell me something more about her & her ways of life, for the many years that have

elapsed since I have seen her, has not in the least degree diminished the gratitude I feel for her former goodness to me, & my admiration for her most generous & amiable disposition towards you, which I can never forget or cease to love her for, besides the affection her extreme goodness to me had given me for her.

Does she enjoy her former amusements at Melbury in improving the place? Has she made anything more of the pretty wood with the water in it, which in itself was so beautifull? Does she love cards as well as she did? Has she many neighbours who can easily come & make her party? I had a letter from Harry Fox immediately after the taking of Charlestown; he was very well & going to New York. Another piece of intelligence I can give you, will, I am sure, give you pleasure. Dear little Caroline Fox is so much better of her cruel illness (which I could never learn the particulars of except that she suffered dreadfully) that she is likely to get over it; she dined with my sister Leinster in London, who wrote me word *she look'd quite well;* however, she must of course be very delicate.

Well I think I will let you off for the present about my house, particularly as it will be more advanced when I write next, so adieu.

Ever most truly & sincerely yours,

S. LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Goodwood, 22nd Sept., 1780.

DEAR LY SUSAN,—I shall say nothing to you now about Charles' election, because it is not yet the 22d, & I mean to keep my letter till that day

that it may be franked, & I hope by that time to be able to say there are more hopes of his success than I now see. The newspapers will have shewn you the poll, hitherto, by which you see he is sure to gain it by a majority of votes, but Lord Lincoln [1] by drawing the time out in length must have the advantage which money gives, unless the people should be spirited enough, to come & vote for Charles all as fast as possible & end it, in spite of the mean ministerial trick they try to practice of outtelling Charles by *time* & consequently by *money;* for the people must eat & drink you know, & the clerks must be paid, & tho' the committee takes all that expense on them, they may grow tired of it. I own I don't much care about it, for after all it's of very little consequence to Charles for what place he has a seat (further than the great pleasure he receives by such a flattering mark of their approbation), & it depends on the electors themselves to judge how far they think it their interest to pay, to prevent the affront put on them by Ministers. You know Charles won't suffer by it, it is the electors ; for I fancy that it's very well known, Lord Lincoln, were he to stay in England, has not the abilities to be of use to them in Parliament that Charles has. I hope also to give you some favourable account of our dear Admiral's [2] election for Surrey by the 22d, & shall only now mention the *past* to you.

With all due respects to His Majesty I say it, but in my opinion he has hurt himself a great deal

[1] Thomas, Earl of Lincoln, eldest son of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle. He succeeded to the titles on the death of his father in 1794, and died the following year.

[2] Admiral Keppel.

more than he has hurt the Admiral in using his influence & authority to make him lose Windsor. A seat in *this* Parliament & in *these* times is no such very valuable priveledge, as to break an honest man's heart if he loses it, particularly when, as at Windsor, the electors come to him with the most affected countenances, saying, "Sir, we honour, we esteem, we love you, we wish you were our member, but our bread depends upon our refusing you our votes; we are ordered to go against you, & you are too good to wish us ruined by His Majesty's anger."

So speak the lower class: the other class, which are *gentlemen soi-disant*, say, "Sir, we have the greatest respect for you, but the roof we live under must plead our excuse."

I hope you agree with me in thinking the tradespeople ten thousand times more respectable than such gentry, tho' one of them is no less a person than the Earl of Hertford's son, Colonel Conway, but *all the blood of all the Howards* would not enoble him in my eyes I must confess, with such dirty, shabby servility; I wish I knew him & could ask him a question or two, viz, "Pray why is your being in the King's house a reason for your voting against Admiral Keppel's being in Parliament?"

"Pray did the King ever tell you or order you to be told he hated Admiral Keppel?"

"Pray why does the King hate him?"

There are strange reports about all the underhand & indeed some *open* ways used to force the Windsor people to vote against him. The next day the Admiral went to a camp in the park there to pay his respects to the King, who turned away & would not speak to him; but the P. of Wales

& his brother came up to him, condoled with him on the shamefull conduct of his ennemies, & the Prince of Wales said, "Remember I am not your ennemy but your friend, & wish you had met with success." I fancy the poor boys will get flogged for this, for *it's* said the King beats them, but how true that is God knows, I can hardly believe it; however, whatever disgrace he ever inflicts on them, probably they will get it now, but I shall not be sorry, as it will teach the Prince of Wales to see the very great fault it is in a king to persecute those who defend the cause of justice & honesty. If a good flogging could impress such an abhorrence of this vice strongly on his mind, I should think it a blessing to England.

Mr Burke's being thrown out at Bristol is not much to their honour, but it is true merchant like, for they are so selfish they cannot bear his principles of freedom should extend to anybody but themselves, & his wishing Ireland had a free trade is his crime; pray read his beautiful address to them on taking leave, & also pray read Sr George Savile's sensible advice to the people of Yorkshire in a letter to them; I think you will be pleased with both.

I have given you a dose of politics, but just at this moment one can think of nothing else: & now I must end my letter abruptly by wishing you joy of Charles' having gained his election safe, I don't know the particulars but only the fact, so adieu.

Ever yours most affectly,

S. L.

My best respects attend your mother whom I hope is perfectly recovered from her last illness.

Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Susan O'Brien.

Hove, near Brighthelmston, 9th April, 1781.

If my affection for you, my dear Ly Susan, was to be measured by the regularity of my correspondence, *j'aurais mauvaise grace à y prétendre*, but I trust it is not; for I could not very well give any tollerable reason for never writing to you for a whole winter, when I've so very often thought of you & talked of you with my daughter. I have passed this whole winter within 2 miles of Brighthelmston for the benefit of sea bathing, partly for Louisa's & my health, but still more out of a desire of being usefull to my brother & the Duchess, who have a little *protégée* whom they are mighty fond of, & to whom winter bathing was necessary. As she was too ill to trust her with servants I offered my services, & accordingly have now passed 7 months here. I have been very well repaid for my trouble by the pleasure of being of use to the little girl, who is quite recovered, otherwise my *séjour* has not been remarkably pleasant; to a person who like me has no society or acquaintance but her near relations, to be separated from them is the greatest solitude. For although Brighton has had a tollerable number of people in it continually, yet I've never mixed in the society there, & by walking about a great deal I've become perfectly acquainted with a number of *faces* & *names* whom I know no more of.

My spirits are by no means good, but I still prefer the greatest solitude to company I do not *love;* for I must more than *like* my company to be perfectly comfortable. My daughter is grown a most charming girl, *tho' I say it;* she is but 12

years old & is very childish in everything, so that altho' she fully employs my attention she is not yet old enough to be *quite* a companion. She looks much older than she is, being very tall; she is not pretty, for she has *a very large* mouth & thick lips; when she laughs, which is *pretty often*, she *really laughs*, for a *smile* is out of the question with her, & so she shows a set of large, white, strong teeth fit for a man's mouth, not a fine lady's. She has an ugly nose, partly long & not well shaped at the tip; she herself says it is *long & retroussé* both, & I think she is right! Her eyes are neither large or small, but sensible; her hair & forehead are very so so; her complexion brown, but healthy enough. Her figure straight & good, her motions are now awkward; they may grow *genteel*, they never can be *gracefull*. After all this account, there is a *something* in her countenance that has the art of winning people's hearts so soon that every creature says of her, "She is not pretty, rather ugly, but I like her so much that at times I think her quite pretty." This engaging *something* arrises intirely from her having a goodness of heart, a wish to please, & a degree of unaffectedness that exceeds anything I ever saw in anybody. This dear girl, such as I describe her, is now gone to London to Richmond House, where they have most kindly shewn her every attention & goodness.

Sir Charles & *all* his family have taken her *en amitié* to such a degree that they have her with them all continually, & what with the variety of friends who are desirous to take her out, she is not at home a moment. I don't think it a good thing in general, but in her peculiar situation one must bend to circumstances, & since at 12 years old they

carry her about as if she was 20, it is to be hoped that at 20 nobody will take it into their heads to doubt about being civil to her, for they will have had full time to consider of it. With this view, therefore, I rejoice at the manner in which she is received, & cannot say half how much I admire Sir Charles & his family for not letting my faults influence their reception of an innocent person. Mrs Soame has asked to have her stay in London with her a fortnight longer after the Dss leaves London. Nothing, you see, can be more pleasing to me than all this, & when I am to attribute it to her own dear little engaging ways it doubles my pleasure, & being pleased, I sat down to write you word of it, knowing you would enter most warmly into any news so interesting to me.

I must also tell you some news of another dear girl who interests you still more, dear Caroline Fox. The Dss of Bedford has taken her into her care, & will receive no money for her board altho' Ld Ossory has pressed her much to do so. I know not the *whys* or the *wherefores* that she leaves Ly Warwick, but I cannot help rejoicing at the pleasant manner in which the Dss of Bedford has acted towards our family. She first brought her to Ly Albemarle, & desired her to tell the Dss of Richmond that she should be happy when the Dss would send for Miss Fox, as nothing could please her more than to have all my brother's family take notice of her, & added *she begged she might see a great deal of Miss Bunbury*. So you see, *my heart* is *doved* by her *old Grace* & her *gracious ways*. In consequence of this, Ly Albemarle carried Louisa to Bedford House, & the girls have dined together & are to go to the Play together with *our Dss;*

which is delightfull, because one shall now know something of the dear girl, who is perfectly well they say, & mighty happy with being at Bedford House. Lord Holland is also vastly well, & a charming boy I hear.

Pray, my dear Ly Susan, in return for this long letter tell me some news about yourself & your family, for you cannot give me more satisfaction than by letting me know if you are comfortable *in every respect;* and yet I could answer that question myself in the negative, for I don't perceive this life admits of such a happy state for anybody. There is always something that disturbs us & that we wish otherwise; at least I find it so, but do not according to the Duc de la Rochefaucault's maxims find the smallest comfort in thinking my neighbour is as ill off as myself, on the contrary, whatever distresses I may have, they are much lessened by the idea that those I love are without them. Adieu, my dear Ly Susan.

Believe me ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

I beg my best compts to Mr O'Brien.

END OF VOL. I.

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